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ewish American Princess

What If Diana Really Does Move to New York? A Wishful Guide by Rebecca Mead

Where she'd live!

Where she'd shop!

Whom she'd date!

Where she'd eat!

ere she'd work!

Who'd do her hair!

Whom she'd snub!

Where she'd pump iron!

Who'd dress her!

What about John-John?

Which Hampton she'd choose!

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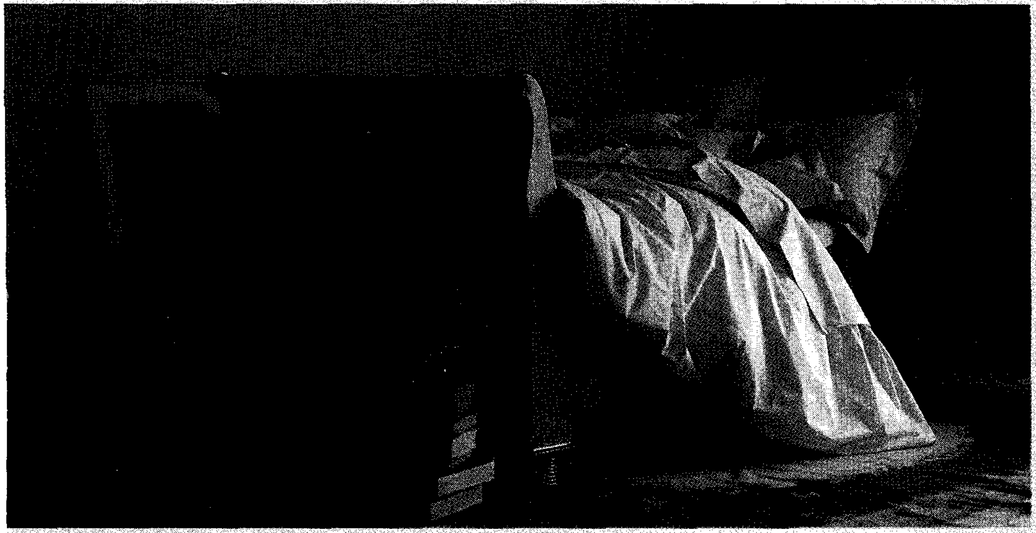

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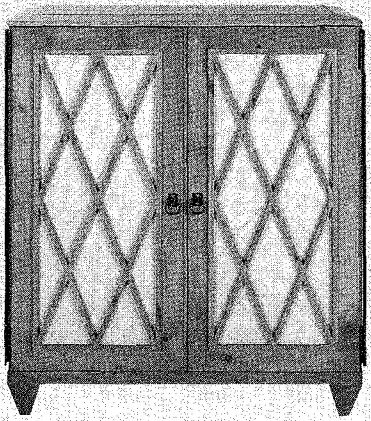
Finding furniture that fits in and feels right can be a real adventure. From navigating around a large living room to integrating office space. So, we've invited in the experts to help you get more comfortable in your surroundings. Macy's Interior Design Fair is your chance to talk to the pro's and feel completely at home.
The evening is free, just call 212-494-4154 to reserve.
Here, a few highlights:



MEET *New York Magazine* INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR ANNE FOXLEY

She'll be here with a panel of New York's leading Interior Designers, including Noel Jeffrey and Greg Jordan to discuss current trends. The evening includes a slide presentation of great spaces, followed by a question and answer period with the audience.

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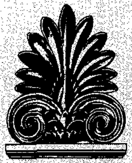

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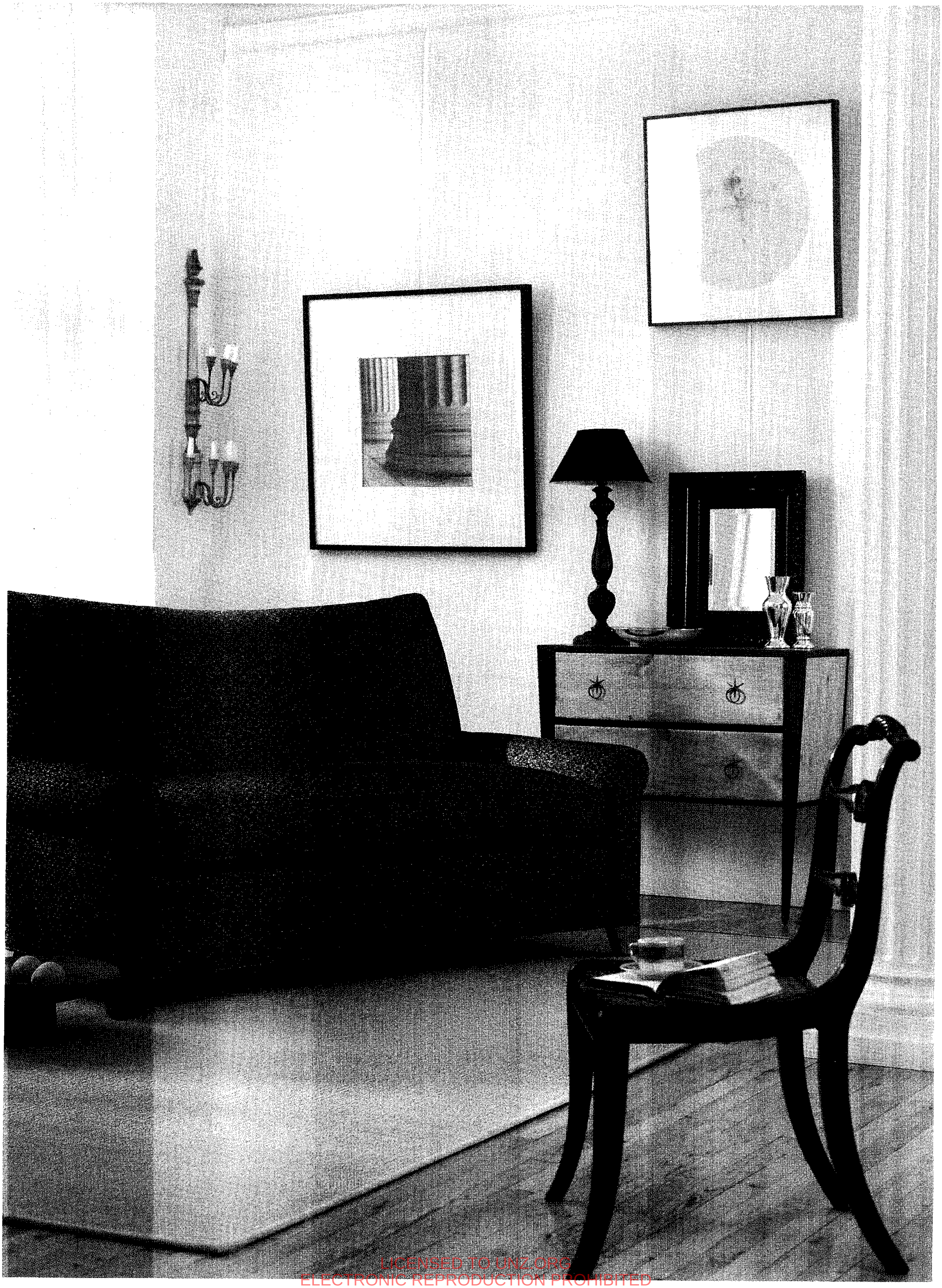

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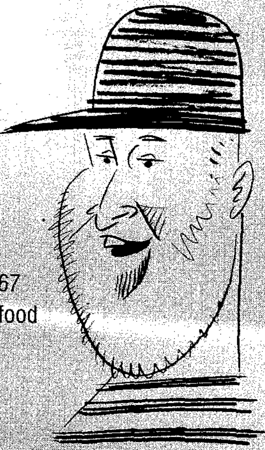
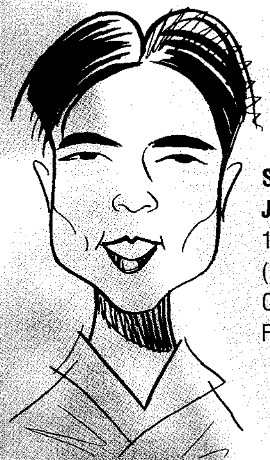


Excellent wine. Some crowd. Som



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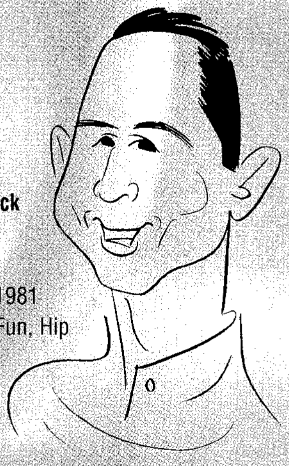

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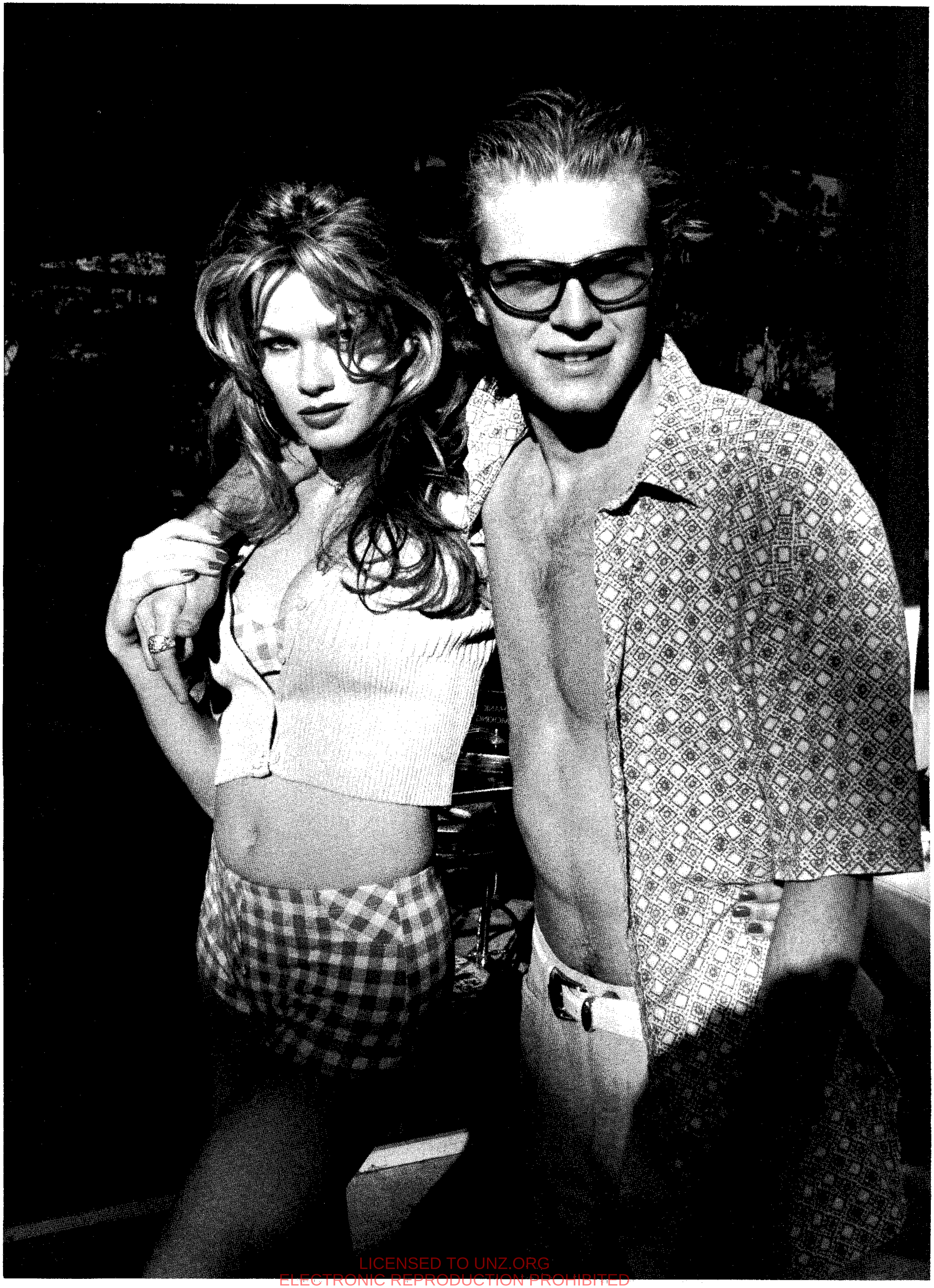

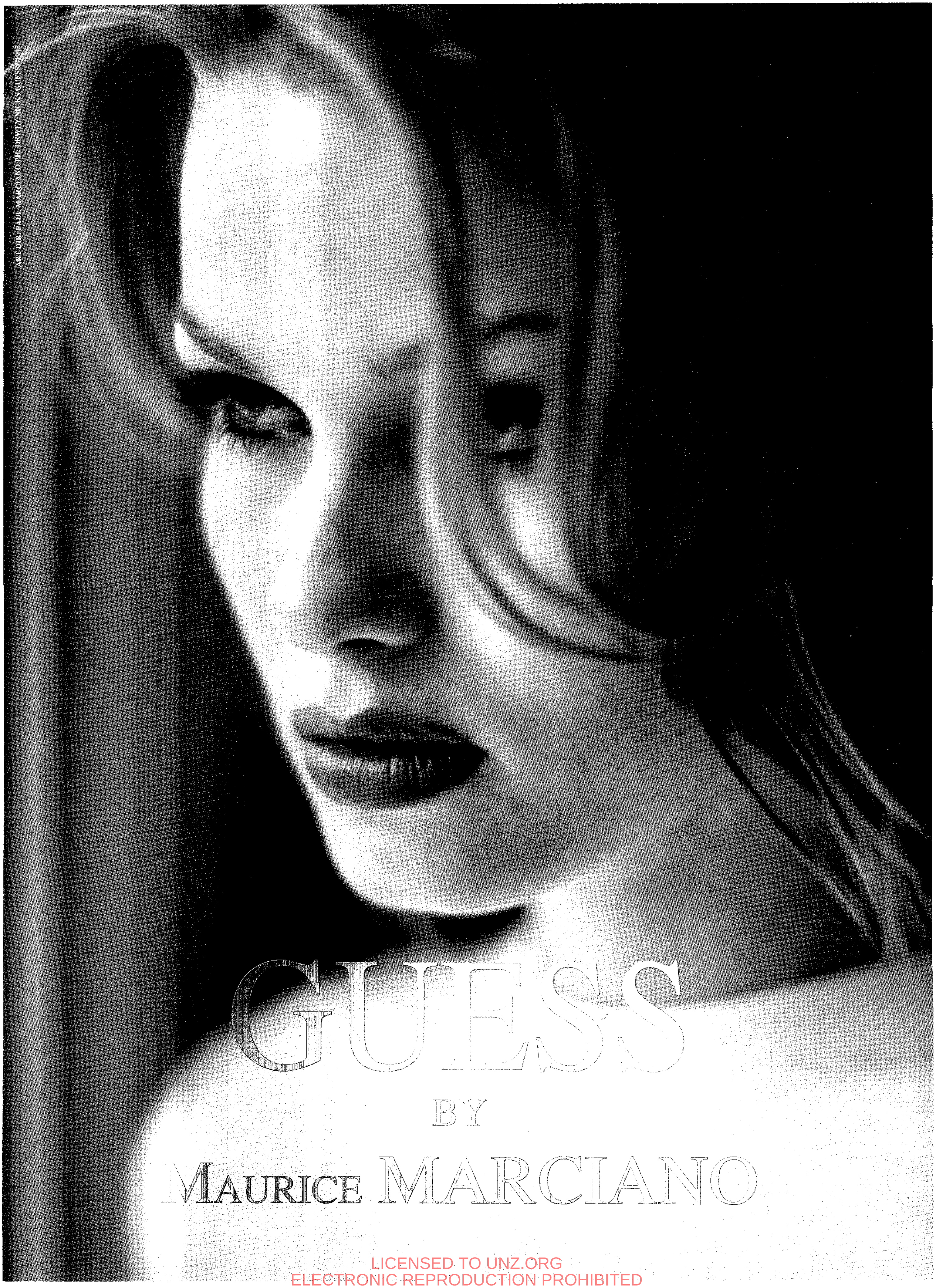
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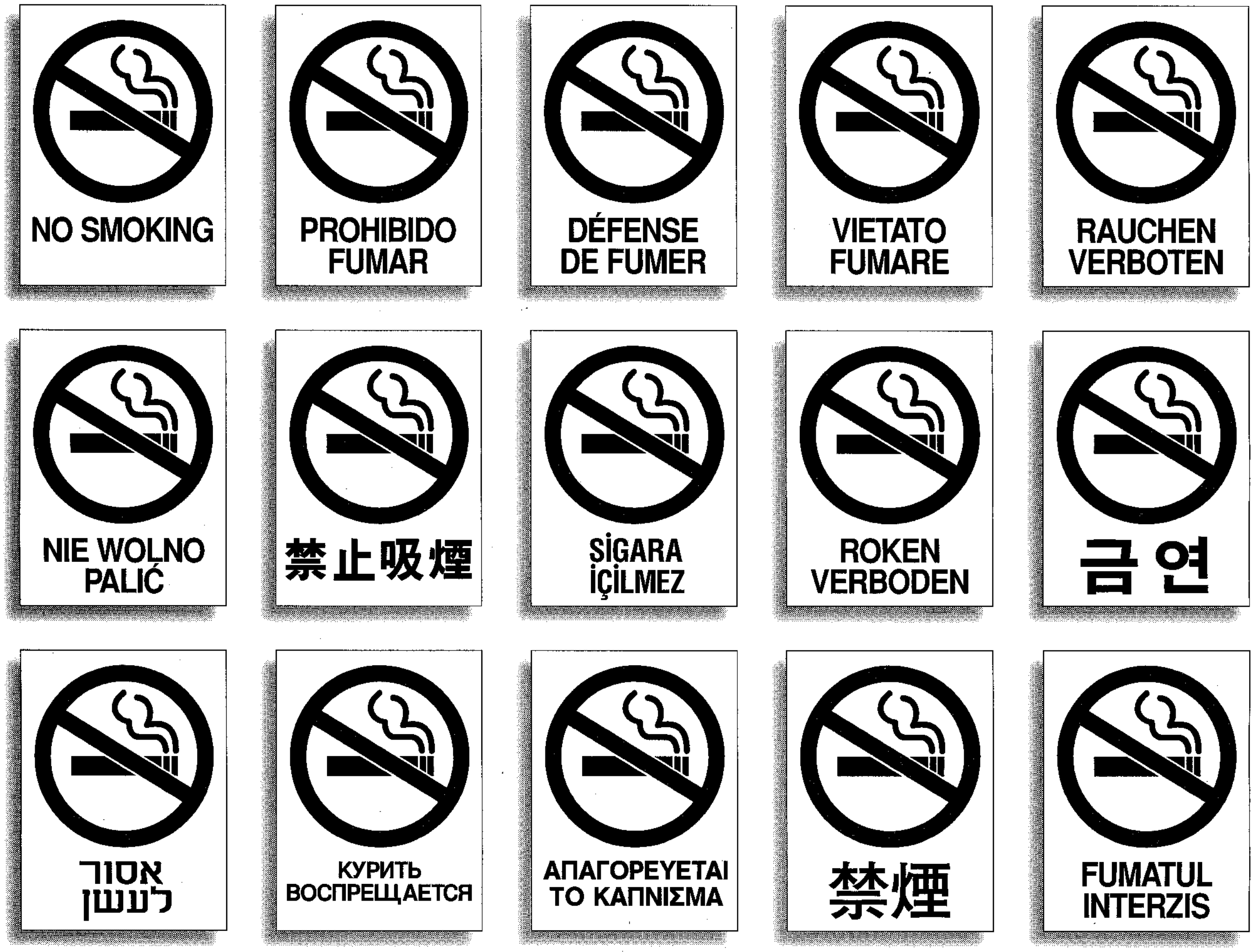
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Contents Feb. 6, 1995

"You've never questioned yourself at night about what you're going to eat the next day, where you're going to stay, how you're going to get coats for your children. So your world's very different from mine—lucky for you."

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28 Welfare Reform at Ground Zero

By Jeanie Russell Kasindorf

As new proposals to limit—or eliminate—entitlement programs for the poor gain momentum, seven dismayed, articulate New York mothers (that's Michele Shanley at right) who are currently on welfare or have been in the past talk about the daily struggle to survive and insist that it *is* possible to break free from the cycle of dependency.

36 To Di For

By Rebecca Mead

Rumors of Princess Diana's said-to-be-imminent decampment for Manhattan—beyond her scheduled glamourama visit this week—are driving New York's celebrity-mad, boldface residents into a frenzy. Where will she buy her dresses and do her hair? Can she replace Jackie? Our royal-we guide to Di's (hypothetical) life in New York.

42 The Brothers Frankel

By Chris Smith

David Frankel has written and directed *Miami Rhapsody,* a new film about love among the young and neurotic. His brother, Jon Frankel, is a hunky television journalist on the rise. And their dad, New York *Times* big shot Max Frankel, doesn't understand why people don't pay more attention to his daughter.

46 André Soltner's Long Good-bye

By Meryl Gordon

Having sold what is arguably the greatest restaurant in America to the proprietors of Ernie's, Soltner agreed to stay on at Lutèce until next fall. But the new owners have also hired four-star chef Eberhard Müller, formerly of Le Bernardin. And, at least for the moment, these two brilliant chefs share the kitchen. An exclusive, inside look at their extraordinary, uneasy partnership.

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It's never been easier, or cheaper. *New York*'s guide to indoor pools recommends a swimming spot to suit every taste, from a restored Roman Revival bathhouse downtown to a twenty-first-century natatorium on the Upper East Side. A Baedeker for the chlorine-deprived.

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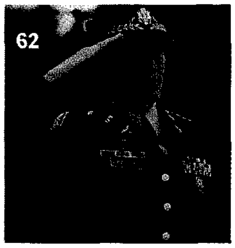

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9 **3:00-4:00 p.m.** Meet **Wakako Yamauchi**, a pioneer of Japanese-American literature, when she reads from *Songs My Mother Taught Me: Stories, Plays and Memoir.*

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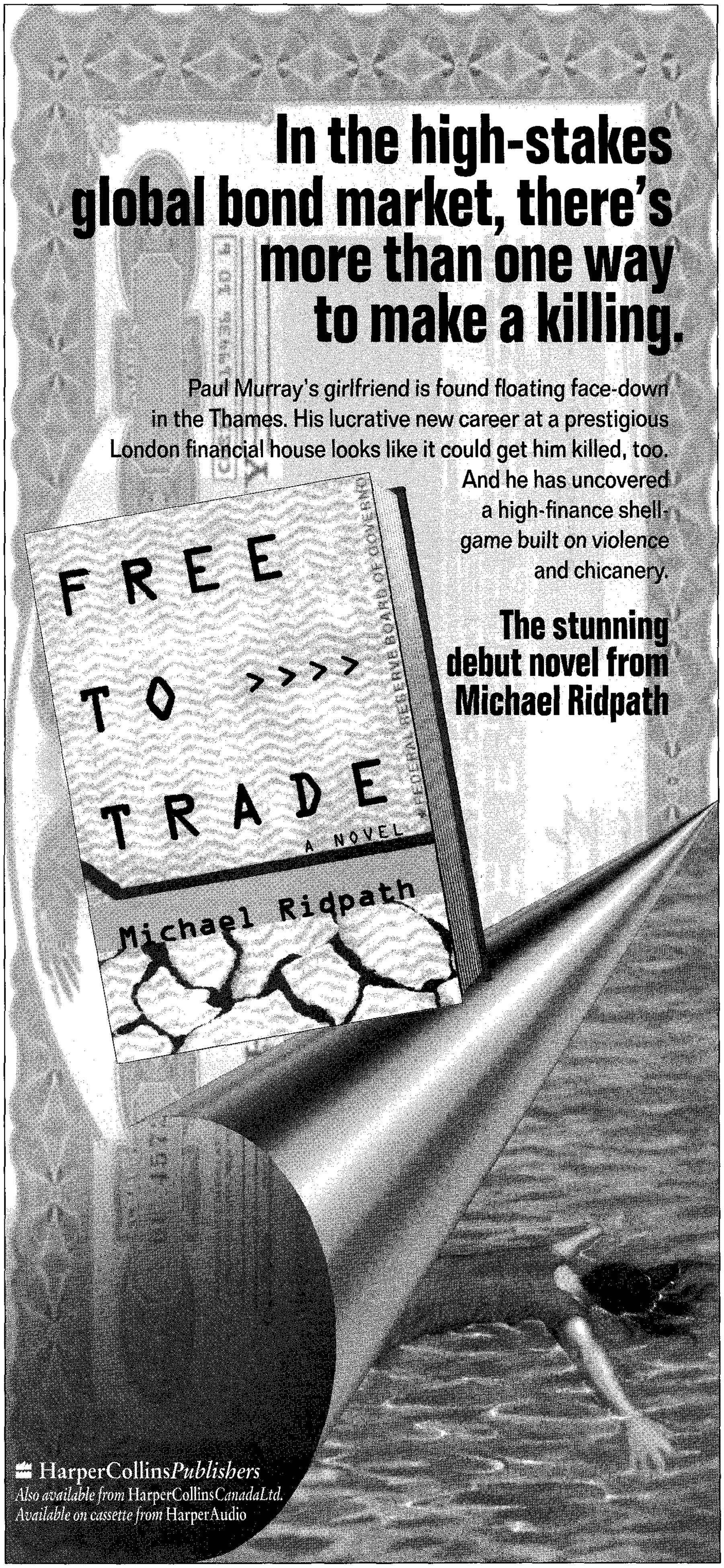

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Reservoir Digs

New York's water worries; interpreters sought south of the Mason-Dixon line; ladies first in 'Little Women.'

YOUR ARTICLE "DOES NEW YORK Have a Drinking Problem?" [by Matt Bai, January 16] will no doubt cause concern about the quality of city water and frighten New Yorkers into buying bottled water. The article may also encourage federal and state bureaucrats to order the city to build filtration plants at a cost of billions of dollars that the city doesn't have. The threshold question is not whether the city's water is safe to drink (of course it is) but whether the federal EPA standards are too stringent and whether, in fact, they're even attainable. Zero risk is not possible in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, on the highways we drive, or in the air we fly.

Some EPA standards are not even health-related; those for certain compounds are based solely on the smallest concentration at which they can be detected. Current standards—unscientific and perhaps unattainable—could cost the city billions and give no added protection to New Yorkers who continue to drink city water.

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Environmental Protection
MANHATTAN

I AM SHOCKED AT THE CONTEMPT THE natives of Putnam County (where I live) hold for the city of New York. I believe that the vandalism perpetrated on the watershed is the work of some local rednecks. I've seen people with Connecticut license plates stop at one reservoir and dump trash into it. And the Putnam Hospital Center is not the only facility that is out of control in dumping into the reservoir; the septic systems of several restaurants overflow into streams that wash into the waters of the system. Most of the pollution is caused by humans. Yet it is blamed on the animal population.

Rose S. Wilson
CARMEL, N.Y.

FAR WEST TEXAS MAY ALSO HAVE A FUTURE drinking-water problem, thanks to New York City. For the past two years, MERCO, a New York company, has contracted with the city of New York to dump up to 400 tons a day of New York City sludge—i.e., treated sewage—on a ranch near Sierra Blanca, Texas.

My hometown, Marfa, population 2,400, is about 70 miles downstream from what we not-so-affectionately call the sludge farm. In addition to worrying about God-knows-what pathogens already are in the sludge, now we worry about *Cryptosporidium:* If that pathogen is getting into New Yorkers' bodies, it's also leaving their systems through daily bodily functions, entering the sewer system, and possibly even making its way to Far West Texas.

MERCO says tests of the sludge show it's safe, but guess who's doing some of the testing? Texas Tech University, through a MERCO-funded grant. This is a new project, and if you ask me, the verdict is still out on the sludge's safety. My guess is that deadly toxins and pathogens will show up in my drinking water one day. We live in a sparsely populated area—there probably are more cattle than people—but it's populated by humans nonetheless. It also has some of the cleanest air and water left in the country. But now the sludge farm may seriously jeopardize our fragile environment.

Name Withheld
MARFA, TEX.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Lost in Translation

AS A MANHATTAN-BORN CHARTER SUBscriber to *New York* Magazine, I find it interesting to see that *New York* appears to be going bilingual. In the December 12 issue, one article is entitled "Chutzpa Rap" ["Gotham: The Front Page"]; another is called "*Tsuris* in Crown Heights" [by Jeffrey Goldberg]. Neighbors of mine who read my magazine in this little mountain town on the North Carolina–Tennessee border require translations every now and then. The other day, a neighbor said to me in his thick Blue Ridge Mountain drawl, "Ah have a dead battery. Does that mean ah have *tsuris*?"

Jay Tischenkel
BEECH MOUNTAIN, N.C.

Equal Rights Emendation

IN HIS REVIEW OF *Little Women* ["Movies: Deaf and the Maidens," January 9], David Denby seems upset and perplexed that the world of the film is one "ruled by women in which traditionally masculine energies have been tamed or eliminated." Perhaps he should pay as close attention to the title of this film as to what he expected the film to be: *It is not about men.*

Sioux Madden
MANHATTAN

I GATHER THAT DAVID DENBY, AS A MAN, felt left out of a movie whose focus and sensibility are wholly and unapologetically female. Now he knows how most girls and women feel: The canon of American coming-of-age stories (both in books and movies) is almost exclusively male. I find it rather petty of him to not allow us even this one story.

Therese Mageau
MANHATTAN

Mozart Lives (Mostly)

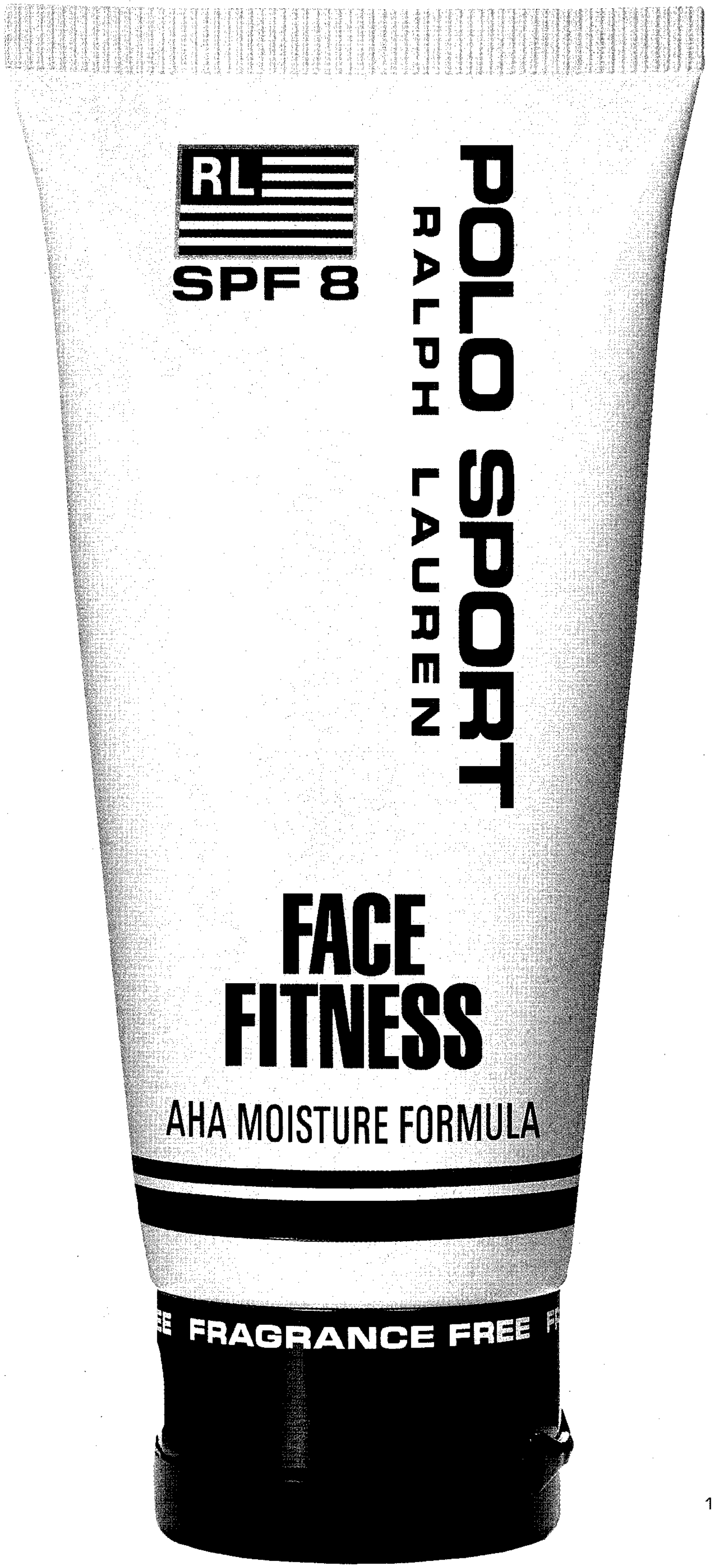
I APPRECIATE THAT PETER G. DAVIS named several of our *Great Performers* presentations among the year's most memorable classical-music events ["The Best and Worst of 1994: Extremely Entertained," December 19–26]. I would like, however, to correct one unfortunate error, namely that we intend to "eventually phase out *Mostly Mozart.*" Though future seasons of *Mostly Mozart* will return to the four-week schedule that launched the program, we have every intention of continuing the program for many seasons to come. In fact, we recently reached a new three-year agreement with the Mostly Mozart Orchestra to play through 1997; the dates for this summer's program will be July 24–August 19, 1995.

Nathan Leventhal
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc.
MANHATTAN

Corrections In the January 23 "Gotham" section, an article about families with children who return to private schools after leaving the city failed to state that the survey mentioned was conducted by the Halstead Property Company.

The excerpt of Philip Weiss's novel *Cock-a-Doodle-Doo* [January 23] failed to note that the copyright belongs to Mr. Weiss and that the novel will be published on March 9 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. ■

THE PERSONAL SKIN TRAINER BY RALPH LAUREN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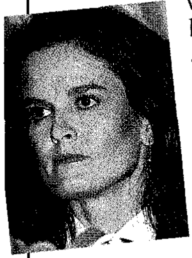
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE: ED MCCABE



About fifteen years ago, **Denise Brown,** Nicole's sister, lived with the ad genius **Ed McCabe** here in New York. In Sheila Weller's new book, *Raging Heart,* the author recounts a violent incident between O.J. and Nicole during a double date with McCabe and Denise Brown. But sources say that McCabe was never interviewed by Weller, and that he will appear as a defense witness in the trial. "Ed was O.J.'s friend," says the source. "That's how Ed met Denise." A month ago, McCabe spoke to an assistant D.A., but he never heard from the prosecution again. McCabe was unavailable for comment.

$64,000 QUESTION: HOPE FOR *QUIZ SHOW*?

Ricardo Mestres, the recently departed head of Disney's Hollywood Pictures, is credited with green-lighting *Quiz Show,* and he was prominent at the Rockefeller Plaza premiere party. But now it turns out that he actually rejected the idea when the producers, **Michael Jacobs** and **Jeff McCracken,** first pitched it to him. When they went over Mestres's head to **Jeffrey Katzenberg,** the **Robert Redford** picture was approved on the spot. Says a source, "When preproduction began, [Redford] got a memo and asked, 'Who is this guy?' He'd never heard of Ricardo until that moment." In strictly commercial terms, Mestres's judgment has turned out to be correct: *Quiz Show* has brought in only $21 million. Still, the Academy Awards could offer a second chance, and after Oscar nominations are announced on February 14, the studio plans a nationwide rerelease with a new marketing campaign. Jokes one Disney source: "We thought of ads that said 'Smart is as smart does. See *Quiz Show.*' "

Robert Redford, quiz master

DONATIONS ARE HAPPILY ACCEPTED

Where is all that money the public has sent to Nicole Simpson's kids? Not in a trust fund. At least not yet, says **Juditha Brown,** Nicole's mother. Mrs. Brown says the family has not decided how to handle the money, including a $100,000 payment from **Sheila Weller** (see above), who's just published an account of Nicole's life. Though Weller calls the book an "unauthorized" biography, her access to the Browns and their family photographs was considerable. The Simpson kids will receive roughly half of her advance. Mrs. Brown says, "We are thinking of opening an account for Sydney and Justin. Maybe a savings fund." Her lack of knowledge on this subject? "That's how much I care about money," she sighs. But the Browns have certainly had monetary concerns, including a welfare stint for Denise, Nicole's sister, five years ago. The more formal organization created in Nicole's memory, the Nicole Brown Simpson Foundation, has raised only about $150,000 since its launch on December 9. Half of the money was raised on one episode of Geraldo Rivera's daytime talk show, including a personal gift of $20,000 from Rivera and $10,000 from Tribune Entertainment, which distributes his show.

ACROSS THE COUNTRY, FOR ANNA

Filmmaker and frequent flier **Douglas Keeve** had just arrived in Park City, Utah, for last week's Sundance Film Festival, but he was already in trouble. *Vogue* editor **Anna Wintour** was calling from Paris—there was a problem with the documentary Keeve had just completed for Condé Nast on its magazine demigod **Alexander Liberman.** Si Newhouse didn't like the film, particularly the part where Liberman's head is superimposed on Superman's body. "The vision was a bit too personal for Newhouse's taste," one source says. So Wintour, from the Ritz in Paris, ordered Keeve back to New York to fix the film for a scheduled screening at the Council of Fashion Designers gala this week. The filmmaker jumped on a plane, tweaked the film to Newhouse's satisfaction, and headed back to Utah. Sources say Keeve still plans to present Liberman with a copy of his original, director's cut of the film.

IN THIS RING, NICOLE MILLER FAKES

Now that his daughter Natasha is running his Wilhelmina Models, Inc., German mogul **Dieter Esch** is finally free to work in food service. Next fall he will deliver to New York an extremely foreign-sounding Vegas-meets-Dada spectacle called *Pomp Duck Circumstance,* an interactive circus-restaurant that has been feeding thrill seekers in Berlin for months. The staff's aerialists, jugglers, and chair climbers regularly pull diners (who have included Sting, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Peter Ustinov) into the show. But one famous patron—fashion

Photographs: top, Bill Davila/Retna; center and bottom, Gerardo Somoza/Outline.

Johnny Depp, gift giver

designer **Nicole Miller**—was not amused at the sight. The circus, says a customer at the Berlin *Pomp,* was outfitting employees in Miller's distinctive ties and pants. Or at least they *looked* like Miller's work. "They were Nicole-esque," says a friend of Miller's. "They were made unbeknownst to her in one of her foreign factories." Miller, who is often copied by competitors, will design uniforms for the U.S. version of the circus. Esch, meantime, is negotiating with the Parks Department to plant his *Circumstance* tent on city-owned property on Eleventh Avenue near 53rd Street.

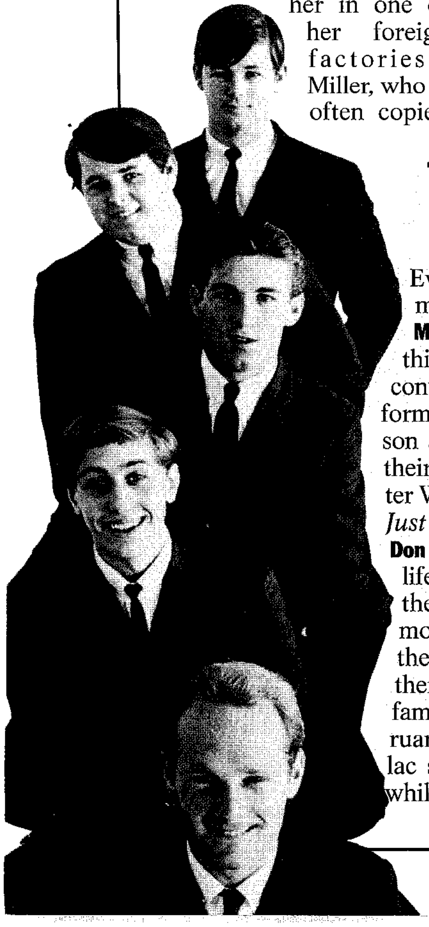
NO EULOGIES FOR THIS CBS VEEP

The recent departure of CBS News executive **Joe Peyronnin** after a quarter-century is not being mourned by many of his former colleagues. Peyronnin, who is married to *Eye to Eye With Connie Chung* producer **Susan Zirinsky,** wanted "to run his own show," says a CBS insider and was frustrated in his advancement by CBS News President Eric Ober and Vice President Lane Venardos. "Lane was always the de facto No. 2. Which left Joe nowhere." Peyronnin had his share of in-house controversies. Several staffers remain bitter toward him for firing **Maureen Schoos,** a *CBS Evening News* producer, who'd been at the network for fifteen years. When Schoos committed suicide in 1993, one former producer wrote Peyronnin a scathing letter, which reads in part: "Those who witnessed your disgusting display of schmoozing at Mo's memorial service in New York came away with the impression that you do not have the vaguest sense of how odious you really are." Former CBS correspondents believe Peyronnin had a hand last fall in demoting and retiring them. "I'm truly sorry if anyone felt that way," Peyronnin says, "but there had to be cost cutting."

PEOPLE WHO SUE PEOPLE WORK THERE

People writer-at-large **Mark Goodman,** who is 55, is suing Time Inc. for age and disability discrimination and is asking for $1 million in damages. Two years ago, Goodman slipped on the ice outside his New Jersey home and broke his leg. Surgery and a five-month rehabilitation followed. Goodman, a ten-year veteran of Time Inc., says that even during his recovery he wrote stories for *People.* But, he claims, editor-in-chief **Landon Jones** "was trying to make my life as difficult as possible. He made me drive in from the suburbs, only to turn right around again." Jones, as well as his bosses up in the Time Inc. hierarchy, knew the situation, says Goodman. He also claims that superiors knew he was looking for a job at another magazine. "When Lanny found out, he blew up," says Goodman, who adds that Jones offered him the chance "to save my career by resigning and accepting a freelance contract—without benefits." A *People* spokesperson says: "Mark Goodman still works for *People.* We think his suit is without merit, and we will fight it." "What's amazing to me," says Goodman, "is all the effort Lanny's devoted to harassing me. There must be more productive ways for him to use the company's time."

THE HATCHET WILL BE BURIED IN SAND



Even though he recently paid a $5 million royalty settlement to cousin **Mike Love, Brian Wilson** has patched things up—well, formed a mutually convenient tactical alliance—with his former collaborator. Sources say Wilson and Love plan to record some of their old Beach Boys songs together after Wilson finishes the soundtrack for *I Just Wasn't Made for These Times,* the **Don Was** documentary about Wilson's life. Despite a warm reconciliation in the movie between Wilson and his mother, one source says that "behind the scenes it was pure hatred." But there's good news for Wilson on the family front: He's getting married February 6 to **Melinda Ledbetter,** the Cadillac salesperson he met ten years ago while buying a car.

JOHNNY DEPP: HELL ON WHEELS

On the set of **Jim Jarmusch's** new film, *Dead Man,* **Johnny Depp** reportedly had a "difference of opinion" with the director about how to shoot one of his scenes. Depp, who has earned his reputation as a hotel-room trasher, surprised Jarmusch with an unusual apology: a new motorcycle. "People don't know how generous Johnny is," says an associate who has known the actor for many years. (A grateful Jarmusch reimbursed his friend.) The Mark Hotel has not received a vehicle of any kind from Depp.

SPREADING WEALTH IN JACKIE'S CIRCLE

As reported last week, **Jacqueline Onassis's** apartment sold for $9.5 million to David Koch. What wasn't reported was that Brown, Harris, Stevens, which handled the transaction, is headed by **Roger Tuckerman,** the brother of Onassis's longtime friend and spokesperson, **Nancy Tuckerman.** Tuckerman is also the administrator of Onassis's C&J Foundation. To keep gawkers out of the apartment, an insider reports, some brokers were not allowed to accompany their clients and Brown, Harris, Stevens representative Hall Willkie on the premises.

CORRECTION: Patricia Morrisroe is the author of a forthcoming biography of Robert Mapplethorpe, not Jean-Michel Basquiat, as reported here last week. Phoebe Hoban is the author of the Basquiat book, to be published by Viking.

Photographs: top, Robert Matheu/Retna; center, Gene Shaw/Star File Photos; bottom, Archive Photos/Frank Driggs Collection.

GOTHAM

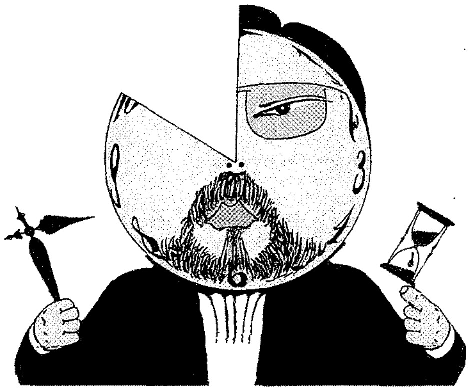
what [illegible] gains in this city is a tonic. This city is a doctor!—*Joan Miró*

THE FRONT PAGE

Reality's Harsh Master

Lance Ito, once a simple California state judge, has promoted himself to Master of Time and Space. Each of his increasingly reality-parsing decisions has gone well beyond setting the ground rules for an internationally televised celebrity murder trial; Judge Ito is now rewriting the cosmos.

It was Ito who first determined that the O. J. Simpson case would take place ten seconds in the future, time-delaying the television coverage so that anything that was not supposed to happen on TV wouldn't. And it was then Master Ito who, when Court TV accidentally beamed eight tenths of a second of unacceptable reality—the head of an alternate juror—toyed with the notion that perhaps the trial, for our at-home-in-the-living-room purposes, wouldn't happen at all. ("It's my inclination to cut out camera coverage for the rest of the trial.") Earlier, Ito had become concerned with the precise passage of time itself: When defense attorney Johnnie Cochran asked to introduce into evidence a video compilation of news footage shot the day after the murder, Ito refused. Allowing TV to feed Ito's reality to the public was one thing; allowing TV's reality to feed his courtroom was another. "I'm not persuaded that we have an adequate foundation as far as time is concerned," he said, denying Cochran's motion.



In Ito's court, harsh second-to-second reality's in; history—even of the biggest case of the century—is not the movie version of itself. Ito, a man who keeps several hourglasses up at the bench, understands this. Discussing the for-legal-purposes-nonexistent videotape, Ito said, "This appears to be a montage of video pictures from different sources . . . I recall at least three different vantage points, so obviously the tape had to stop, then the cameraperson had to move to another location, start their film again, so we have no idea in what time sequence these things happened."

Of course, we never really have any idea in what time sequence anything really happens; history is always filtered through a prism, a prism, in fact, skewed entirely too much to the pinkish end of the spectrum, according to erstwhile National Endowment for the Humanities chairperson Lynne Cheney. Cheney took a moment last week to explain the finer points of history to a House subcommittee (the chairman was apparently happy about the placement of the C-SPAN camera) considering whether to abolish the agency she ran two years ago as well as the National Endowment for the Arts.

The real problem with history, Cheney said, was that government wouldn't get off teachers' backs. Example: the NEH-funded National Standards for History, a set of multiculturalish academic recommendations—which, it so happens, Cheney herself implemented.

When it comes to manning that barrier between reality and acceptable reality, however, Lynne Cheney is no Lance Ito. History ought not to be "politicized," she said. "Alexander Graham Bell, the Wright brothers, Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, Jonas Salk, Neil Armstrong—none of these figures appears in the Standards," she complained. "Senator Joseph McCarthy, by contrast, comes up nineteen times." The problem isn't the number of mentions, though; it's that they're all *negative*.

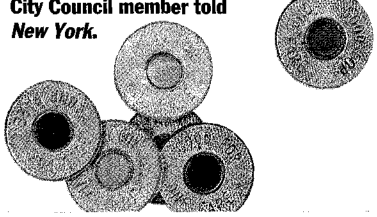
TOUGH TOWN "The mayor gets a lot of threats. In all of 1994, he had 123 threats. So far this year, in the first twenty days or so, he's had 32. His security has been beefed up, with seven guys for him, two or three for each kid, and four for his wife. "It's the largest detail I've ever encountered," a top NYPD official told *New York.*

OFF THE RECORD "Whatever's in the [Department of Investigation] report is obviously serious. Only a couple of days before Giuliani's press conference, Commissioner Schembri met with his senior staff and told them he'd be there forever. He was very surprised," a senior Correction official told *New York,* regarding the allegedly voluntary resignation of Correction Commissioner Anthony Schembri.

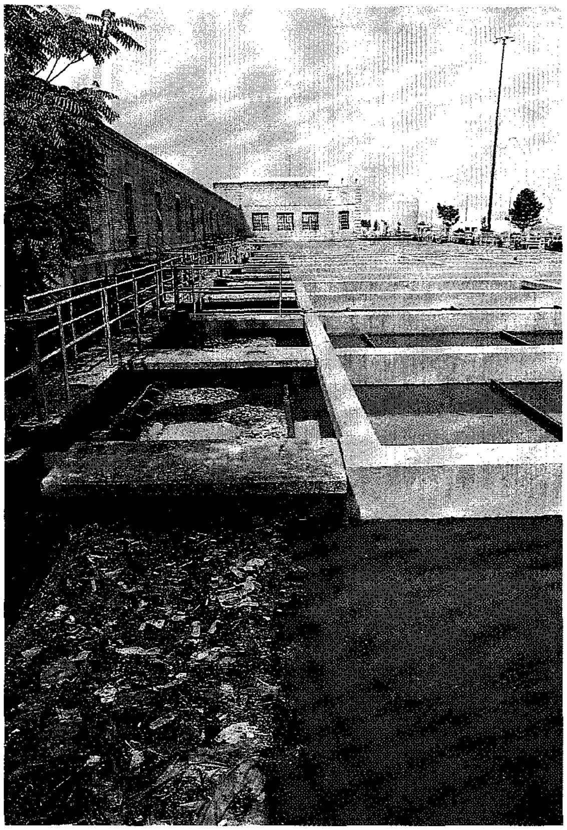
NewtWit!
The Wit & Wisdom of Newt Gingrich

QUICK WIT "I don't know if it was a record, but it was an incredibly quick turnaround. The production schedule actually had times of day on it instead of dates."—Lori Lipsky, editorial director, Main Street Books, on *NewtWit!,* the collection of Gingrichisms uttered as recently as January 10, which appeared in bookstores January 18

HOW POLITICS WORKS "There was probably going to be a fare increase anyway in calendar '95, but the irony is that authorities like the MTA were created because politicians didn't want to seem responsible for fare increases. Now the politicians are complaining that they can't control the authorities," a City Council member told *New York.*



Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; bottom, Spencer Jones/FPG; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



City

WHO'S GOT THE SEWAGE?

"IF THERE IS ONE THING I WANT YOU TO take away from all of this," Paul Krasnoff of the city's Department of Environmental Protection says while standing at the heart of the ten-year-old North River sewage-treatment plant, on the Hudson at 137th Street, "is that there is hardly any smell." Indeed, the millions of gallons of brown, churning liquid flowing by Krasnoff on its way to rows of concrete settling tanks—churning keeps the "suspended solids" suspended until they reach their next destination—give off a surprisingly faint odor.

But for the first time in the plant's long, embattled history, it's not the smell anyone's complaining about. Nor is anyone complaining about the plant running over its 170-million-gallons-per-day capacity, as it has in the past. In fact, this time, the controversy is about North River running *under* capacity.

"You don't just *lose* 24 million gallons of sewage," says Madeleine Polayes of the Coalition for a Livable West Side. *"We've got to find it."*

North River processes sewage from every home and business on the West Side of Manhattan from Bank Street to Inwood, as well as anything that goes down the storm drains. In the early-morning hours of last April 1, the amount of raw sewage sluicing into the plant suddenly went from 176 million to 152 million gallons a day—a 24-million-gallon drop equal to more than twice the oil spilled by the Exxon *Valdez*. And the sewage inflow has stayed around that level ever since. According to a report issued recently by the engineering firm of O'Brien & Gere, the drop was real, not the result of faulty monitors, and occurred somewhere below 138th Street. But, the DEP admits, the city still has no idea how to account for the missing 24 million gallons a day.

"That's the equivalent of 240,000 people moving out of Manhattan overnight," says Vernice Miller of the Natural Resources Defense Council. "We're just concerned that it [could be] going directly into the Hudson. There are sewage outflows that border the river, and that's what happens when it rains. Once it reaches 340 million gallons per day, raw sewage goes right back into the river."

Environmentalists and community activists are upset that the city did not investigate the drop when it occurred ten months ago. "The chief operating engineer said, 'Don't worry about where the 24 million gallons went,' " recalls Miller of the NRDC. "I said, 'Well, Mr. Trump should be worried, because if those 24 million come back, he's screwed!' "

Indeed, the drop came to light during meetings of an eight-member committee charged with advising the DEP as to whether North River could accommodate additional sewage from Donald Trump's proposed Riverside South housing-and-office project—a coincidence some critics say is hard to ignore. "Somehow or other, something was done to make sure they had plenty of capacity," says Madeleine Polayes, a committee member. Polayes has called for the DEP to investigate further, but "you may never find out what happened to that 24 million gallons," counters David Klasfeld, Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter's chief of staff and also a member of the advisory committee. "And it may never come back. If we were to wait and figure it out, we couldn't let anyone hook up."

Vito Turso, a DEP spokesman, says, "The chances of it going into the river are close to nil. So is the possibility of it going to another plant. . . . There are a number of things we think it might be, but we still haven't come up with any conclusions." But DEP Commissioner Marilyn Gelber says she'll be making a decision about hookup approval soon. "Excess flow is a thing of the past."

"Frankly, it's a very interesting situation," says Trump. "But I'm completely unconcerned about whether it comes back." RUTH G. DAVIS

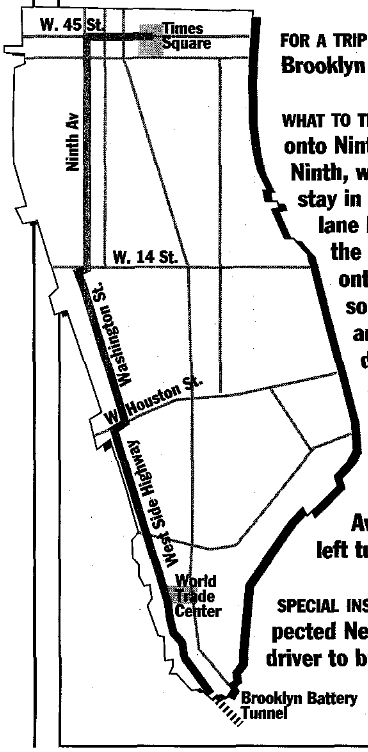
Politics

COMMUNITY RELATIONSHIP

DOV HIKIND WAS ONE OF THE ONLY CITY Democrats to campaign for George

SERVICE

Another Perfect Taxi Ride



FOR A TRIP FROM: **Times Square to TriBeCa to Cobble Hill and/or Brooklyn Heights.**

WHAT TO TELL THE DRIVER: **Head west on 45th Street and turn left onto Ninth Avenue; Lincoln Tunnel traffic clumps to the right on Ninth, with panicky drivers trying to swim against the flow, so stay in the left lane down to 36th Street; switch to the middle lane before you hit 34th Street (where left-turners back up the left lane) and continue down to 14th Street; take a right onto 14th, then a quick left onto Washington Street; head south on Washington Street (past the bar Hogs & Heifers and lots of hookers and/or meat-warehouse workers, depending on the hour). Take a right at West Houston Street; then take a left onto the West Side Highway; stay right toward the auxiliary lane to avoid Holland Tunnel traffic on your left until you pass the World Trade Center. For those proceeding on to Brooklyn, enter the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel and get out at the Hamilton Avenue exit—under the BQE; make a wide, 120-degree left turn at the first light onto Clinton Street.**

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: **Washington Street has four of those unexpected New York City rarities: stop signs. This could cause your driver to brake very suddenly once, and then proceed to do so three more times.**

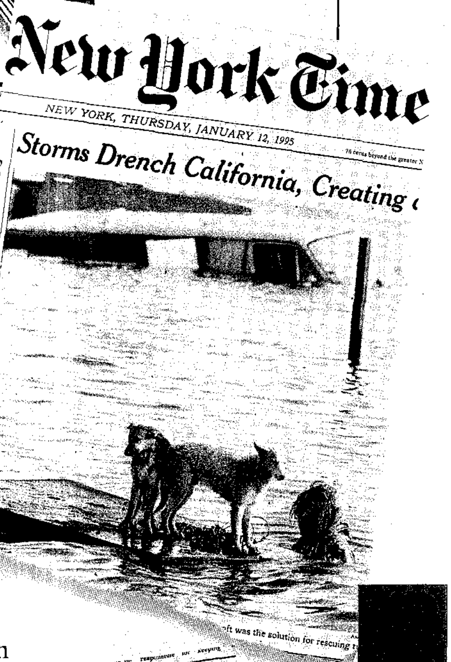
Photograph: top left, Kirk Condyles/Impact Visuals.

MEDIA

All the Dogs That Are Fit to Print

A Mother's Undying

…a rests yesterday in Fort Lauderdale after … to rescue all nine of her Rott… …ba's owner, bur…



New York Time

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1995

Storms Drench California, Creating

…ft was the solution for rescuing t…

January 13: DOG USED TO SMUGGLE DRUGS TO EMBARK ON A NEW CAREER—New York *Times.*

January 14: Robert Byrd, the longest-serving Democratic senator, says on the Senate floor that moving into a new office—and in particular finding a place for a photo of his dog, Billy—has prevented him from reading the legislation under discussion. Senator Bob Dole presents Senator Byrd with a photo of *his* dog, a miniature schnauzer called Leader, inscribed with a paw print in the corner.

LOVE: Traci Cappiello barked up right tree when she wrote to Commish Bratton about pup.

Mike Alexander

…PD's top dog answers girl's plea

…URRAY WEISS …nal Justice Editor

January 16: Socialite Marylou Whitney is asking people to bid for places on a dogsled for the first seven miles of the 1995 Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, according to the *Times.*

January 17: In a *Times* front-page photo, a handicapped woman and a dog compete for a piece of meat in Chechnya.

January 18: NYPD'S TOP DOG ANSWERS GIRL'S PLEA TO HELP SAVE POOCH—New York *Post.* A MOTHER'S UNDYING LOVE—New York *Newsday*. Sheba the Rottweiller, from Fort Lauderdale, chews through her chain and digs up the litter of puppies her owner had buried because he didn't want them.

January 20: DITCHED DOG LEADS RESCUER TO HER PUPS—*Post.* Also in the *Post,* a picture of a Swiss volunteer and his sniffer dog searching the rubble in Kobe for survivors.

In the *Daily News,* a picture of a Chihuahua being rescued from a burning apartment house in the Bronx.

January 24: The *Daily News* snaps John F. Kennedy Jr. walking down the beach, "deep in thought," with his dog, Sam, the day after Rose Kennedy's death. The *Post* runs a picture of John; his sister, Caroline; William Kennedy Smith; and Sam.

January 25: THE ULTIMATE YUPPIE PUPPY—New York *Newsday.* A profile of celebrity Akita and murder witness Kato Brown Simpson.

GETS A LICKING: Hope, the deserted mam… Como — who is holding Hope's pups — a …

Following on the heels of the *Daily News's* coverage of the death of Fred the police beagle; the *Post's* story on the Roosevelt, Long Island, puppy bandits; and the *Times's* front-page photo of two California dogs floating down a flooded section of Rio Linda on a makeshift raft—all earlier this month—the recent preponderance of canine coverage begs the question, Is it simply pack journalism or evidence of a pronounced dog bias in the media? Neither, say top newspaper officials.

Martin Dunn, editor-in-chief of the *Daily News:* "We're not out looking for dog stories. If it seems we have been carrying a lot of dog stories, that's just the way the bone falls."

Ken Chandler, editor of the *Post:* "When there's a good dog story, we run it. The response shows our readers enjoy them. And we can't be sued if we spell a dog's name wrong."

Norma Sosa, an assistant metro editor at the *Times:* "Since I haven't been called to any meeting to discuss dog stories, I assume that, like any story, it is driven by the news." LUCY HAWKING

DOG-DAY AFTERNOON: Cops say Essence, the dognapped pup, could be trained for illegal dogfights or sold for profit.

It's a dog-gone shame: Thugs …n man, run off with pup

walking with

Pataki, and earlier this month, the Orthodox Jewish state assemblyman got his payback: His wife, Shoshana, was named the governor's New York City director of community affairs. But the $45,000-a-year appointment has outraged Israeli government officials and many local Jewish leaders. Shoshana Hikind's previous attempts at community relations have been so divisive that they privately fear she'll use her new position less to soothe civic tensions and more to conduct her particular brand of international diplomacy. One prominent Jewish leader called Hikind's appointment "extremely problematic."

Shoshana Hikind has been head of American Friends of Ateret Cohanim, a tax-exempt charitable organization that has raised millions of dollars from well-to-do Jews who want to expand the Jewish presence in the heart of Arab East Jerusalem. Ateret Cohanim's purchase of the St. John's Hospice in the Old City's Christian quarter through a Panamanian front company in 1989 aroused an international protest, prompting New York's John Cardinal O'Connor to denounce the takeover as an "obscene" plot to acquire Christian property in the Holy Land. Under Mrs. Hikind's direction, Ateret Cohanim joined a coalition of right-wing Jewish groups to denounce the Middle East peace process. At one Times Square rally sponsored in part by Mrs. Hikind's organization, her husband railed against the peace plan, demanding that it "must be stopped!" while demonstrators carried signs calling Rabin a "traitor."

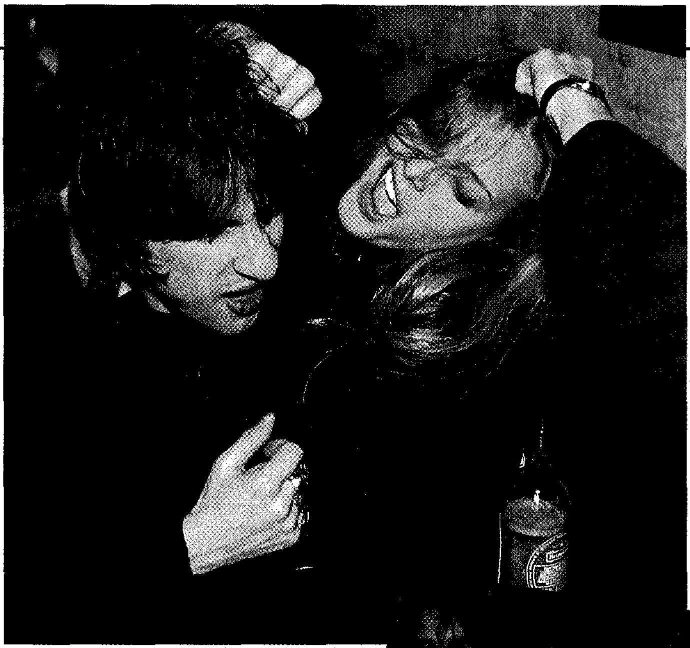
Asked to explain Shoshana Hikind's appointment, a Pataki spokeswoman said, "Yikes," then promised to get back with a response. She never did.

ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

Business

SAM SPADE, INSURANCE

IT WAS THE 200-POUND REFRIGERATOR that first made Frank Trefcer, a property investigator for Ætna Life and Casualty Insurance, suspicious. It had been included in a claim filed by a customer who said a burglar had hauled it and assorted other appliances out the top-floor window and down the fire escape of a five-story walk-up.



At the Bowery Bar: Model Bridget Hall with Nancy Boys' Nigel Mogg, above; *Before Sunrise* director Richard Linklater, with stars Julie Delpy and Ethan Hawke.

Stars and Bars

By Alex Williams
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

At the *American Cinema* fête, from the top: Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Martin Landau and Harry Belafonte; Tish and Snooky from the Manic Panic store. Below: James St. James (left) takes Mylar into the Club Kid fold at the Limelight.

'HOLLYWOOD IS NOT A PLACE ANY-more," observed 85-year-old Douglas Fairbanks Jr., pausing from a curious nibble on a skewer of chicken sate. "The movies are all right; it's the public that changes." The State of Film 1995 was much the discussion at last Monday's party at the National Academy of Design to kick off PBS's sprawling *American Cinema* series. Sidney Lumet: "In one sense, times have never been better. Grosses are up; ancillary rights are going through the roof. But somehow, everybody's getting more scared." Arthur Penn: "The antic tone of *Pulp Fiction* dissipates the violence. With *Bonnie and Clyde,* we were using violence for fierce closure." Matt Dillon, in charcoal overcoat and black wing tips, allowed a little East Village cheekbone-cool to dominate a roomful of silver-haired directors and the odd young producer. He paused to discuss *Rumble Fish* as art. "Yeah," he said. "It definitely had that vibe."

At Tuesday's *Before Sunrise* premiere party, the topic wasn't so much director Richard Linklater's delicate tension between preprofessional angst and eye-popping gorgeousness as it was the State of Bowery Bar 1995. Under big, glowing paper-globe lamps, mere mortals could not penetrate the overinvited throng of uncomfortably young cigarette-smoking women (though pouty waitresses dishing sweet-potato hexagons with goat cheese mysteriously glided through the crowd). "You can't just hang around his general area," two young men were told, shuffling away from an exuberantly earnest Ethan Hawke. Josh Hamilton and Taylor Nichols (*Barcelona, Metropolitan*) unwittingly began a Manhattan Boys Club for young thespian Wasps. It was no surprise seeing Donovan Leitch biting on a cigar, slouching into a booth next to Bridget Hall, though it was more alarming to hear the film's French star, Julie Delpy, altering her impressively American accent (a rarity for the Brit-conscious French, except those with an eye toward Hollywood). "Maybe I should try a Brooklyn accent," the neo-medieval waif said, puckering. "Oy would loyk a cwup of cwoffee." Very nice, she was told. "Oh," she said, waving it off. "It's pure Minnesota."

The Limelight late Wednesday was, expectedly, anti-Minnesota. While people with jobs slept, the antechambers filled with calculated outrage. Shutters clicked, heralding our newest Club Kid, fresh from San Francisco. New York, Mylar. Mylar, the world.

"The insured insisted the burglars had [taken the loot out] through the fire-escape window," the retired New York City police detective recalls. "When I confronted him . . . he decided he'd made a mistake."

Trefcer decided he'd better start taping the interview. The claimant decided to follow suit. "I noticed the item he was recording with, which was a tape recorder, was listed on his content worksheet as being part of the burglary." A few questions later, the young man withdrew the entire claim, forfeiting any actual losses.

Until recently, insurance companies were willing to accept the occasional loss from fraud rather than pay to investigate smaller claims. But that was back when people were generally honest. Now, according to a 1993 insurance-industry survey, 40 percent of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania residents think it's acceptable to falsely inflate claims to cover a deductible or offset past premiums. That gives these mid-Atlantic states a commanding first place among American cheats—double the national average.

"They don't expect to be questioned," said Jim Vermeulen, regional supervisor and Trefcer's boss at Ætna's Lake Success offices. "They're putting it in as though a claim rep is going to call back and say, 'Your check will be in the mail tomorrow,' no matter how silly it is."

Scarce before 1980, in-house inspectors are now on staff at two thirds of domestic insurers. And it has paid off: The industry reports an average of $8 in fraud detected per $1 in investigative expenses—including the cost of the increasingly James Bond–like devices used to uncover the scams.

"I have imported from England a machine that analyzes receipts to differentiate between inks and alterations," said Joseph Callahan, a twelve-year Ætna veteran, formerly of Scotland Yard. "It comes up with an image showing if anybody's screwed with it. It's called a video spectral comparator, but I call it the 'magic machine.' The damn thing's almost idiot-proof." The unit paid for itself on its inaugural run, Callahan says, when it revealed that a receipt for stolen boat equipment had been revised from $10,000 to $53,000.

John Dolan, the new head of New York's state insurance-fraud bureau, says the key is to change attitudes. "People who would never think of robbing a bank are the same people who think it's okay to tell the body shop, 'Cover the $500 deductible,' " he says. "We're trying to get across the idea that it's not acceptable. It's a crime. It's going to be punished." Last year, the bureau imposed 197 fines totaling $7.3 million—an average of $38,000 apiece—for frauds as low as $400.

Ætna's Frank Trefcer, however, is not without some empathy. A few weeks ago, he opened his front door to find the company car—and $200 worth of his personal belongings—gone. He realized that with a $250 policy deductible he would recover nothing. "I can understand somebody who's not a thief at heart saying, 'Why don't I put in for $500 to $600 to get some of my money back?' " TOM STABILE

Art

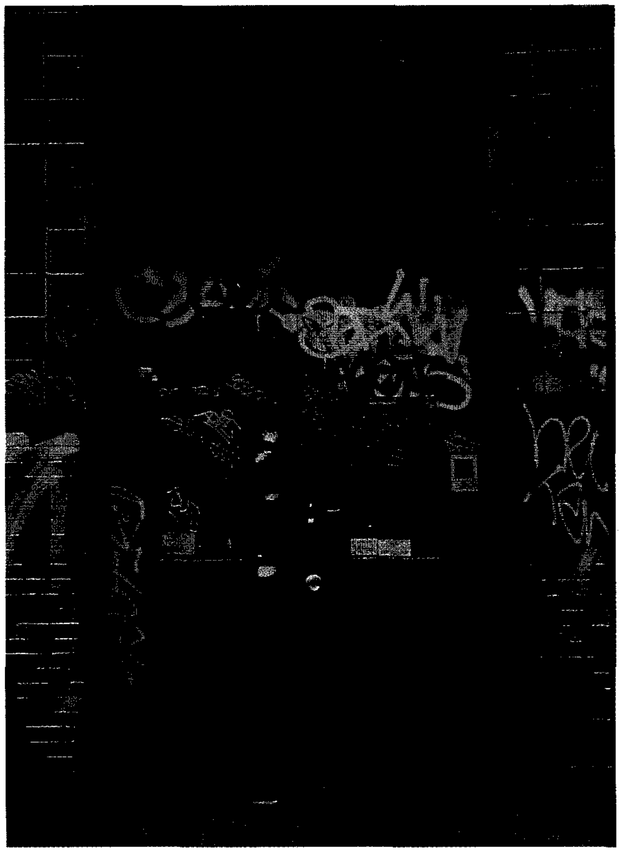
THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN

"THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL," HE SAYS, pointing at a Lower East Side wall layered with decades of graffiti. "Cy Twombly, Franz Kline. This shames them. Just the mess, the space."

As Dan Witz points out Chinese characters here, Hebrew lettering there, the eye is drawn instead to the top of the collage, a poster of a figure in a hooded sweatshirt, seemingly looking down but without a face.

"Some people think the Hoodys are about AIDS," Witz says. "Some think they're muggers. But dope is the thing down here."

Witz and his jittery mixed breed, Camille, continue their walk down Allen Street; at every block, the 37-year-old artist points out another of the 75 Hoodys he has plastered on abandoned buildings and other heroin hot spots between 14th and Canal Streets.



Photograph by Dan Witz.

Wheat-pasted across from shooting galleries and methadone clinics, the Hoodys preside over dismal stoops where flesh-and-blood dealers in real hooded sweatshirts coolly call out the latest brands: Hellraiser, Looney Tunes, D-Nitro, and Gucci. But "it's public art," Witz emphasizes, pausing in a light rain at Norfolk Street to light up another Barclays cigarette. "It's not meant to police anything."

During the day, Witz, a graduate of Cooper Union as well as of the early-eighties East Village punk scene, paints in oils; his recent gallery work includes chiaroscuro renderings of a woman using eyedrops and a ring of lawyers doing handstands. His first foray into street art was sixteen years ago, when he peppered downtown buildings with a widely noted but discreet series of small acrylics of hummingbirds.

About three years ago, Witz began noticing the sudden demise of cocaine and explosion of heroin in his circle. Fashionable sculptors, bass players, grunge kids, all started talking about "chasing the dragon." Many copped in his Ludlow Street neighborhood. Three friends contracted HIV from needles; another died from an overdose.

"I don't write. I don't march," Witz says. Instead, last summer he took a black-and-white photograph, made it into a silk screen, and retouched it with some printer's ink. From the start, the missions required military-style reconnaissance. "I hear things from a friend who works at a needle exchange, or from people in the art world," Witz says. "Sometimes I just ride around on my motorcycle looking for dealers. They're not that hard to spot." On a wall in his studio, Witz keeps a map marked with Hoody pins.

On his chosen nights, he straps a sixteen-foot ladder to the roof of his 1962 Plymouth Valiant. Around 2 A.M., he skulks out (sometimes with a friend). He can finish a job in 60 seconds. "You just hope people don't look out and wonder why you're climbing up to the second story in the middle of the night."

Witz and Camille pause near the corner of 2nd Street and Avenue A. Three Hoodys emerge from the visual chaos, one over the doorway of an unmarked methadone clinic. "This is ground zero," he says. "On the border of the East Village scene and the Lower East Side supply."

The rain increases. Witz calls off the rest of the tour.

"There's no public awareness of heroin," he says before departing. "It's cold now, and I haven't been going out, so even I forget it's out here. But my friend died, and he was a great guy."

ALEX WILLIAMS

Culture

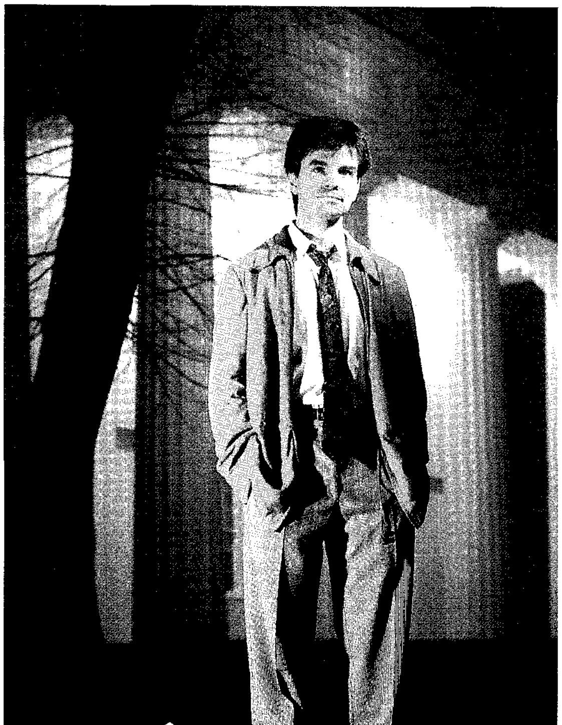
STEPHANOPOULOOZA

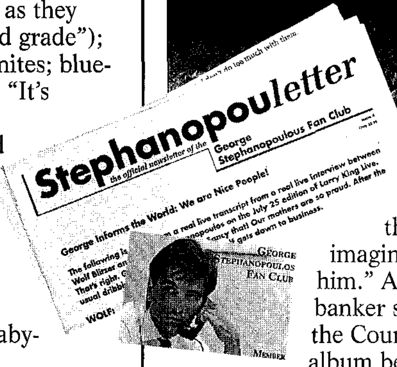
MICHAEL MELCHER, "A LAWYER AT A VERY, very big Manhattan firm," was handing out the official badges: George Stephanopoulos on the phone, looking foxy and earnest, along with the phrase ICON OF A GENERATION. On a blond wood table were Rice Krispies treats ("representing our faith in America," said Melcher, "as fitting now as they were when we were in second grade"); Brie, the cheese of McGovernites; blue-corn tortilla chips; and salsa. "It's Newman's Own! Another progressive company!" noted Polly Arenberg, an entrepreneur and former employee of the hyper-p.c. Working Assets long-distance company.

Michael's living room was packed with accomplished baby-busters: lawyers, ad execs, bankers, and, lowering the tone, several journalists. It was the Sunday before the Super Bowl, and the First Global Convention of the George Stephanopoulos Fan Club was under way. "Should I patch in the Official Club Astrologer in Las Vegas by telephone hookup?" Michael asked. He tried but got her machine.

Unruffled, GSFC co-president Polly turned off the lights and lit two candles. "In a non-hierarchical circle, each of us will explain in a few words some of the very personal ways that George Stephanopoulos has affected our lives," she announced, not at all ironically. "I will begin. As idealists and progressives, Michael and I felt isolated at Stanford Business School. But we knew we were not alone. As we avidly followed the presidential campaign, there was this voice of youthful optimism and hope. Who was it? It was George. He showed us that we are young, but we can effect social change." Everyone applauded supportively.

Another member spoke up. "I am only five foot one, and I never thought I'd have any power," she said. "It's an honor to have George speak for the short people and the liberal people of the world." Michael offered, "George is not so different from us, really. He's successful, but not so successful that we can't imagine being just like him." A young woman banker said, "I bought the Counting Crows album because George said he liked it, and now it is my favorite album of the year."





Stephanopouletter

the official newsletter of the George Stephanopoulous Fan Club

George Informs the World: We are Nice People!

The following is … a real live transcript from a real live interview between Wolf Blitzer and … Stephanopoulos on the July 25 edition of Larry King Live. That's right. … Fancy that! Our mothers are so proud. After the usual dribbl… it gets down to business.

WOLF:

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS FAN CLUB

MEMBER

After some gossiping about George's allegedly charmless assistant Heather Beckel, Michael consulted the agenda. "Time for the fan-club focus group," he said. "How can we meet your needs better?" No one spoke. "It's a safe space!" Polly reminded the group. Finally a young woman with feathered hair said, "If you promise an article in the *Stephanopouletter* on 'JFK Jr. vs. George: Why George Is Better,' you should deliver." Murmurs of assent.

"You should get a web site and create hypertext links to other sites," someone else said. "George has been out of the media lately," said a blond guy in khakis and little round glasses. "You may have to broaden the focus of the newsletter." This sparked a spirited debate about whether the club should be about George or about social action as seen through the prism of George. "Now is not the time to quit," one member said fervently. "That's what Newt would want." It was decided to poll the entire membership via a questionnaire.

Perhaps the highlight of the evening was when Michael shared the story of his and Polly's actual encounter with GS. "The seven-minute meeting took place on October 21, 1993," he began. Club members settled into their seats with the expectant air of children about to hear a favorite fairy tale. "George came out, and the hair was great. We spoke for seven minutes. Suddenly we noticed that Heather Beckel was standing about six feet away with her arms folded. George stood up and we knew our time was over." Michael beamed. The club members let out a collective sigh.

MARJORIE INGALL

Television

ALL ABOUT ERICA

SUSAN LUCCI, A.K.A. DAYTIME *Über*vixen Erica Kane, sat on the dais of *All My Children: A 25th Anniversary Celebration* at the Museum of Television & Radio in a cherry-red satin peplum suit. There were some other people up there as well.

Some people asked some questions not involving Susan, and the other people answered them. Then one slight man with a Queens accent stood up and said, "I want to tell you, Susan, if there was a most-classy-act award, you would win." There was loud applause.

Toward the end of the evening, Susan, her diamond rings aglitter, answered the question on everybody's mind. "Yes," she said. "I do drive a Ford Explorer."

The crowd filed out onto 52nd Street, and a gauntlet formed on the sidewalk leading from the exit to five waiting limos. "I bet the white one is Susan Lucci's," whispered one fan with a grin. "It's so tacky." "We were sitting right up front, and they were right there," cried a young woman. "Yeah," added her girlfriend excitedly, "Susan's perfume almost made us vomit on her!"

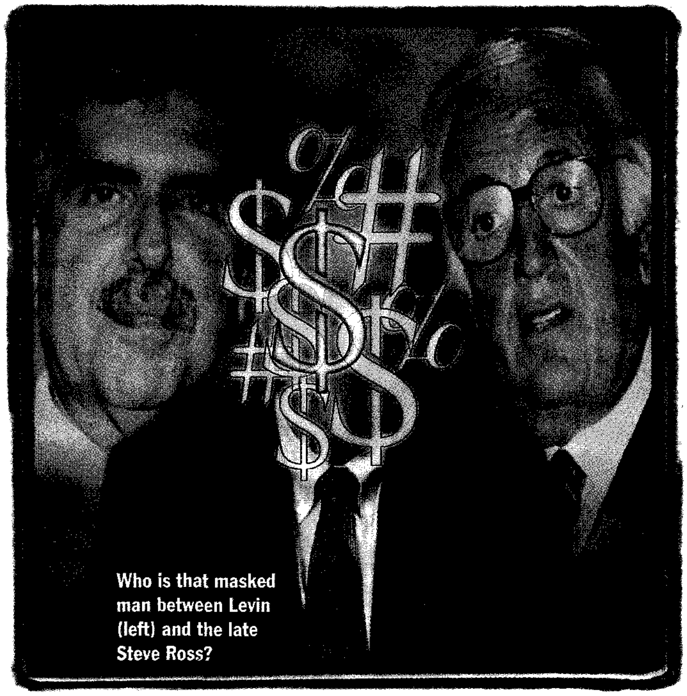
Susan appeared, and one young man, foam dribbling from the sides of his mouth, began shouting, "I love you, Susan!" over and over until she climbed into an awaiting black limo.

VIVIAN BARAD

THE BOTTOM LINE ROBIN POGREBIN

Aboodi Who?

The SEC says that Time Warner's mysterious master deal-maker, Oded Aboodi, is an insider trader. But CEO Gerald Levin still calls whenever he needs advice.



Who is that masked man between Levin (left) and the late Steve Ross?

MOST PEOPLE DO not even know his name. They don't know Oded Aboodi has earned hundreds of millions of dollars as the primary financial adviser of Time Warner, the world's largest media conglomerate. They don't know he has served as right-hand man to Warner Communications' and then Time Warner's late chief, Steven Ross, and to his successor, Gerald Levin. They don't know he is responsible for some of Wall Street's biggest deals, including the $14 billion merger that created the company in 1989.

Oded (Ed) Aboodi, 52, is, to a surprising extent, unknown even in his own company. Aboodi has never been an officer or director of Time Warner. In a relentlessly networking business, the Israeli-born Aboodi has few friends and refuses almost all interviews (as he did for this article). People describe him as "shadowy" and "elusive." "No one," says one of his colleagues, "knows who the hell he is."

Until recently, these wispy perceptions of impropriety had no concrete underpinning. But last May, the United States Securities and Exchange Commission charged Aboodi with insider trading. Aboodi agreed to pay nearly $1 million in penalties to settle charges that he had illegally profited from proprietary information about Time Warner stock.

As is common with such SEC settlements, Aboodi did not admit or deny guilt. Others, however, were free to draw conclusions of their own, and the backlash against Aboodi was predictably violent. On Wall Street, and at Time Warner, many speculated that Aboodi would be ousted.

Instead, however, Time Warner circled the wagons, and at the company's annual meeting in Burbank (held at the Warner Bros. soundstage where the final scene of *Casablanca* was filmed), its chairman delivered the verdict: innocent. Levin tersely praised Aboodi as a "trusted and valued adviser" and said the board had decided to keep him on without so much as a slap on the wrist. It was the continuation of a beautiful friendship.

Most observers remain astounded. "Even people thought to be indispensable would be forced out if they entered into a settlement under which they paid a punitive penalty to the SEC," says John Coffee, a Columbia Law School professor specializing in corporate and securities law.

There are two reasons Aboodi was spared. One has to do with the distinctive corporate culture built up by and around Steve Ross. The other is the fact that almost everybody agrees he (unlike, say, convicted eighties insider trader Martin Siegel) is a gifted financier. Over the years, Aboodi has been instrumental in structuring and negotiating some of the company's most important deals. Indeed, he is largely responsible for the momentous merger between Warner Communications, Inc., and Time Inc. in 1989—for which his company reportedly was paid $8 million. In 1991, Aboodi helped Time Warner sell 12.5 percent of its movie, cable, and pay-TV operations for $1 billion to Japanese giants Toshiba Corporation and C. Itoh & Co. And in 1993, he played a key part in U.S. West's mammoth, $2.5 billion investment in Time Warner's entertainment and cable units—for which his company received an unusually generous $30 million.

Ross and Aboodi met in the late sixties, thanks in large part to the IRS. At the time, Aboodi was a tax specialist at Arthur Young & Co., assigned to help in an audit of the Kinney account, Ross's parking-lot concern. Impressed by his acumen, Ross encouraged Aboodi to start his own company. Slowly, Ross came to rely on Aboodi almost exclusively to handle all his personal finances.

On the surface, the two made an unlikely pair. When they met, Ross was a budding corporate superstar. Outrageous, charming, extravagant, and street-smart, he reveled in his friendships with Hollywood people like Steven Spielberg and Barbra Streisand. Aboodi seemed out of place in this high-octane environment, austere and almost studious. Tall and somewhat sallow, Aboodi became, in the words of one of his colleagues, the office nerd: "no flash, no social columns."

In the seventies, as Ross's company grew from a somewhat-fishy funeral-parlor-and-parking-lot concern into a media conglomerate, Aboodi developed his distinctive financial artistry. His contracts were littered with addenda and convoluted formulas that often took weeks to decipher. "There's almost no major deal we did that we weren't creating new tax laws," a Ross lawyer bragged.

In negotiations, the two made a formidable team—Ross aggressive and excited Mr. Outside, Aboodi thoughtful and so quiet a Mr. Inside that his opponents often forgot he was there. His covert quality often made people uneasy. "There are times when it came back to haunt him," says one former employee. "I know at least one deal he blew. The other side decided he knew something they didn't know and pulled out. What you don't get

Illustration by Joshua Nichols.

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dealing with him is any perception of openness."

"Most people who talk to him feel there is something up his sleeve," says another colleague, "that he's going to hustle you one way or another."

By the time Ross began his controversial grab for Time Inc. in 1987, his dependence on Aboodi was absolute. Aboodi didn't disappoint: Under the terms of the deal—finally consummated in 1989—Ross was guaranteed about $140 million over ten years: the most lucrative executive contract in history.

Because it was cloaked in secrecy—by then an Aboodi trademark—it took close to a week for the agreement to get out. When it did, there was nearly a shareholder revolt. For a company struggling under a $14 billion post-merger debt, the terms seemed practically obscene. Ross, said the New York *Observer*'s Graef Crystal, was going to emerge as "by far the most overpaid porker of the year." Ross, however, was exultant. "Ed Aboodi," he crowed shortly after the contract was finally signed, "is the greatest dealmaker of all time."

Amid all the controversy over Ross's payout, few seemed to notice Aboodi's reward for his role in the merger—a one-time fee of $8 million, and a generous compensation package that included salary, benefits, stock options, and hefty fees. Because the contract gave him the right to put together all of the new company's major deals, the fees alone would make him a multimillionaire.

With Ross's ascension to chairman, Aboodi's power reached new heights. "Everyone kissed his ass because he was Steve Ross's guy," says one financier. "If you didn't get on with Aboodi, you weren't going to get any work with Time Warner. He was the gatekeeper."

Even before the merger, many in Time Inc. had been worried by Aboodi's role in the company: Connie Bruck, in her biography of Ross, wrote that some in the company named him Ross's Rasputin. He referred to himself as a "nonexclusive" employee of Time Warner, and his agreement with the company allowed him to work for others as well, free of board scrutiny.

Perhaps Aboodi's strongest critic at the company was Nicholas J. Nicholas, the Time Inc. president who was Ross's co-CEO at Time Warner and his preordained successor. Troubled by Aboodi's ill-defined role, Nicholas had approached Ross several times to demand his removal. By 1991, Ross was dying of cancer (though he was still working out of his home), and with Nicholas waiting in the wings, Aboodi's future was in jeopardy, too.

Salvation came in the form of Levin, who, as principal negotiator for Time Inc. during the merger, had forged a close relationship with his Warner counterpart. Together with Ross, the former adversaries hatched a plot to remove Nicholas from his position.

The coup went even more smoothly than expected. Pressured by Aboodi, Levin, and the ailing Ross, the board voted 22 to 1 to oust Nicholas, and Levin was anointed Ross's successor at Time Warner. The heavy-handed purge, however, looked bad, and many in the company believed Aboodi had overstepped his bounds. There were even slightly hysterical whispers that it was he, not Levin, who was now in charge.

In response, Levin publicly distanced himself from Aboodi, officially terminating his employment and benefits early in 1993. But Aboodi wasn't really gone. Instead, he stayed on as the company's principal outside financial adviser—an unusual arrangement. "You have to wonder why they just don't put him on the payroll like any other person," one Time Warner executive grumbled. "What are they trying to hide?"

Since then, Levin has come to rely on his counsel even more. Part sage, part courtier, Aboodi has become as indispensable to Levin as he was to Ross, a fact that the SEC episode made clear.

The government's charges against Aboodi stem from a $2.7 billion stock offering he helped structure for Time Warner in 1991. In an attempt to ease its post-merger debt, the company had planned to flood the market with millions of new shares of common stock. As Aboodi knew, the action would cause existing common stock to fall in value, while preferred stock might rise. Whether by coincidence, as Aboodi maintains, or by intent, as the SEC charges, on the day of the planned stock offering, Aboodi's investment firms sold 20,000 shares of common stock and used the proceeds to buy preferred stock, avoiding $413,700 in losses in one day.

Though the SEC charges are supported by reams of documents, a special panel of Time Warner's board deliberated just two days before clearing Aboodi of any wrongdoing. "That's what Jerry wanted; that's what they want," says a former Time Warner executive. "This is a board that pretty much goes along with the CEO."

A more perplexing question is why Aboodi would be willing to risk sacrificing so much for so little—the $400,000 he saved was roughly 5 percent of his annual take. At first, many believed he had taken the rap for his 29-year-old son, David, who works closely with his father and is in charge of the family's stock portfolio, but the SEC abandoned that theory early in its investigation. Or maybe Ed just knew he'd get away with it. After all, it looks like he did. ■

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Bullwhips, Yes; Barney, No

The GOP's Kulturkampf will force liberals to rethink what kinds of art the government should and should not fund. PBS doesn't make the cut.

IN TESTIMONY LAST WEEK BEFORE the House subcommittee that oversees the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities, Bill Bennett and Lynne Cheney put forth an array of hyperbolic generalizations about the "corruption" and "decadence" of the arts and academia in America. They also failed to restrain themselves from reciting the timeworn litany of gastrogenital funding horrors: Serrano and his irrigated icons, Finley and her yams, Mapplethorpe and his bullwhip.

But at least Cheney and Bennett didn't pretend, as most conservatives do, that the reason they want to get rid of these agencies is to save money. The Kulturkampf conservatives acknowledge that their opposition is based on a belief that the arts and humanities themselves have been ruined by the left. "This is not a great period of humanistic activity or artistic activity, frankly," Bennett told the assembled representatives. Cheney even pinpointed a date—1988—when "postmodernism," as she calls it, gutted American intellectual life beyond hope of salvation. The culture war is over; the right claims defeat.

The liberal stalwarts at the hearing, Congressmen Sidney Yates of Chicago and Norm Dicks of Washington State, had some sport with the two speakers by quoting back their own testimony from the not-so-far-off days in the eighties and early nineties when Bennett and Cheney each ran the NEH and loudly sang its praises. "Even during this time of fiscal constraints, added support for the humanities is an effective way for the federal government to help advance the educational and cultural health of the nation," Cheney argued in 1992, requesting a budget increase in the middle of a recession. What, Congressman Yates wondered, could have happened in the interim to change her mind so drastically? Cheney demurred from providing the obvious answer: Newt.

Still, poking holes in the conservative case won't save the arts this time. Nor will parroting NEA propaganda—that the NEA costs only 64 cents a year per taxpayer, that we spend more on military bands, that it's 0.02 percent of the federal budget, that the arts generate tax and tourist revenues, and so on. It is not obvious to most Americans that a pinched government should support the arts and humanities at any level. Indeed, the struggles over the NEA and the NEH, and the parallel assault on public television, are paradigmatic of the current debate over government in general. Almost every government function must now be re-justified. But that isn't necessarily unhealthy. Liberals, as much as conservatives, need to reconsider the rationale behind causes they have in the past applauded automatically. Our cultural bureaucracies present an excellent opportunity to begin the triage. And not all of them deserve saving.

The best case for continued government involvement in the arts and humanities is simply this: They enhance the nation's quality of life. The free market is a fine arbiter of many things, but aesthetic and intellectual value is not among them. By lending its imprimatur as well as financial help to the creation, preservation, and dissemination of works of culture, a nation seeks to encourage something it values. Such efforts are legitimate for the same reason education is a valid function of government: An enlightened society views its citizens as more than just economic actors. This is hardly something John F. Kennedy dreamed up when he proposed the legislation that led to the creation of the two national endowments. Our government has supported culture, in various ways, since at least 1817, when it commissioned John Trumbull to paint Revolutionary War scenes in the Capitol rotunda. Even Newt Gingrich accepts the basic principle when he endorses, as he has, continued funding for the museums in the Smithsonian (including the National Gallery of Art) and the Library of Congress.

The question that remains is whether the NEA and NEH advance this noble purpose. And the answer, Cheney and Bennett notwithstanding, is that they do. A browse through the most recent annual reports of both agencies shows them functioning, perhaps more than any other federal bodies, as quasi-entrepreneurial bureaucracies, ones that use their own contributions as leverage for private and philanthropic support. Almost everything they do is worthy, or at least unobjectionably mainstream. Jesse Helms would have to look hard to find something that would make him sputter—the separate debate over whether the government should fund potentially offensive art is pretty much over. Just over $3 million in NEA funds goes to help 195 orchestras; $10,000 grants help keep alive some of our finest little literary magazines, including *Conjunctions, Triquarterly,* and the *Kenyon Review*. The NEH recently funded an edition of President James Polk's papers, a summer seminar in Plato at Duke, the Library of America, and a conference for historians on access to Russian archives. If, as Gingrich says, "ideas matter," he should love this stuff.

The political reality is that the more expensive Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which costs the federal government $285 million a year (and much more if you count indirect subsidies), stands a stronger chance of being alive by summer than do the NEA and NEH. (They cost the Feds about $170 million each.) People don't like their favorite TV shows messed with, and the middle-class viewers of PBS are an empowered bunch. Newt may rue the day he ever raised his gavel against Big Bird. But in substantive terms, the case for supporting public broadcasting is much weaker. Great nations have all supported the arts. But television? The real question is whether

He's fallen and he can't get up: the Republicans' favorite whipping boy.

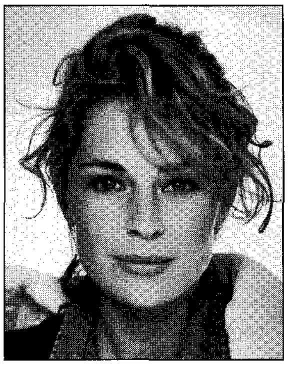
Photograph by Marc Bryan Brown/Outline.

society can survive TV. In the old days of network triopoly there was a case to be made for PBS. But the "vast wasteland," as Newton Minow famously called TV in 1961, has since bloomed. VCRs and cable have meant nearly limitless choice for the great majority of people.

There would still be an argument for supporting PBS if, because of its immunity from commercial considerations, it offered excellent programming of a kind unavailable elsewhere. Unfortunately, it doesn't. PBS is more, not less, subject to corporate (not to mention government) pressure than commercial television. On what other stations can companies like Mobil and General Electric, through their sponsorship, have as much influence over what programs are shown? Dependence on corporate underwriting explains the *Nightly Business Report* and *This Old House*. As its viewership has eroded in recent years, PBS has also pandered ineptly to popular taste (e.g., *Yanni Live at the Acropolis*). On most affiliates, middlebrow pabulum proliferates: cooking shows, reruns of Lawrence Welk, lightweight Anglophiliana of all kinds. Much of public broadcasting is superior to for-profit television in the way Fritos are better for you than Twinkies.

Meanwhile, nutritious meals are being served elsewhere. These days, you'll find finer fine-arts programming on Bravo, better documentaries on A&E, and superior uninterrupted films on American Movie Classics (two independent-film channels are on the way). And don't tell me about the deserving-poor ballet buffs who can't afford cable. Of course, there are items on the PBS menu that it would be a shame to lose: *Rumpole of the Bailey, MacNeil/Lehrer,* Ken Burns documentaries. But most are popular, and it is absurd to believe no other national TV programmer would carry them in the extremely unlikely event that a withdrawal of public moneys caused PBS to go belly-up. (WNET, in any case, would pull through: Only about 8 percent of its operating budget comes from the CPB.)

More troublesome is the fate of public radio, which retains a real-time vitality that PBS lost long ago. Not to worry about NPR, which gets less than 3 percent of its budget directly from the government. But some affiliates in places like Homer, Alaska, and Morehead, Kentucky, might not survive. That would be a shame, but not a tragedy. It's hard to imagine any way of spending several hundred million dollars, including handing it out randomly on the street, that would not produce some benefit. But there's a question liberals need to ask before they start opening their veins: How fundamental is the need, really? It's time to make some tough choices. Mine is to toss the preternaturally jolly dinosaur overboard, and sink or swim with *Piss Christ*. ■



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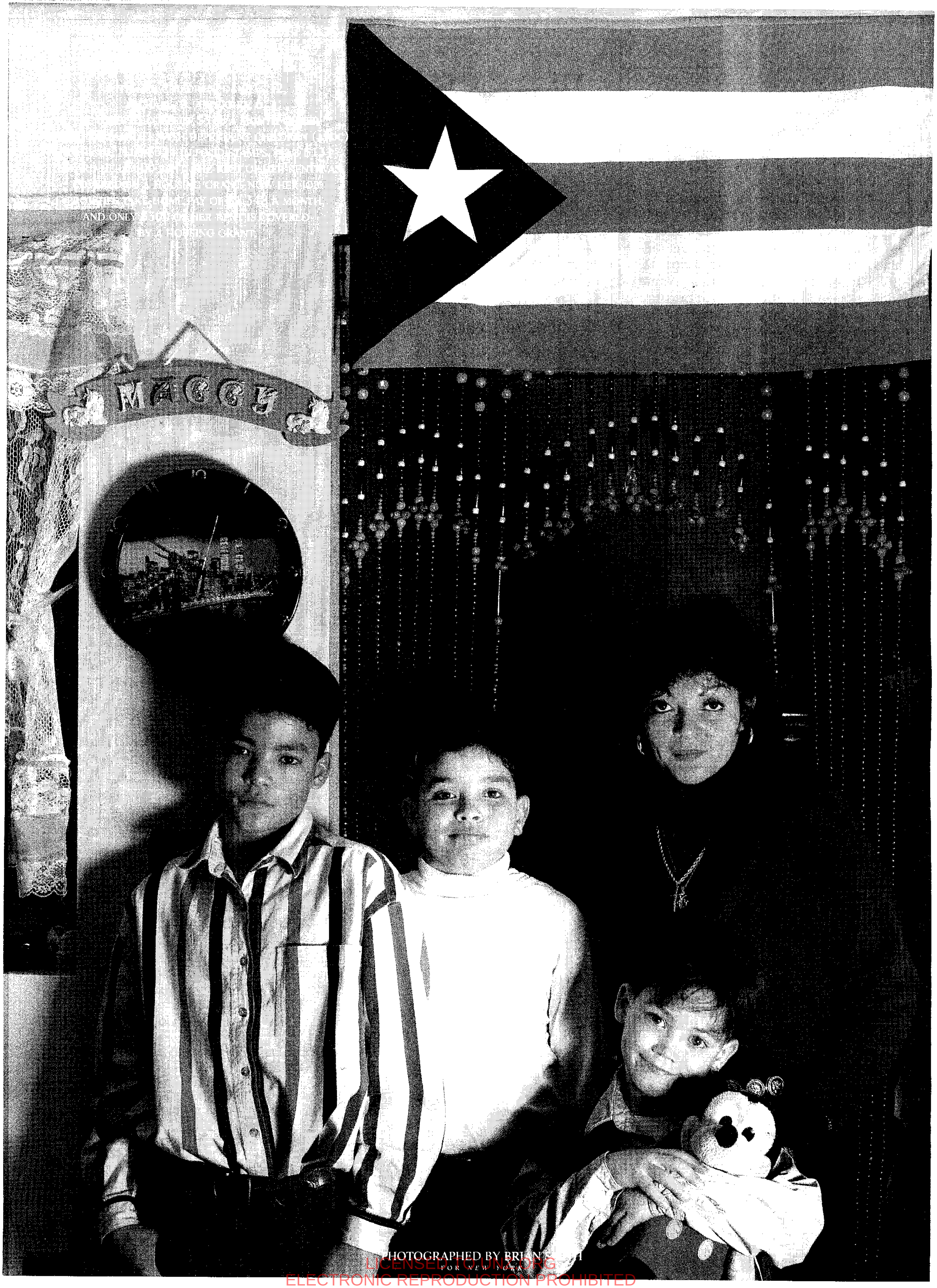

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN [illegible]
FOR NEW YORK

Are THEY The PROBLEM?

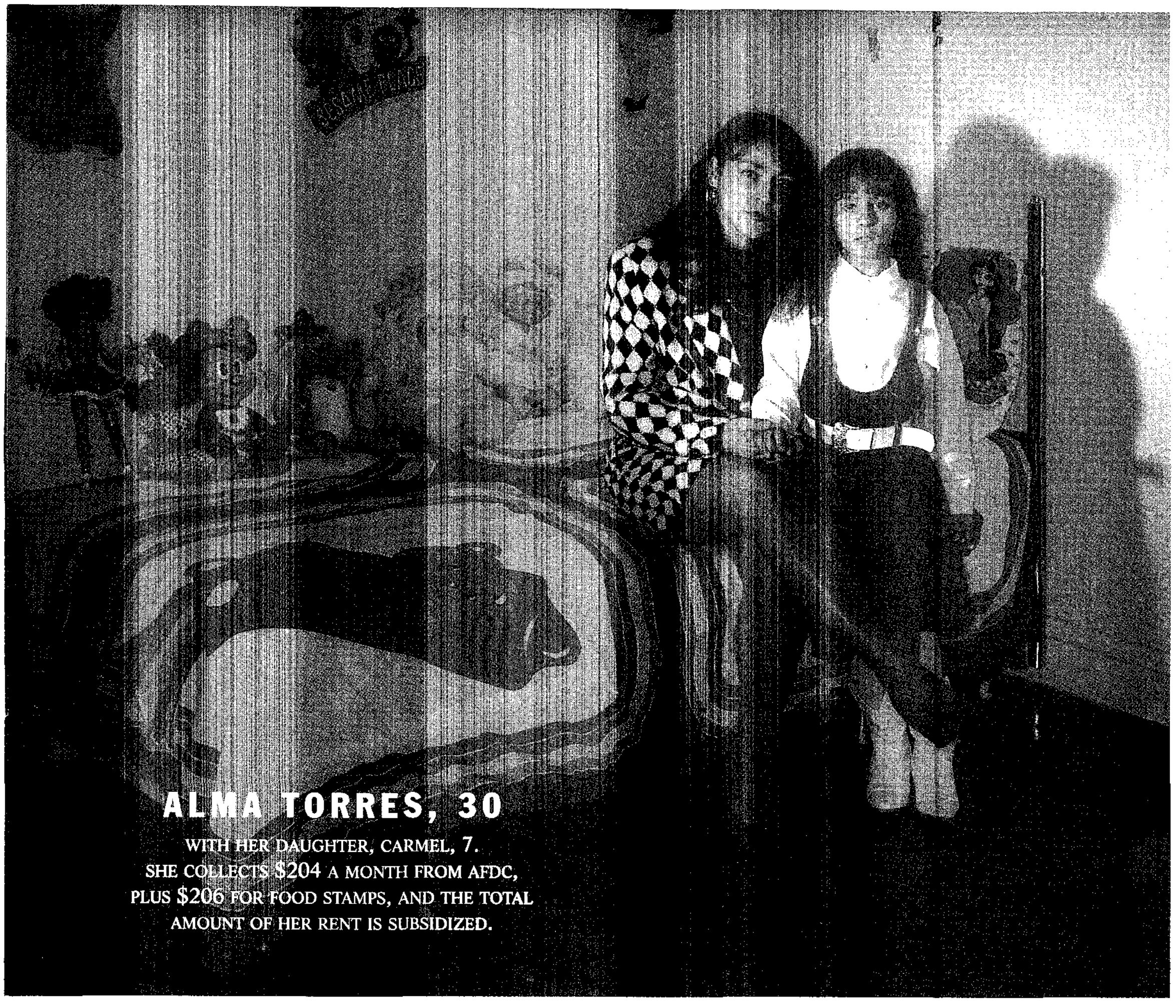
Seven current and former New York welfare mothers chew over Newt Gingrich's welfare-reform schemes. They don't always disagree with the conservative critique—but they will, they warn grimly, do whatever's necessary to survive

By Jeanie Russell Kasindorf

"I WAS ON WELFARE FOR THREE YEARS," SAYS MARLO INGRAM, 22, WHO WAS RAISED IN A HOUSING PROJECT IN HARLEM, WHERE SHE STILL LIVES today. Marlo's mother was 15 when Marlo was born. Marlo, in turn, had her first daughter when she was 14 and her second a year and a half later. She had to wait until she turned 16 to begin to get public assistance.

"After three years in the system, I said, 'What am I showing my girls? What do they see but their mother, a little overweight, sitting on the couch with the Häagen-Dazs, flipping through the stories?' So inside myself, I found the strength to get up and do something."

Marlo Ingram, and hundreds of thousands of women like her, are at the center of the welfare debate roiling the country. For the first time since 1935, when the first welfare program was introduced as part of the Social Security Act, the country is poised to try to break



ALMA TORRES, 30

WITH HER DAUGHTER, CARMEL, 7. SHE COLLECTS $204 A MONTH FROM AFDC, PLUS $206 FOR FOOD STAMPS, AND THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF HER RENT IS SUBSIDIZED.

the generational cycle of dependence. The new Republican majority, led by Newt Gingrich, has vowed to push through his Personal Responsibility Act, which would cut off all welfare and housing benefits to mothers under 18, cut back food-stamp programs, and use the money saved to build orphanages.

As the debate rages, *New York* has brought together Marlo Ingram and six other mothers who have been on New York City's welfare rolls to talk about Gingrich's proposals.

Five of them are currently among the 314,474 women who get a total of $160,519,000 in welfare payments under New York City's Aid to Families With Dependent Children program every year. AFDC families make up almost half of the households receiving food stamps, a program that costs the city an additional $111.9 million a year. The mothers included Marlo, who has been working as an assistant supervisor for a Manhattan catalogue-sales company for a year and a half, and Maggy Torres, 33, who has also broken out of the system. She had been on public assistance for two years when, two years ago, she was hired to work with victims of domestic violence in a city district attorney's office.

There was also Sharon Taylor, 40, the mother of two teenagers, who has been collecting public assistance since she was 16 (she has just entered the job-training program at America Works); Alma Torres, 30, who has been on welfare, off and on, for eight years; Yolanda Williams, 34, who has been collecting since she left home at 18. And there were Michele Shanley, 35, and Debra Marino, 35, classmates in a special associate's-degree program for welfare mothers at Kingsborough Community College. Michele has been on welfare for six years, since separating from her husband. Debra entered the system four years ago, when her husband lost his job and was forced to move out of the family's apartment so his wife and six children could collect welfare.

"You'll have to tell them what the Personal Responsibility Act is," warned Guida West, a welfare-reform-policy consultant at the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies. Indeed, four of the seven women knew nothing about it. They were "shocked" and "frightened" by the Gingrich proposals, which would also establish a workfare program that averages $2.42 an hour for a mother of two and end welfare benefits to a recipient after two to (at most) five years. But three of the mothers were able to rattle off almost every detail of the plan.

From ten o'clock one recent morning until four that afternoon, they sat above Eighth Avenue and 38th Street, in a conference room at America Works, and talked heatedly about the world of welfare mothers and the Gingrich plan. They laughed, they shouted, they applauded one another, they railed about the men in their lives and celebrated the women. They were blunt about the abuses in the system and blunter still about those who say they know how to change it.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE: *Marlo, there is this notion that if you cut off all money to girls under 18, they won't get pregnant. Do you think it would change their behavior?*

MARLO: No, no. A young teenage girl is still going to be promiscuous.

Why isn't she going to use birth control?

MARLO: Because she's uneducated. Or she just wants to have a baby. A lot of young girls have children for a lot of different reasons—low self-esteem, the need to feel loved. Or it's like a toy—"Oh, it's so cute; she has one, I want one." It's just like a new skirt.

If there hadn't been any welfare programs, would that have stopped each of you from having children?

DEBRA: I had children when I was married. The problem was the recession that caused me to go on welfare. My husband had very good paying jobs doing computer-consulting work. In the recession, his company closed. We lost our apartment and ended up staying with a friend, then with my mom in a small attic apartment—two of us and six children. We tried to stay together, but unfortunately, I had to turn to welfare for support and my husband had to move out. The recession pretty much destroyed my family.

YOLANDA: When I got on it, I had no children—I was by myself at 18. My mother and I had a bad relationship. My father left her when I was born. It seemed that whatever he did to her, she took it out on me. I came home two days before my eighteenth birthday and put the key in the door; my mother took the key from me and pushed the door closed in my face.

MICHELE: Were you conscious of the fact that having a baby would complicate the situation? Did you think of that?

YOLANDA: I didn't think about it till after he got there.

ALMA: "I'VE WAITED ALL DAY FOR ONE TEST FOR ANY
ING ON TRAINS, CLEANING; THERE WERE THOUSANDS (

MARLO: When I was 14, all I saw was no help, no emotional support, no nothing. My father died when I was young, and my mother and I never got along. She's a very vindictive person. When I got pregnant the first time, my mother kicked me out. I went to the Louise Wise shelter to live. Then I came back to Harlem and tried to work things out, but it didn't work, and I moved downstairs with my grandmother. When I got pregnant again, my grandmother told me I could get an abortion or get out of her house. So, pregnant and with my little one, I went to Covenant House.

MICHELE: You can understand why she felt emotional about it.

MARLO: Of course, of course, but when you're 14, you don't understand. I didn't see what she went through with me; all I saw was no emotional support—nothing.

What would you do to try to stop young girls from having babies?

MARLO: One of my goals is to get some kind of program going.

MICHELE: Like the Scared Straight program in prisons.

MARLO: I found out my little cousin and his girlfriend were starting to spend a whole lot of time together. They're 14. She was talking about babies one day, and I said, "Listen, you may want a baby, but you don't want the child, okay? That little baby is going to grow and give you years of turmoil."

SHARON: With my daughter, who's 13, I tell her, "You know, boys want to degrade you." I've told her she's got to stay in school. Kids at that age now, they are all having babies. I tell her directly how it is. I say education is the main thing.

Do you know women who keep having baby after baby just to stay on welfare?

SHARON: You won't hear them say it, but that's what their actions show. Stair-step kids, that's what they call them.

YOLANDA: That's right.

What percentage would you say do it?

SHARON: I would say 50 percent.

YOLANDA: Fifty percent.

MARLO: I know two in my building. One has seven kids, about 22 all the way down to 2. There is also someone else in my building. She's 19 and has four children.

YOLANDA: If you have a child under 5, welfare won't ask you about work. It's not enough money to stay home for, but they feel comfortable doing it.

MAGGY: I know a woman, she has seven boys. The oldest is about 10, and she just had one six months ago. She's still waiting for a little girl? Come on. It's a lifestyle for them.

SHARON: Another abuse is the jobs programs. A lot of women get in them because they give you extra money for lunch, transportation, clothing, child care. At the end of the program, you might get a check for $300 to $500.

ID OF JOB—WORK-
EOPLE ON LINE."

YOLANDA WILLIAMS, 34

SHE HAS THREE CHILDREN, DONALD, 13; DOMINIQUE, 8; AND KENNETH, 3.
SHE COLLECTS $400 A MONTH FROM AFDC, PLUS $269 IN FOOD STAMPS, PLUS $153, WHICH PAYS HER TOTAL RENT AT THE LILLIAN WALD PROJECTS ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. SHE GETS A STIPEND OF $640 A MONTH AS A VISTA/AMERICORPS VOLUNTEER AT THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT STREET REACH/PROJECT HOME.

DEBRA MARINO, 35

WITH VINNIE, 10; STEPHANIE, 7; VANESSA, 5; AND JONATHON, 9.
SHE HAS TWO OTHER CHILDREN, MICHELLE AND MICHAEL, BOTH 14.
SHE COLLECTS $800 A MONTH FROM AFDC, PLUS $353 IN FOOD STAMPS. HER
$800-A-MONTH SHEEPSHEAD BAY APARTMENT IS NOT SUBSIDIZED.

SHARON: “SOME WOMEN'S ACTIONS SHOW THEY'R BABIES TO STAY ON WELFARE. STAIR-STEP KIDS, THEY CAL

Can you keep going to different programs?

YOLANDA: Yeah, they're big nothings.

MAGGY: Few of the programs work. But the one I was in, First Step, has many different types of contacts with companies: There's a mentoring program, and there are internships. . . . The others just tell you to look through the Yellow Pages.

MARLO: That's the same with America Works, who got me my job. They have a relationship with the companies.

YOLANDA: Some of the women, they have a boyfriend who's making money, so every once in a while they get a couple hundred dollars, so they don't worry.

SHARON: Or he's next to them waiting in line for the cash. I've seen that.

MARLO: Or he's outside walking around.

MICHELE: Meanwhile, he's spending it on some other broad.

YOLANDA: I know one man who has one woman in Manhattan, he gets her money; he goes to the Bronx, he gets another's money; then he goes to Brooklyn when another woman's day comes.

In a line of ten women, how many would have men waiting to take some of the money?

MAGGY: I would say four out of ten.

Why do women do this? Just to keep a man around?

MAGGY: It depends. Low self-esteem; no motivation; they feel they cannot make it in the world without a man. He has a drug problem, and she has a drug problem . . . it's a magnet there.

YOLANDA: A lot of the guys tell her, “Nobody else is going to love you; nobody else is going to want you.”

When do they wake up?

MAGGY: If they get hurt enough, betrayed enough. Because it happened to me. I was being abused, and I always thought I was supposed to allow my husband to do whatever he wanted.

There was one study of a workfare program that found that a lot of women were pressured by the men in their lives not to stay in the program. The men didn't have jobs or were on drugs and didn't want the women leading straight, successful lives.

YOLANDA: That's right.

MICHELE: I come from a situation like that, where my husband has gone to my job and quit my job for me. He totally humiliated me. He was working at the time, but he didn't want me waitressing. Finally, he became so intimidated by my independence that he had to leave.

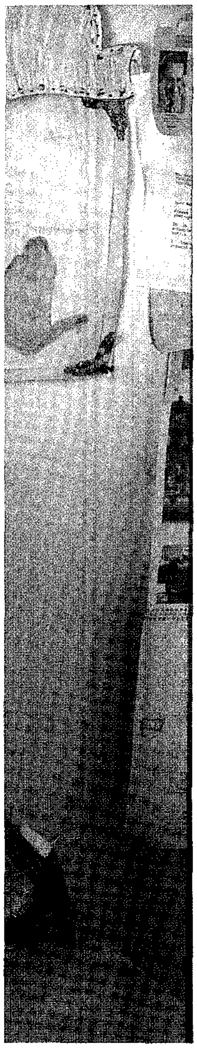
MAGGY: My husband didn't allow me to work because he wanted to control my daily activities. Once they feel you're being independent, that's when they feel insecure about themselves, because they want to control you.

The world of the underclass has been called a different planet. Is it?

MARLO: Yes, because the rest of you have never been on my side of the street, have never questioned yourself at night about what you're going to eat the next day, where you're going to stay, how you're going to get coats for the winter for your children. So yes, your world's very different from mine—lucky for you.

SHARON: After a while, you just start giving up. Believe me, it takes a toll on you psychologically. It's hard. It's really hard when you want to get off and so many things seem to be against you. I've been in three or four job-training programs, and nothing ever came of it.

MICHELE: It's very emotional. You're stereotyped a certain way. You're looked at like this lazy piece of person that is eating off the fruit of the land. I have enough skills to find a job, but I had to weigh out what was important, and I thought it important for me to go to school while the



AVING
HEM.”

children were in school and then be there when they get home so they're not carted around from one day-care center to another and can have a real role model.

DEBRA: If my kids get sick, I can't call a cab. I either walk them to the doctor, who is 30 minutes away, or take a bike. My sons ride their own bikes, and my 5-year-old daughter has a baby seat in back of me, and my 7-year-old daughter sits on the handlebars. I get $2.50 a day for transit money to go to school. But I save it for the kids. I figure that $10 a week can mean a video for them on Friday and Saturday night. So all last winter I rode my bike, or when there was ice on the streets, I walked the 30 minutes to school.

MICHELE: I'm sure everybody at this table can remember how many times she's gone without food just to make sure her kids have food or sneakers.

MAGGY: I came up here from Puerto Rico to get away from my husband. I remember one time I didn't have anything for my children, just water. I'm thinking, *What the hell am I doing in New York City—why did I leave?* I started crying and crying and crying. Fifteen minutes later, some friend showed up with pizza and orange juice. People who criticize us have never been through what each of us has been through as mothers.

There's a well-known political scientist named James Q. Wilson who gave a speech recently about what he said were the two basic rules of welfare. The first is that it allows men to have sex with no responsibility.

EVERY WOMAN: Yes!

MARLO: The men know about the system, too. They know, “I can get her pregnant and leave her and she'll get the check. Knock her up a couple of times, then I'll leave and go to the next one. The government will take care of her.”

YOLANDA: That's right.

MICHELE: This society is so spoiled, the men want everything they see, and they don't care who they're hurting. Then the welfare workers threaten you that if you don't go to court and try to collect child custody, they won't pay you.

MAGGY: If you come from violence or you come from a drug addict, you don't want him to know where you are. You go to the child-custody office, and they start asking you, how tall is he? If he's six feet two, [you say,] “Well, he's about five feet one inch.” He's 200 pounds, you say, “150.” Do you know where he is? “No.”

MARLO: My first daughter, we don't have no contact with her father. My second daughter, I've given [welfare] his name, mother's name, address, phone number. They don't do anything.

MAGGY: Or he's working off the books. I told the woman that, [and] she said, “You have to prove it.” That means I have to stand with a camera outside his place of work? Or get the owner to certify, “He's working off the books, and I'm not paying his Social Security”? Hello?

MICHELE: Once they find them, they only take 17 percent out of their salaries, and at the end of the month, you see $50.

Getting back to the James Q. Wilson speech. He said the second rule about welfare is that it allows women to have babies at somebody else's expense.

EVERY WOMAN: No!

You agreed that he was right about the men. Why not the women?

MAGGY: If we're not there for these kids, no one will be.

DEBRA: Wait a minute—we're not getting rich on welfare; we're just surviving. So why make a big stink about it?

It's true that huge sums go for other things. But welfare sticks in people's throats. The majority of the people are just fed up. There's something about welfare that annoys people much more than a cost overrun on a supersonic airplane.

MICHELE: So it's our fault we don't have husbands taking care of us. They're perfect divorcées because they have the support. Because we're lower-class, we're not considered perfect divorcées.

DEBRA: Look at Newt—he left his wife. How much does he value the family?

Another theme among welfare critics is that the sixties counterculture is to blame for influencing a whole generation to have no respect for family and marriage.

MICHELE: Hey, maybe if there weren't so many women saying yes, the men would have had a little respect and would have held on to the values.

DEBRA: They're the ones who started it.

MARLO: I didn't see them complaining, sitting at Woodstock.

In all fairness, I don't think they were there. But more and more people believe the only way to change the behavior of welfare mothers is to cut the benefits. Do you think it will?

MARLO: No.

Don't you think something would change?

MICHELE: It would be bedlam.

DEBRA: All they care about is their own. Have they ever been poor? Have they ever been living on welfare? No, no, they have been spoon-fed all their lives. What do they know?

The reason the Gingrich proposal is called the Personal Responsibility Act is that the people who voted for it are saying, “I want all the women to take personal responsibility and do this for themselves.” How do you answer that?

YOLANDA: They have to have better programs.

If the critics were here at this table, they'd be saying, “I don't want to hear that—it's your personal problem.” What do you say to that?

MICHELE: They say, “Put everybody back to work.” Where? If push comes to shove and you had no other alternative, you could take a job at McDonald's, but it's not going to pay the rent or pay your kids' medical bills, and eventually you'll be on the streets.

YOLANDA: I'd say, first of all, resign from your job and start out on the streets, like I did at 18—then you'll know why I'm saying such and such. If you can hire me full-time, medical benefits and everything, fine. If you can't, then I don't want to hear what they have to say, either.

MAGGY: They want to cut cut cut, but where's the jobs jobs jobs? I have a neighbor, she has four children, she's planning to move to Alaska for the simple reason that she went to one job interview, 700 people showed up.

ALMA: I have been to the MTA and the Bridge and Tunnel Authority and waited all day for one test for any kind of job—working on trains, cleaning—and there were thousands of people on line. The other thing that happens when you fill out an application for a job, they say, “How long has it been since you last worked?” You say, “A couple of years.” And they say, “You're on welfare?” They just dismiss you. We need a chance, like a human being.

MARLO: “Welfare?” It's, “Ohhh, well, we'll keep in touch.”

What you are saying is that you need programs like America Works and First Step, where the program has a strong relationship with people in companies that are willing to take you.

MARLO: Absolutely.

MAGGY: The only jobs that are easy to get are jobs off the books. But they don't pay you no medical benefits for your kids. There's even some men work off the books and still contribute to their family.

Do most women take off-the-books jobs to supplement their AFDC payments?

MARLO: Yes. Then you fall and break your neck, that's it.

What you're saying is, it's cheaper for companies to hire people off the books, and that's feeding into the system.

MICHELE: Sure. There are all kinds of jobs like that—cashier, waitress, every construction job, car services, plumbers, bartender, handyman. We don't collect welfare for the AFDC money—with me, it's $200 every two weeks. It's not for that money. It's for the food stamps and the medical. There isn't a month that goes by

MARLO: “YOU’R
ME, [WORKING] I

MICHELE SHANLEY, 35

SHE HAS TWO CHILDREN, MICHAEL, 10, AND JACLYN, 6. SHE COLLECTS ABOUT $400 A MONTH FROM AFDC, PLUS $250 IN FOOD STAMPS. HER $630-A-MONTH RENT IS NOT SUBSIDIZED.

when the kids aren’t sick with something. You go to a doctor’s office, it’s $50.

MARLO: The scariest thing is that for younger children, you can find a free clinic. But for older children, it’s not free anymore. “I’m going to look in your ear, I need $50.” You can be amoxicillined to death.

ALMA: The mothers really interested in children are worried about food stamps, not the money. The mothers into drugs are worried about the money and not the food stamps.

MICHELE: They can get $7 for every $10 worth of food stamps.

Since the Gingrich plan was announced, even moderate and some liberal columnists are agreeing that a good group home—not a big orphanage—would be better for kids who have an absent father and a mother on crack.

MAGGY: Yeah, but what’s good? And who’s going to pay for good ones?

YOLANDA: Thank you.

That is something that hasn’t been addressed. The average total annual benefits received by a mother with two children is $12,709. The average cost of a workfare program is $18,440 a year. And the annual cost per child at Boys Town is $45,000 to $55,000.

MAGGY: You don’t even know who to trust when you put your kids in day care. These kids, by just putting them in an orphanage, what you’re going to create is a hate. They’ll think everybody hates them, nobody wants them. They should find some family member before taking them out and putting them there.

But there are 500,000 kids in this country who really don’t have families because they have parents on crack or parents who abuse them. What would you do with them?

YOLANDA: Get the family into counseling; see if they can help the family.

A crack addiction is one of the toughest things to deal with. Do you think, as a practical matter, that you can do that?

MAGGY: They have to keep being supervised—check on them once a week. It’s better than an orphanage.

SHARON: I agree on counseling the whole family; I wouldn’t agree on separating the family.

MARLO: When you have children with one parent gone and another on drugs, then that’s all right. But you can’t take children away from a mother or father who is there.

MICHELE: Sure, small group homes where you know everybody’s good, and trained, and extensively investigated, then fine. But this is a devastating thing they want to do. You have to be very careful.

What would you do if somebody said, “You have to figure out a way to get welfare mothers out of the system”?

DEBRA: I would really work with each one individually. I think psychologically they have to be helped to be motivated. You have to tell them that it’s within them. It’s just like somebody who’s addicted, who’s an alcoholic, and in those meetings, they have to admit they have a problem and have to help themselves.

MARLO: You’re addicted to someone else taking care of you. For me, it’s still difficult. There are times I’m looking in my wallet, saying, “Oh, my God, I got to buy food, they need coats, they need hats.” It’s tempting to go back—if for nothing else but the food stamps.

MAGGY: The first year and a half after I got my job, I was not ready for it. When I started working, I had to pay baby-sitting, transportation, make sure I saved money for food. I didn’t have time to shop for bargains like you do when you’re on welfare. It’s a big adjustment.

MARLO: It’s still hard. Right now, I pay for day care, but it’s on a sliding scale. Giuliani wants to cut day-care openings for children. Right now, my 7-year-old is in an after-school program from three to six and my 5-year-old is there from 8:30 until six. If they cut that, I would have to go back to square one. I feel, how can you expect me to be a citizen and pay taxes if I can’t afford anyone to take care of my children? But if I sit at home and take care of my children, then I’m lazy and I’m wrong and I’m a parasite.

SHARON: They make sure you stay in one little spot.

MARLO: I bring home $250 a week, and just recently I was offered a promotion, and I had to turn it down. Because my whole life is income-based. When I got

DDICTED TO SOMEONE TAKING CARE OF YOU. FOR TILL DIFFICULT. IT'S TEMPTING TO GO BACK.”

my first promotion, I got a $1,500 raise and my rent went up from $153 a month to $294—that's $1,692 out of a $1,500 raise, and you still have taxes and everything taken out of it. So when I was offered this new promotion, I figured it all out, and it wasn't going to benefit me at all. So I turned it down. It was very hard to say no, very hard.

MICHELE: I believe in certain restrictions, but the system has to dedicate itself to reforming people and showing them there's a better life out there. Being at Kingsborough and watching our program work has been such an amazing thing, really a blessed event—I really have to say it's been God in the working. When I started, some of the women didn't even know what they were doing there. There's been such an amount of growth in the women. You can see the hopelessness lift. I sit back sometimes and just watch it.

What kind of restrictions would you introduce?

MICHELE: Well, maybe something with the time limit, how long you have to go through a program and get a job. But two years is too abrupt.

MAGGY: They could only give you your check if you went to counseling and participated in the program.

YOLANDA: So if you don't go to a counselor, don't bother coming for the check.

DEBRA: They need better-trained social workers. The majority are miserable in their jobs, they sit there, they hate their work—and they're trying to help us?

ALMA: That's right. When you go to a welfare worker, that's supposed to be your counselor, and they know nothing.

SHARON: Or they don't tell you.

Did any of you ever hear about a work-training program or education program from a welfare worker?

EVERY WOMAN: No.

You heard about them only from friends?

EVERY WOMAN: Yes.

MARLO: I went to my caseworker to inquire about a job program and was told I could wait another two years to start working, until my little one was 5. I said, “No, I really want to do something now.”

Let's assume that these reforms are passed. What will happen?

SHARON: They make these cuts, it's going to be chaos. I'm struggling now to come to a work program. I'm getting $109 every two weeks for myself and my daughter. Out of that, I have to have carfare, clothes, lunch. I don't have the money for toiletries for the house, things like laundry soap, toilet paper, toothpaste, deodorant. It's very hard.

MAGGY: I'm frightened for everybody.

MICHELE: They think the riots in L.A. were bad, wait till they see this.

Is there some family around for women to fall back on?

SHARON: Not much.

You talk about riots, but realistically, what will the women do?

MARLO: Whatever they have to do to survive. Don't be surprised if you see fighting over which corner you're going to stand on.

YOLANDA: That's right.

MARLO: If it comes down to how am I going to feed my children, call me a harlot off the street, but if that's what I have to do, I'm going to do it.

MAGGY: You can try to find a drug-dealing boyfriend and get $500 in two hours. It's not like you want to live like that, but it's survival.

Do you think most of the women are aware of how drastic the proposals are?

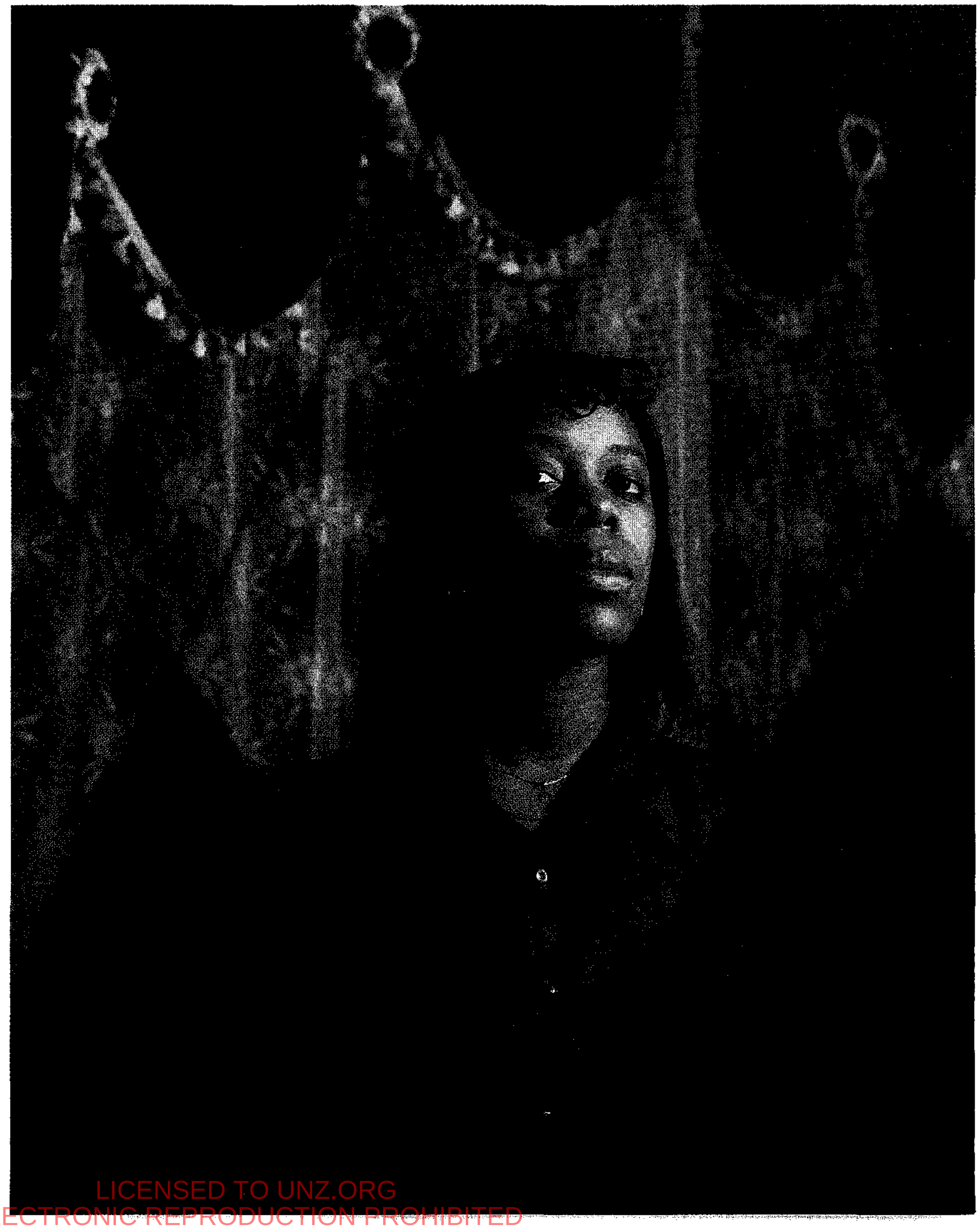
MAGGY: I'm pretty sure most of the ones who are sitting at home all day haven't the slightest idea.

If you could sit down one-on-one and talk with someone like Newt Gingrich to try to convince him that there should be other ways of dealing with welfare mothers, what would you say?

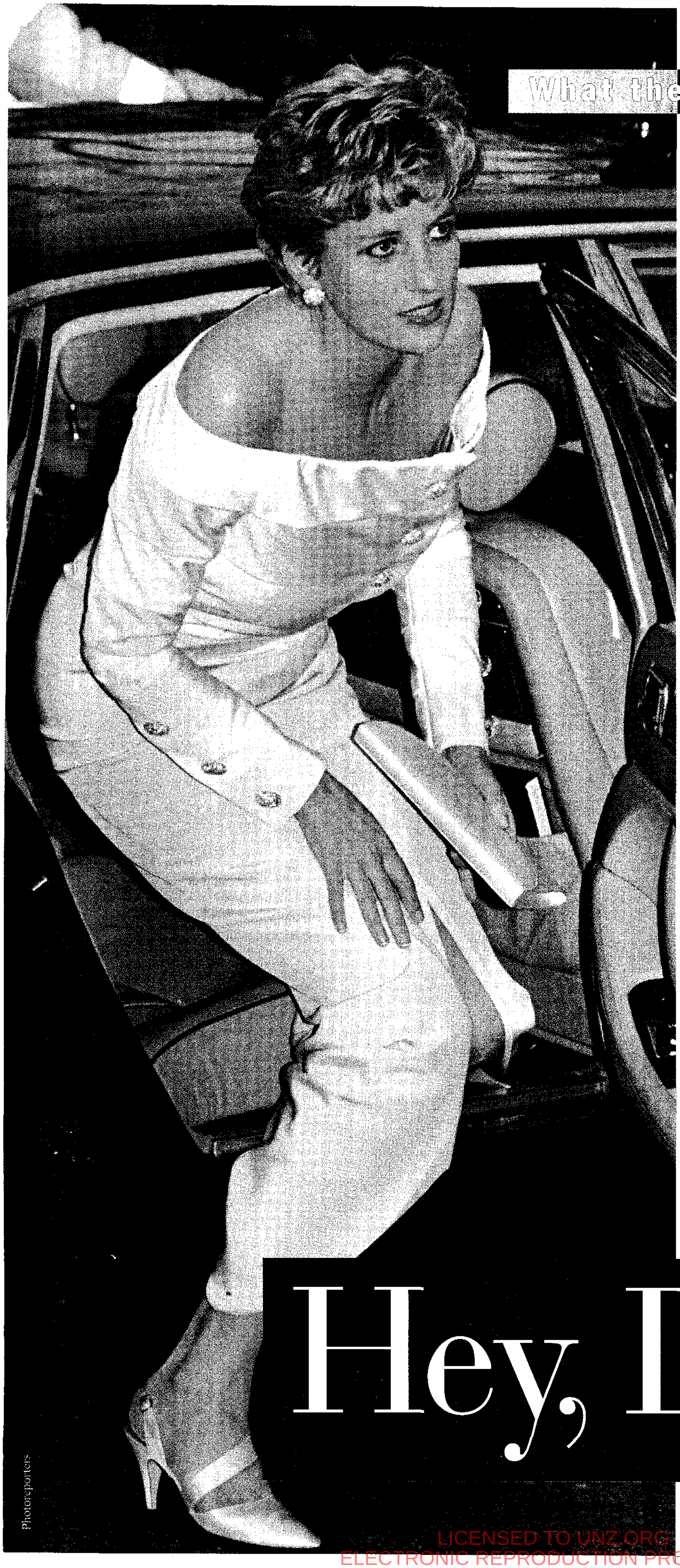
MARLO: I would hand him the keys to my apartment in the project. I would say, “Let me go home to your Jacuzzi, and you go to my house.” ▬

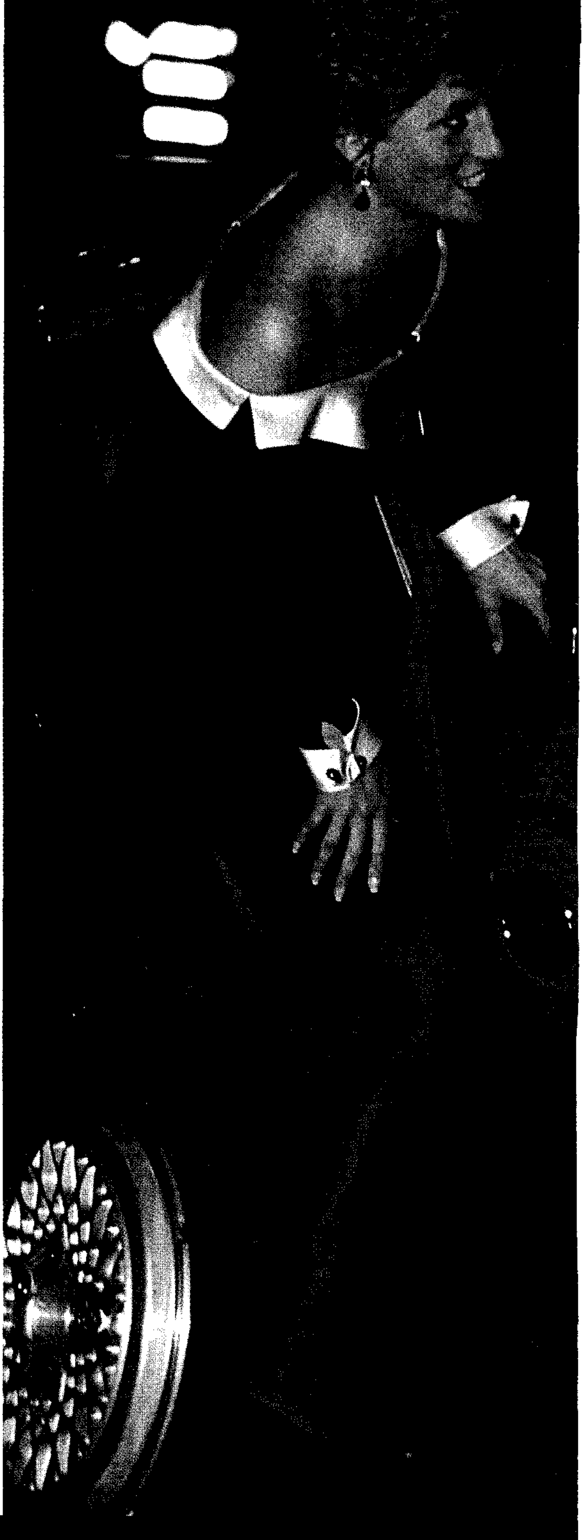
MARLO INGRAM, 22

SHE HAS TWO CHILDREN, CACHÉ, 7, AND EBONEÉ, 5. SHE USED TO COLLECT $290 A MONTH FROM AFDC, PLUS $219 IN FOOD STAMPS; HER $153-A-MONTH RENT IN AN UPPER WEST SIDE HOUSING PROJECT WAS TOTALLY SUBSIDIZED. HER JOB NOW PROVIDES $250 A WEEK IN TAKE-HOME PAY, AND HER RENT IS NO LONGER SUBSIDIZED.



What the princess can look forwar



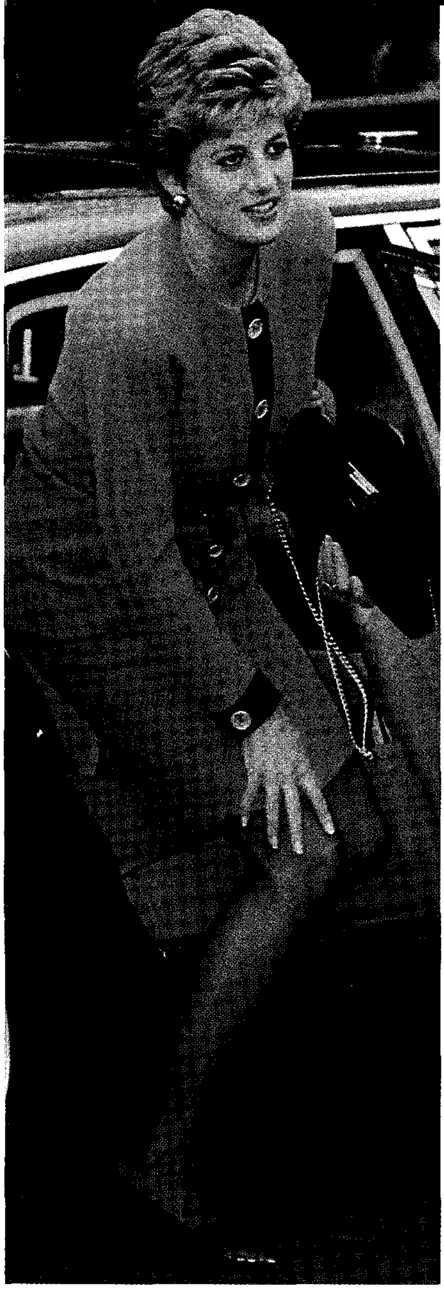


Hey, Diana—

Photoreporters

if she actually moves to New York

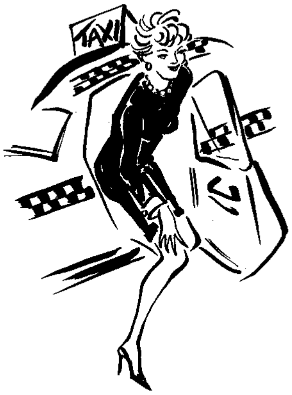
By Rebecca Mead



Car-exiting Diana: She bestrides the international corporate-class super-culture.

Dave Chancellor/Globe Photos

Photoreporters



THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN RECENT MONTHS HAS, ACCORDING TO PRESS REPORTS: (1) shopped for apartments in Trump Tower, (2) shelled out membership to Donald Trump's Palm Beach Mar-a-Lago "country club," and (3), in an entirely Trump-less item, discussed the possibility of moving to New York to take a job at *Harper's Bazaar* with British editor Elizabeth Tilberis, to whom she presents an award at this week's Council of Fashion Designers of America bash.

Now, any press report about the royals—particularly one that goes on to mention Donald Trump in a positive light—ought to be treated with the appropriate degree of skepticism. Although Diana will indeed sit at Tilberis's table at the fashion gala, and although *Bazaar*'s owners, the Hearst Corporation, bought $1.1 million worth of tickets to the event, a *Bazaar* spokeswoman maintains that "no job offer has been made." Buckingham Palace calls the rumors of a royal move "rubbish." Nigel Dempster, the *Daily Mail*'s gossip columnist, scoffs at all such talk. "There is absolutely no way she is going there," he says. "Why would she want to go to a hellhole like New York? Who does she know there? What sort of life would she have there? It's a fantasy promoted by realtors in New York who want to sell buildings." Not only Dempster but common sense itself argues against a New York move, for at least two reasons: (1) She's too attached to her children to leave them behind, and they'd surely never be allowed to come

Reign Over *This*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREA SELBY
FOR *NEW YORK*

Squidgy's New Pals

A royal in exile needs a fresh entourage. Who'd rate and who'd be banished to the outer reaches?

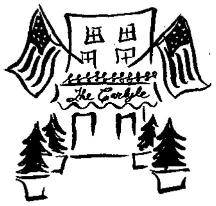
POLITICS

She's forbidden from discussing politics—a mild endorsement of John Major caused a small scandal—but here she'll be freed from her royal shackles.
Likely: *Daniel Patrick Moynihan*
Possible: *David Dinkins, Libby Pataki, John Miller, Susan Molinari*
Unlikely: *Rudy Giuliani, George Pataki, Al D'Amato, Guy Molinari*

Trump Tower (left) and 1040 Fifth

DURING THE WEEK

What befits royalty in exile? Downtown just wouldn't do, and a townhouse is too Shah's-sister.
Likely: *Carlyle hotel, 1040 Fifth, Lowell hotel*
Possible: *River House, 1 Beekman Place*
Unlikely: *Red Square, Normandie Court, Police Building, Trump anything*

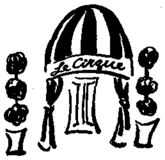


RESTAURANTS, ETC.

Le Cirque's Sirio Maccioni

Food, needless to say, is only a passing concern. More important is striking a delicate balance between being seen and not being seen, and finding an owner who'll be appropriately discreet about her comings and goings. So, strike Elaine's.
Likely: *Le Cirque, Tatou, Mortimer's, Harry Cipriani (Ted Forstmann has a regular table), Elio's, Doubles*
Possible: *San Domenico, Daniel, Odeon, Da Silvano, Ferrier, Jekyll & Hyde (with the kids)*
Unlikely: *"44," Bowery Bar, Le Bar Bat, Cub Room, Flowers, Jour et Nuit, Félix, Le Club, back room at Limelight*

Brian McNally of '44'



MEDIA PALS

Harry Evans and Tina Brown

For self-evident reasons, Diana hates the press. But for equally self-evident reasons, she loves press coverage (of a certain kind). So look for her to co-opt a few favored journalists, especially if, like her friend Richard Kay of the London Daily Mail, *they are tall, handsome, and charming. Also, keep in mind that most of the media elite here would rather suck up than sneer.*
Likely: *Richard Johnson, Harry Evans, Liz Tilberis, Geordie Greig (*Sunday Times*), Rick Hertzberg*
Possible: *Tina Brown, Anna Wintour, Billy Norwich*
Unlikely: *Linda Stasi, Ingrid Sischy*

Geordie Greig

Liz Tilberis

Anna Wintour

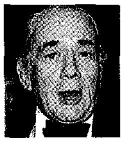
WEEKENDS

Diana's much more keen on the beach than on the country—in England, she likes to drive down t Dorset to take solo walks on the coast. Plus, she looks better in a bathing suit than she does in Wellingtons and has been less than enamored of horseback riding since childhood fall. One problem with the Hamptons: It's harder to hide o Further Lane than it is on Kensington High Street.
Likely: *Southampton, Edgartown*
Possible: *Nantucket, Bedford*
Unlikely: *Wainscott, Millbrook*

Photographs: top to bottom, left to right, Hales/Sipa; John M. Mantel/Sipa; Rose Hartman; Patrick McMulla David Allen/LGI; Mosh Gordon Cumming; David Allen/LGI; Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella; center, Rex Feature

Reinaldo Herrera

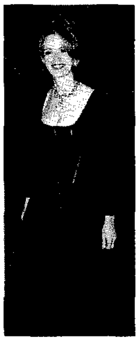
Ivana Lowell


Kenneth Jay Lane

Isaac Mizrahi

COURTIERS

Likely: *Veronica and Randolph Hearst, Blaine Trump, Kenneth Jay Lane, Isaac Mizrahi, the Forstmann brothers, Peter Jennings, Mario Buatta, Pat Buckley, Leo Castelli*
Possible: *Ivana Lowell, Sarah Giles, Jamie Niven, Graydon Carter, Ivana Trump, Dick Snyder, Robert Woolley, Jann Wenner, David Ross*
Unlikely: *Mort Zuckerman, Anthony Haden-Guest, Marla Trump, Christopher Mason, Kennedy, Jane Wenner, Larry Gagosian, Barbara and Marvin Davis, Patty Hearst, Donovan Leitch*


Veronica and Randolph Hearst (above); Blaine Trump

COUTURIERS, ETC.

Oscar de la Renta

In England, she was reprimanded for wearing leather jeans to a rock concert, but loosed from those constraints, she might be donning plaid thigh-highs before Memorial Day. Still, don't look for her to wear anything too undignified. She is, above all else, well scrubbed.

Likely: *Valentino, Oscar de la Renta, Carolina Herrera, Marc Jacobs, Kevin Aucoin (makeup)*
Possible: *Calvin Klein, Isaac Mizrahi, Michael Kors, Armani, Bill Blass, Brad Johns (highlights), Frederic Fekkai (hair)*
Unlikely: *Ralph Lauren, Anna Sui*

Carolina Herrera

Frederic Fekkai

Valentino

Ivana Trump

with her. (2) She's in a far better position to plague Prince Charles—something that, so far, she seems intent on continuing to do—if she remains in his kingdom-to-be.

Still, there is enough circumstantial evidence in the air to suggest that Diana is at least *toying* with the idea of transferring her magnificence to these shores. And like so many well-heeled Europeans, why couldn't she spend, say, a few months a year in residence here? One confidante of hers, Richard Kay of the *Daily Mail,* has said Diana would eventually like to have an American place; and the Philadelphia-area artist Nelson Shanks, who has recently completed what he calls the "definitive" portrait of the princess and has become a friend, says he wouldn't be surprised if she moved here. "I am simply quoting her to say that she is fond of Americans; she finds them very open and friendly," he says. "Let me put it this way: What are the chances of her finding a socially perfect situation in England? I would have thought the chances of that were pretty slim."

Perhaps that's why Diana chose to ski in the U.S. this winter, rather than in her former European haunts; and why she has been so assiduously visiting her friend Lucia Tarso Flecha de Lima, the wife of the Brazilian ambassador, in Washington, D.C.

Her arrival this week in unabashedly Anglophile New York will make clear to her how completely she dominates the transatlantic celebrity/society superculture that operates out of the Big Town. And given that she's pretty much scuppered her chances of being queen of England, why shouldn't Diana be persuaded to make a clean break, to heed the cry of Lady Liberty and start afresh like millions of immigrants before her?

And if Diana is toying with the idea, why shouldn't we? The more you play this parlor game, in fact, the more compelling it becomes. Where better for Diana, who's trying to shed her "Disco Di" image, to continue her high-culture education than in this capital of the arts? Where better to continue her exploration of things New Age than New York, which is second only to California as a place where upper-crust flakiness is coddled by such a fully developed pseudo-therapeutic service infrastructure?

New York, now more than ever, would be receptive to the kind of Robin Leachy international luxe that she personifies. Among the locals, the charity circuit has taken on an air of drudgery. The only New Yorker who can still arouse the populace, John F. Kennedy Jr., is too shy to claim the celebrity crown that is his birthright. In fact, since his mother died last May, New York has lacked a towering *Über*celebrity whom the city can take a fascinated pride in leaving alone.

IN NEW YORK, DIANA'D BE SOCIALLY SITUATed to perfection. Those seeking to be her friends would, of course, be legion. This week, Randolph and Veronica Hearst are scaling dizzying social heights to be her hosts, and she'd certainly be pursued by the usual boldface suspects: the Basses, the Perelmans, Jane Wrightsman. Diana is already pals with Hearst employee Tilberis, who, as editor of British *Vogue,* had photographer Patrick Demarchelier turn the princess into a cover girl. She'll be able to ask *New Yorker* editor Tina Brown (who wrote *Vanity Fair*'s 1985 profile of Diana) exactly how one goes about being the most powerful and glamorous Englishwoman in America. And since *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter once gushed that the time he'd sat next to Princess Diana at dinner was "the happiest moment of my life," and has since lunched in the princess's Kensington Palace offices, she might do him the favor of granting him further audiences.

But the job of catering to the world's foremost celebrity is complex and potentially taxing. Diana would need some female friends for the marathon phone sessions in which she likes to indulge. Suitable girlfriends for Diana might be Ivana Lowell, the stepdaughter of Robert Lowell (whose mother, Lady Caroline Blackwood, a scion of the Guinness family, was married to Lucian Freud as well as to Ivana Lowell's father, Israel Citkowitz); and Sarah Giles, the well-connected former *Vanity Fair* editor (and niece of the Earl De La Warr, whose ancestors founded Delaware). India Hicks, the model and granddaughter of the late Earl of Mountbatten, might also be an appropriate friend—though the fact that she was a bridesmaid at Diana's wedding to Charles might be too constant a reminder to the princess of her marital unpleasantness. For grandes dames, Diana could do worse than buddying up to Drue Heinz, the philanthropist widow of Jack Heinz and owner of perhaps the best townhouse in New York, where she plays sometime hostess to Princess Margaret.

A princess also needs a proper selection of males for public socializing—and in enough variety and quantity to quell rumors of romantic entanglement. Having married the onetime world's-most-eligible bachelor, Diana, it is to be expected, might hook up with John F. Kennedy Jr.—if only for larking about on Rollerblades. Teddy Forstmann, the swashbuckling 54-year-old financier and magazine mogul with whom Diana has been linked, would—whatever the nature of their friendship—introduce her to a crowd of youngish, richish folk who could effortlessly replicate the rosy-cheeked gang of aging nice boys and girls who make up her London gang. "I think she'd go out with a lot of couples at first, rather than single men," says Kenneth Jay Lane, an old friend and walker of Princess Margaret's. "The Herreras [Reinaldo and Carolina]; the Nivens, perhaps [Jamie, son of David, and Fernanda]; the Erteguns [Ahmet and Mica]." Diana might also look up Geordie Greig, the New York correspondent for the Sunday *Times* of London, whose sister, Lau-

Photographs: top to bottom, left to right; Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella; Patrick McMullan (2); Ron Galella; Patrick McMullan (2); Jim Smeal/Ron Galella; Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella; R. Bolkmann/Sygma; Rose Hartman.

ra Lonsdale, is Diana's childhood friend, former flatmate, and lady-in-waiting.

Likely new friends include Ted Forstmann's brother Nick and Nick's wife, Princess Lana Wolkonsky, the daughter of a spare Russian noble, and their buddy Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia. Peter Jennings, New York's most eligible divorcé-to-be, would be a perfect date for Diana: They could discuss current affairs but keep it at a nice, safe, prime-time level, and he's Canadian. And what about those fabled single men—Mort Zuckerman, David Koch, Michael Fuchs, Robert Morton? Naturally, their publicists would be calling Diana's publicist, but Diana is far too careful to be seen with anyone so obvious. "Whom would she date?" asks Reinaldo Herrera. "The rich and randy or the poor and discreet."

Like all proper princesses, Diana needs to be seen as more interested in couture than in concupiscence. In London, she was the first royal since Edward VIII to have a dress sense, favoring simple, classic, expensive-looking styles. British designers like Catherine Walker, Amanda Wakeley, and Tomasz Starzewski have no profile in New York, so Diana faces a choice: Stand by the fashions of her countrymen, thereby risking the mockery of the label-conscious New York crowd, or decide to pick her designers locally, like produce. But whom to choose? Isaac Mizrahi is a darling escort, but he is ultimately too retro chic for the princess. Reinaldo Herrera's wife, Carolina, who used to dress Jacqueline Onassis, is probably more like it, because she prefers her seams pressed rather than deconstructed. But don't count out Oscar de la Renta, who, along with his wife, Annette, is terrifically social and charming, and Valentino, who made the scene-stealing frock Diana wore to a benefit at the Serpentine Gallery in London the night her husband confessed on national television that he had committed adultery.

New Yorkers, who persist in referring to the Princess of Wales by her teenage name "Lady Di," would learn that she is no longer the blushing, frivolous creature she was. While she was still with that old stick of a husband, Diana's male friends were silly Sloane Rangery types she could lark about with. But since she escaped from Charles's domination, she's discovered heavyweights who are prepared to take her seriously—like the financier Lord Rothschild. In New York, a suitably grizzled and connected stand-in is Mort Janklow, the lawyer and literary agent. She'd also be chaperoned by Nelson Shanks and his wife, Leona, who took her to dinner with Luciano Pavarotti at the National Arts Club on her last New York visit. The New York arts world would appeal to Diana, who once wanted to be a ballet dancer (she took a turn on the stage of the Royal Ballet with her dancer friend Wayne Sleep, prancing to Billy Joel's *Uptown Girl*). Peter Martins, the mediagenic artistic director of the New York City Ballet, would be a source of amusement and intrigue. She'd probably be taken up by the likes of the Metropolitan Museum's director, Philippe de Montebello, and the board's very social counsel, Ashton Hawkins. Though Diana used to be mad for pop music, her tastes have sobered. She'd certainly still hang with Elton John whenever he came to town, but she'd find friends at the Metropolitan Opera, like Bryn Terfel, the excellent Welsh bass baritone.

As for the downtown gay crowd, which would naturally hope to co-opt Diana as a superdiva, no such luck—she doesn't need to have gay men declare her an icon, and she is resolutely mid- to uptown in temperament. She was, to be fair, the first major public figure to shake hands with and embrace AIDS patients, as she did right here in our very own Harlem Hospital pediatrics unit in 1989. And she nursed a friend with AIDS until his death in 1991. But her gay-positive tendencies tend to be charitable rather than cultural or temperamental. Blaine Trump will have better luck getting her to stump for the more mainstream AIDS group God's Love We Deliver, and she may likely succumb to the charms of Mitch Rosenthal, the somewhat dashing, very schmoozy head of Phoenix House.

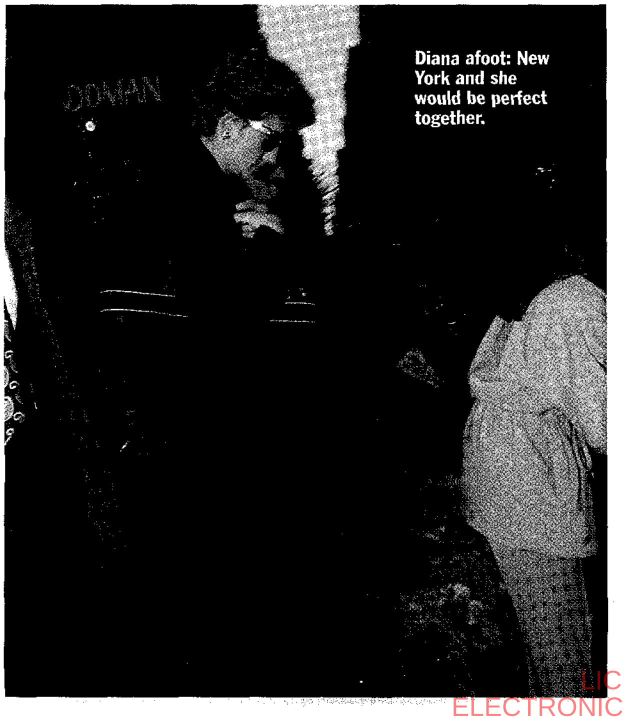
Apart from the occasional foray to a Henry Street Settlement benefit, Diana's New York would be largely bounded by the New York Public Library at the south, Lincoln Center at the west, Park Avenue (and Sutton Place) at the east, and 96th Street at the north. Contrary to trumped-up stories about her buying an apartment in Trump Tower, the dazzling cubic zirconia of buildings ("Oh, well, I can't imagine that," Blaine Trump says of reports that Diana would move into her brother-in-law's building), she'd stick north of 59th Street. Still, the co-op board at 817 Fifth would take special snobby pleasure in threatening to turn down her application, and Diana would have to take vows of chastity and promise that her bodyguards would turn down their walkie-talkies after 9 P.M. Diana's best move would be to take a suite in the Carlyle hotel, where she stayed last time she was in town. The Carlyle's executive manager, James Sherwin, is a transplanted Brit and would make sure the chambermaids didn't auction off her underwear drawer to the *National Enquirer.*

She'd shop at Saks, Barneys, and Bergdorf's, but usually before they open. She'd lunch at Le Cirque, where she made a decoy reservation last time she was in town, though a long shot is the eminently discreet and never overcrowded San Domenico on Central Park South, where Tony May does that kind of small Italian food she likes. Best to bet on is Mortimer's, New York's very rough equivalent of her favorite London restaurant, San Lorenzo: Both are nominally low affect, but if you're a regular person, just *try* to get a reservation at lunch. Mortimer's owner Glenn Bernbaum isn't laying out the red-checked tablecloth just yet. "We're not chic enough for her," he insists. Would Bernbaum be willing to provide a private room for Diana's assignations, as Mara Berni, the owner of San Lorenzo, is alleged to have done? "No. I'm not running a brothel," he says. "Not yet, at least."

Diana likes to swim daily, and would go to the Spa at the Peninsula, where the initiation fee of $2,600 and monthly maintenance of $180 tend to keep the riffraff out. She'd also be able to get her massages and facials there, though since Diana has an *Absolutely Fabulous*–worthy ability to sample virtually every new style trend, she'll certainly want to patronize the very mid-nineties Susan Ciminelli Day Spa at Madison Avenue and 57th Street. Here she could get reflexology and aromatherapy, and have crystals laid all over her body. "I would do guided-meditation work with her," says Susan Ciminelli. "It would depend on what her feet were telling me. And I would do color therapy with her, where you have a person meditate on a certain color. I would start with green, because green would break down the wall of the heart chakra and help heal it."

Diana—whose British astrologer, Penny Thorton, just wrote a book about advising both her and the duchess of York—will definitely drop by the psychic healer Michele Bernhardt. "Nineteen ninety-five is a year of miracles and change for her," Bernhardt predicts optimistically. And for her weekly colonic irrigation treatments she would go to Trisha Rossi of the Natural Alternative Center on West 72nd Street, who already ministers to Marla Trump and gets the wax out of ex–presidential daughter Patti Davis's ears using an ancient Chinese technique.

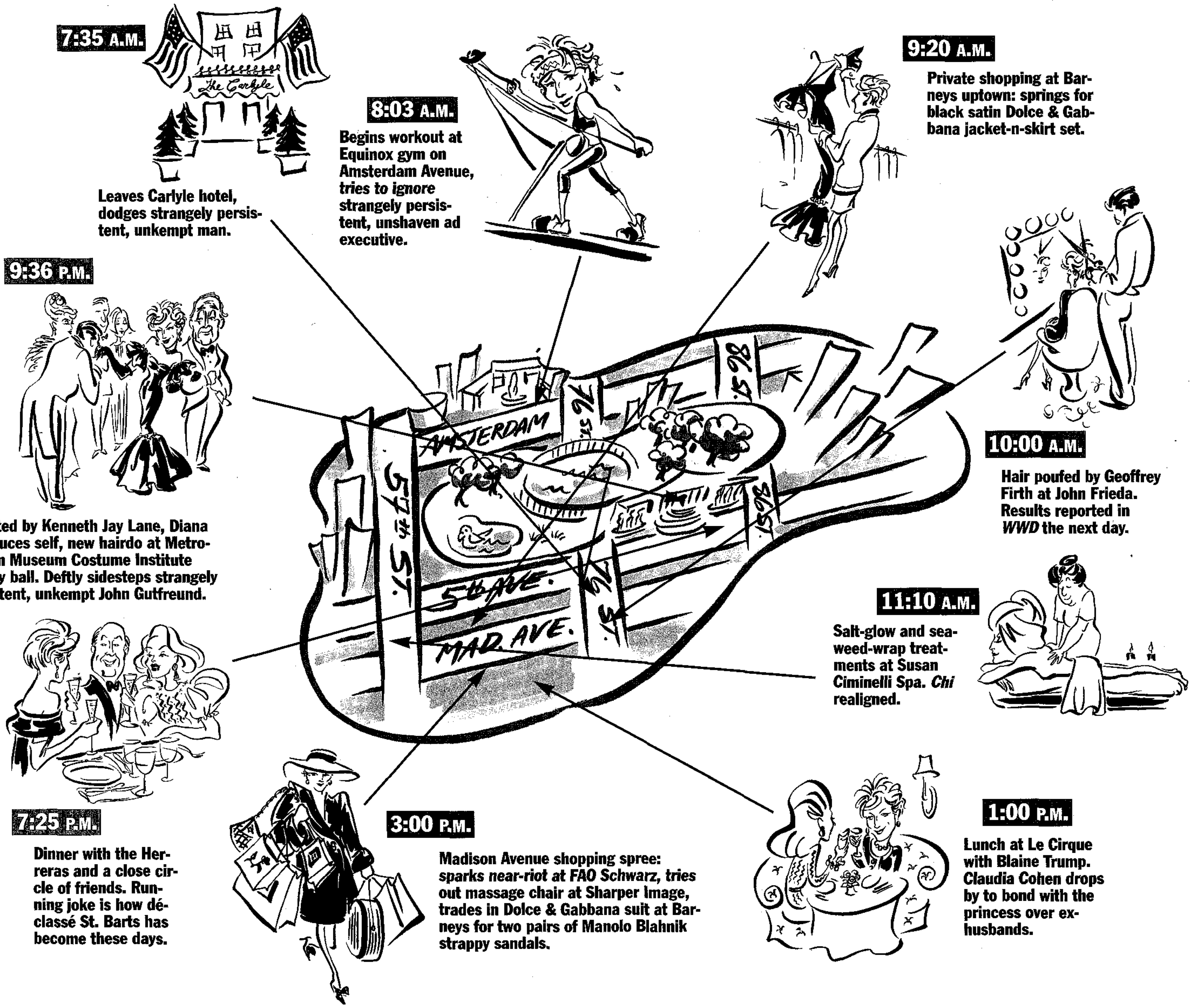
Diana needs a personal trainer to come to her Carlyle suite—Elle MacPherson's woman, Kim McKinnon, is a good, low-key choice, better than that publicity hound Radu. But Diana is such a gym bunny that



Diana afoot: New York and she would be perfect together.

Photograph by Bill Swersey/Gamma-Liaison.

A Day in the Life


The Carlyle
AMSTERDAM
76 St.
86 St.
57th St.
5th AVE.
MAD. AVE.
86 St.
76 St.

7:35 A.M.

Leaves Carlyle hotel, dodges strangely persistent, unkempt man.

8:03 A.M.

Begins workout at Equinox gym on Amsterdam Avenue, *tries to ignore* strangely persistent, unshaven ad executive.

9:20 A.M.

Private shopping at Barneys uptown: springs for black satin Dolce & Gabbana jacket-n-skirt set.

10:00 A.M.

Hair poufed by Geoffrey Firth at John Frieda. Results reported in *WWD* the next day.

11:10 A.M.

Salt-glow and seaweed-wrap treatments at Susan Ciminelli Spa. *Chi* realigned.

1:00 P.M.

Lunch at Le Cirque with Blaine Trump. Claudia Cohen drops by to bond with the princess over ex-husbands.

3:00 P.M.

Madison Avenue shopping spree: *sparks near-riot at FAO Schwarz,* tries out massage chair at Sharper Image, trades in Dolce & Gabbana suit at Barneys for two pairs of Manolo Blahnik strappy sandals.

7:25 P.M.

Dinner with the Herreras and a close circle of friends. Running joke is how déclassé St. Barts has become these days.

9:36 P.M.

scorted by Kenneth Jay Lane, Diana troduces self, new hairdo at Metro- olitan Museum Costume Institute harity ball. Deftly sidesteps strangely ersistent, unkempt John Gutfreund.

she'd probably want to work out with the best equipment even if it means enduring the risk of public exposure (who can forget those buff shots of her on the Nautilus at London's Chelsea Harbour Club?). Sadly, there are no sufficiently swank gyms on the Upper East Side, and so Diana will have to venture across Central Park to Equinox on Amsterdam Avenue, where she'll be among models and actresses too busy looking at themselves to notice the princess Lifestepping in their midst.

The battle for Diana's hair will be ferocious, and though Frederic Fekkai is a master at making very special women feel even more so, Diana might be loyal to her countryman Geoffrey Firth at John Frieda, who's done it for her in the past when she's been in New York. Diana's last dramatic hair change was when she went short in the late eighties, a gesture interpreted by her biographer Andrew Morton as a shucking off of her dutifully wifely persona. Look for any move to New York to be accompanied by a comparable shift—say, an overhaul of her sun-streaky highlights by Brad Johns at Oribe.

BEING THE MOST CELEBRATED celebrity in New York will be a breeze for Diana after being the princess of Wales in Britain, and not just because she'll be spared the humiliation of front-page revelations by Prince Charles's valet (later retracted) about washing grass stains out of his Royal Highness's pajamas after late-night outdoor trysts with Camilla Parker-Bowles, or by Charles's housekeeper about washing James Hewitt's sheets after late-night indoor trysts with Diana.

New York will be a relief for Diana because there's a metaphysical difference between being a fantastically famous person, as she is over here, and being a royal personage, as she is over there. For all the recent bringing-down-to-earth of the British royals (who would have imagined that a reputable journalist would have the gall to ask the future king of England whether he had committed adultery, as if he were running for president?), there still wafts about them vestigial notions of the divine right of kings. Even though Diana wasn't born to the crown—wasn't watched by the nation from the moment of the announcement of her conception, as Charles was—she is, as the mother of the future king of England, part of the weave of history. In Britain, Diana's beyond fame; here, she's merely the most celebrated woman in the world. There, she'd be the queen who wasn't. Here, she'd be just another princess. Jackie-dom awaits. ∎

The *Fabulous* Frankel Boys

It's really *easy* being David and Jon, sons of Max—as one's movie, the other's new job, and a lot of brotherly yuks prove

By Chris Smith

YOU'RE WRITING AN UPBEAT LITTLE PROFILE ABOUT A FAMOUS New Yorker's two sons, who, independent of their father, are making simultaneous breakthroughs in their very public careers. So you do the obvious—you call Dad, in this case Max Frankel, the Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter, former executive editor, and new communications columnist for the New York *Times*. Surely he'll have a couple of colorful, knowing, complimentary anecdotes about David and Jon Frankel.

Oops.

"I think when you pick two *boys* among three children who are equally accomplished in their fields—and the girl, in fact, has been *ahead* of them in achievement—you're doing something sexist," Max Frankel growls.

Well, the idea is that the first feature film David has directed (*Miami Rhapsody*) is coming out at the same time Jon, the sportscaster, is being promoted from WNBC to the *Today* show, and—

"It bothers me deeply, as a father, about this whole thing," Max says, sounding more crotchety than fatherly. "I just hope you guys realize the damage you do. Just think of a family of three kids who are very close. Suddenly, you guys come along and just pluck out two of them! Why? Because they're *boys*?"

Uh, no—as I was saying, maybe it's simplistic, but David and Jon are making big media splashes within days of each other. It's great that your daughter has been art director at *Town & Country* for twenty months, but the boys are much more in the public—

"Well, it's a gimmick and I understand it, but I think it's harmful. I love the three of them, and I don't want to see them get hurt. My daughter redesigned a big-time magazine! And she got eleven varsity letters at Fieldston, which is more than either one of them got! It's obvious why, when you grow up between two boys. If you can spare a paragraph, I think it's worth mentioning. I appreciate your listening to me; I have no right to tell you what to do. That's Margot with a *t*."

Point taken. But the story is still about David and Jon. How are their personalities diff—

"I'm not going to talk about that. That's none of the public's business."

Right. Fine. How did you like *Miami Rhapsody,* written and directed by David? "The critics will have their say." After a long pause, the gruff tone finally melts, the volume drops, and Max Frankel allows himself some parental gushing. "*I* think it's great."

Jeez. Dinnertime at the Frankel house must have been intense. "Actually," says David, 35, "it was a lot of fun."

"But," says Jon, 31, "we never won an argument with Dad. Still don't."

They both laugh, hard, and it's then that the brothers look most alike—squinty-eyed, just like their father. (Margot, 33, says she's "extremely proud" of her brothers and would *rather* they get the limelight.) David and Jon laugh together frequently, in the easy way of siblings who, as adults, discover that they actually enjoy each other as people. Though David *is* still in the habit of stepping in and speaking for his little brother anytime Jon pauses.

Jon: "I have a very close corps of friends from high school [Horace Mann], but David and I have just grown and grown and grown together. I remember getting charley horses from him when I was a kid, but now we do everything together. I don't need girlfriends if he's around. When we both lived in Miami, four nights a week . . ."

David: "You're going to get some very interesting phone calls if that gets printed."

It's a funny line, nothing more. Especially since the brothers, both single, are making careers out of their unbridled straightness. In 1992, David wrote, produced, and directed the sitcom *Grapevine,* which lasted just six weeks on CBS, long enough to be banned by two stations because of the show's mildly racy—but wildly heterosexual—banter. (Max's review: "I thought David was well behind the curve of junk on television.") *Grapevine,* set in Miami, featured a character called Thumper, a hunky local sportscaster whose rabbity dating exploits were inspired by the real-life libido of Jon Frankel, at the time a sportscaster in Miami. Jon didn't hide the connection—he even auditioned, unsuccessfully, for the role in his brother's show.

Last year, Jon stirred up his own TV sex controversy. He'd moved from Miami to New York to become the No. 2 sportscaster at WNBC. Trying to liven up a slow Saturday-night broadcast, Jon covered an art exhibit called "Putt Modernism," a miniature-golf course created by downtown artists. One Cindy Sherman–designed hole, guarded by a set of splayed female legs, radically reinterpreted the term *water hazard.* Several dozen humor-impaired viewers called to complain.

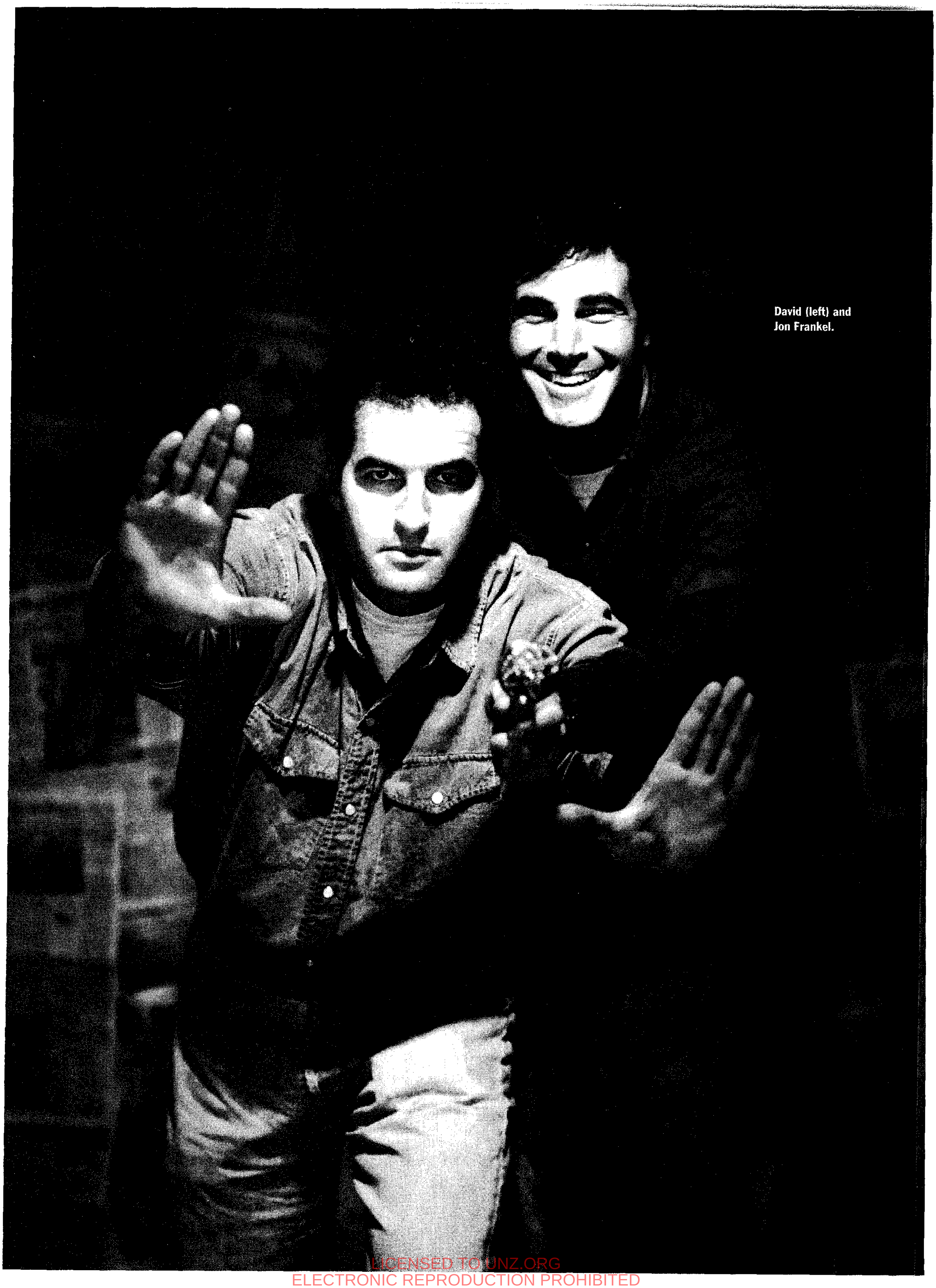
Jon blushes. "It was as innocent or as stupid a mistake as one can make," he says. "The worst thing for me was, two days later it was in the papers, and it said, 'Jon Frankel, son of Max Frankel.' I was in the backseat of my dad's car, reading it, and I said, 'I'll pull you back down to the mailroom before you know it! I'll ruin your career along with mine!' "

Jon and David giggle again, but Jon quickly gets back to his regrets. "We were crashing the story, and the tape editor didn't say to me, 'Heads up; are you sure you want to do this?' But I don't fault the editor; I fault me. Maybe I should have—"

Big brother to the defense. "Enough with the *mea culpas*!" says David. "The puritanism of American society is always so distressing. We've experienced it in different ways, but it's such a crazy nervousness about sex and overwhelming political correctness."

Perhaps all this jovial pop randiness is a reaction to growing up as the sons of the editor of the Gray Lady—the newspaper that still seems to regard the medium of TV warily, if not contemptuously—but now David and Jon Frankel are testing their sex appeal once again. A wet-suited Jon made his *Today*-show debut last week, scuba diving in the Florida Keys. "I'm the show's 'Mr. Adventure,' " he says. "It's a three-part series—I also went rock climbing at Joshua Tree and snowboarding near Vail." (He'll do less-strenuous stories for the *Nightly News.*) David's gentle, Woody Allen–with–a–tan comedy, *Miami Rhapsody,* stars the irresistible Sarah Jessica Parker as a recently engaged advertising copywriter who discovers that her mother

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW BRUSSO
FOR NEW YORK



David (left) and
Jon Frankel.

(Mia Farrow), father (Paul Mazursky), brother, and sister are all adulterers. This launches Parker's character into 90 minutes of neurotic second thoughts about getting married. "I set the movie in Miami because that's where I live and I wanted to sleep in my own bed at night during filming," David says, "but also because Miami has a real erotic quality."

David, at six feet, is the taller brother by a quarter-inch, thinner and edgier; Jon retains the buff, blocky build of his college-football days and the gregarious good-buddy charisma of his college-fraternity nights. Named for the biblical friends and latent competitors, David and Jonathan Frankel are so tight, so relentlessly *nice,* it's almost disconcerting, like some real-life Wally and Beaver. They order the same meal—plain bagel, toasted, with jam—for lunch at Mayrose. David confesses to jealousy over Jon's ease with women, but only in tennis do they admit to outright rivalry. Two months ago, Jon finally began beating David consistently, but that hardly makes up for the sting of David's teenage moment of glory: winning the coveted ball-boy-of-the-year honor at the U.S. Open.

"It was seventy—"

"Eight," Jon fills in with a mock rue.

"Yeah," David says.

"He got one of those Adidas silk sweatsuits, which were hot then," says Jon, who followed in his brother's sneakered footsteps as a ball boy. "One more thing for me to shoot for and not reach!"

Max's accomplishments have affected the intellectual climate of a nation, and his sons recognize how fortunate they are to labor in life's fun-and-games division.

THE FRANKEL BOYS—AND, YES, sister Margot—moved to New York from Washington in 1973, after Max finished his tour as the *Times*'s D.C. bureau chief. Graduating near the top of his class at Fieldston, David inevitably tried journalism. He made it onto the Harvard *Crimson* and, as a senior, wrote a profile of John McEnroe for *Esquire.* Jon went to Syracuse, where studying came second to playing football, at least until he tore up both of his shoulders and then one knee. Max, presciently, had advised Jon to study broadcasting, "so when you get injured, you'll have something to do." After graduation, Jon impressed a job interviewer by coolly confessing he couldn't name a single Cleveland Indians pitcher—but he knew where to find out. The interviewer, a fellow Syracuse alum named Bob Costas, hired Jon and continues as his NBC mentor.

"Jon's always been a charmer, no question about that," David says.

"Uh-oh," Jon says, flashing spectacularly white teeth. "That dreaded word."

"I remember our parents would always say, 'Well, you know, even if Jon doesn't do well in school, he'll be a good salesman.' "

David and Jon say Dad had high expectations but never applied high pressure. And his status did provide some perks. "One of our favorite family pictures," David says, "is the three of us kids on a pony with LBJ at his ranch in Austin." Other scenes were more awkward: A family friend recalls the party celebrating David's Harvard graduation, where David stood off to one side as a crowd flocked to Max. (Their mother, Tobia Frankel, died of cancer in 1987, and Max is now married to *Times* "Metro" section columnist Joyce Purnick.)

David, always a movie fan, decided Hollywood was his next stop after a friend introduced him to Alan Alda. A production job with the company that distributed *The People's Court* and *Love Connection* followed; it wasn't exactly blue-chip, but it was an apprenticeship. In 1989, David was co-executive producer of the goofy sitcom *Doctor, Doctor* for CBS. (In this instance, the Frankel name may have worked against David: A glowing review of *Doctor, Doctor* in the *Times* provoked Manhattan chatter about logrolling, and the show got no more coverage in the paper of record.) *Grapevine,* though short-lived, was lavishly praised by Tom Shales and other critics, and it made David a hot property. He rejected a $2 million offer to create more TV. "I wanted to make films, and I thought tying myself up to television was a slippery slope," David recalls. "Dad said, 'Can't you just take the 2 million and *then* write films?' "

Jon, meanwhile, was slugging it out in sportscasting's bush leagues, doing summer jobs in radio in places like Temple, Texas, and sending tapes to dozens of stations. When he got an offer in Miami, it seemed ideal, especially since David had just moved there to live with his girlfriend.

"It was a coincidence as much as anything," David says. "Although I did persuade him—he had a choice between Denver and Miami, and I was self-interestedly pushing for Miami."

"My skiing has suffered tremendously as a result," Jon says.

"Your tennis and golf have improved proportionately," David says. Suddenly, David seems worried that he's making Jon look like a himbo; they *are,* after all, the offspring of a Very Serious Journalist, and David goes all protective. "And I think Miami paid off—Jon was in the right place at the right time when a hurricane hit in 1992. He went down and was really one of the first guys on the scene in a lot of South Miami and in the Homestead area. He was on the air almost nonstop for five days. And it really proved him as a journalist, that week."

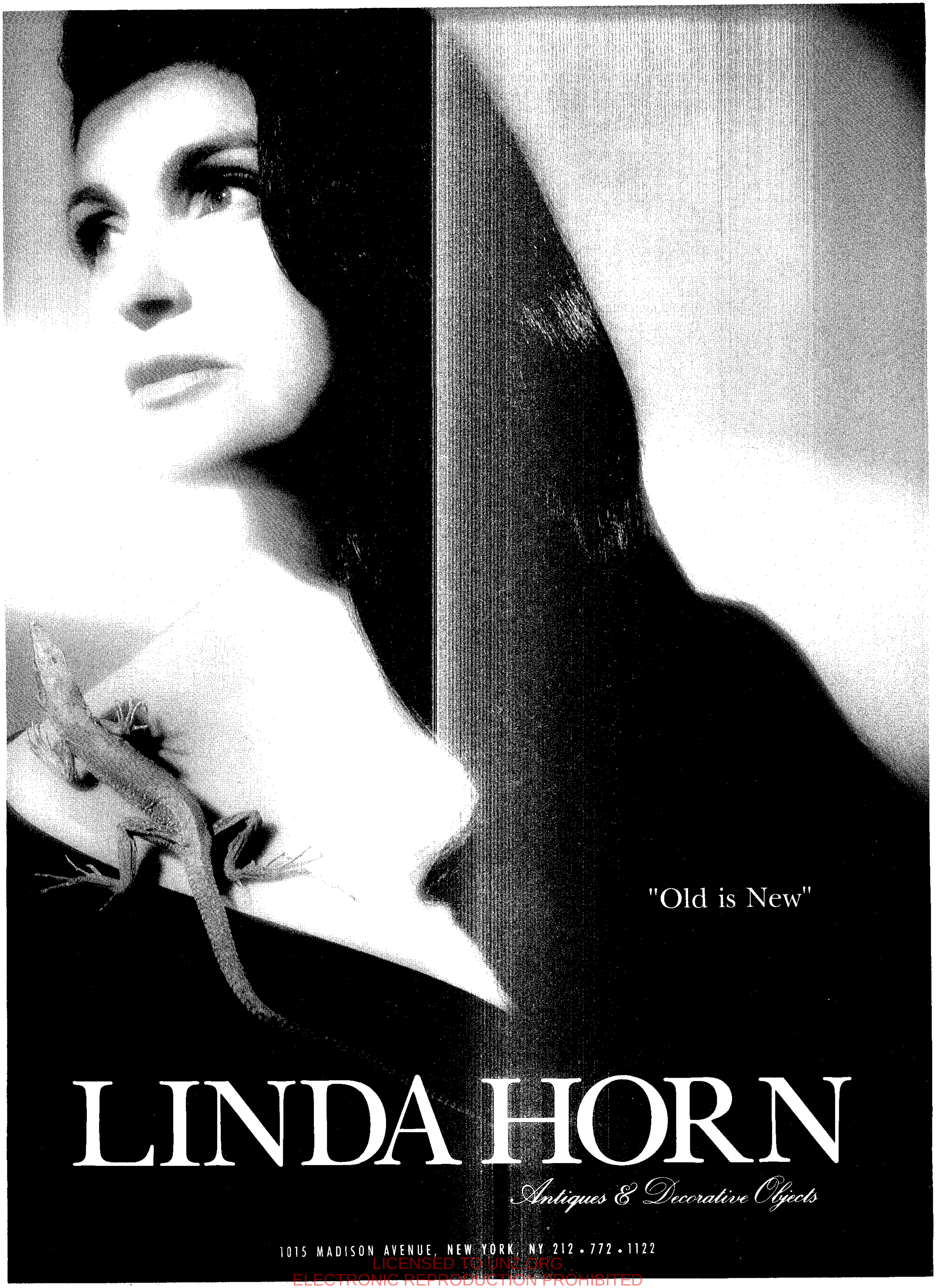
Miami, and what David calls his long-running "off-again, off-again" relationship with his ad-agency girlfriend, also provided raw material for his new movie. "The Sarah Jessica Parker character comes out of my wrestling with the decision to get married," David says. "The theme of *Miami Rhapsody* is essentially that marriage is a compromise, and if you know that, will you still get married? That's a tough one. We're told about love in these fantasies—whirlwind nights, champagne, mad sex, carriage rides—but that's not real."

IT'S JON'S TURN TO BE HIS BROTHER'S PUBLICIST. "ONE OF THE great lines in the movie—I may not quote it accurately—is that in marriage, you're going to have great days and shitty days. You just hope the good times outweigh the bad times." Then again, marriage may not be for everyone—especially if, as is the case with Jon at this precise moment, a leggy blonde is staring at you from the next table.

"Where is my engagement now?" David says. "I don't even know. Indefinitely postponed. I'm a nomad in the desert of relationships."

It's a luxury the Frankel boys share with the rest of their generation—their parents made the world safe for them to agonize endlessly over love and career. Max Frankel escaped Nazi Germany as a child, grew up to chronicle Nixon's visit to China and other key moments in the Cold War, and then remade the *Times* as a kinder, more inclusive place. His are accomplishments that have affected the intellectual and political climate of a nation, and his sons recognize how fortunate they are to labor in modern life's fun-and-games division.

"I remember one time we were joking in Florida," Jon says. "It was one of my days off, and we were hanging out, going to play golf. And I was 27 at the time. I said to David, 'Think about what we're doing. When Dad was 27, he was in Moscow as a foreign correspondent. Boy, he had it rough!' " The boys played a full eighteen.



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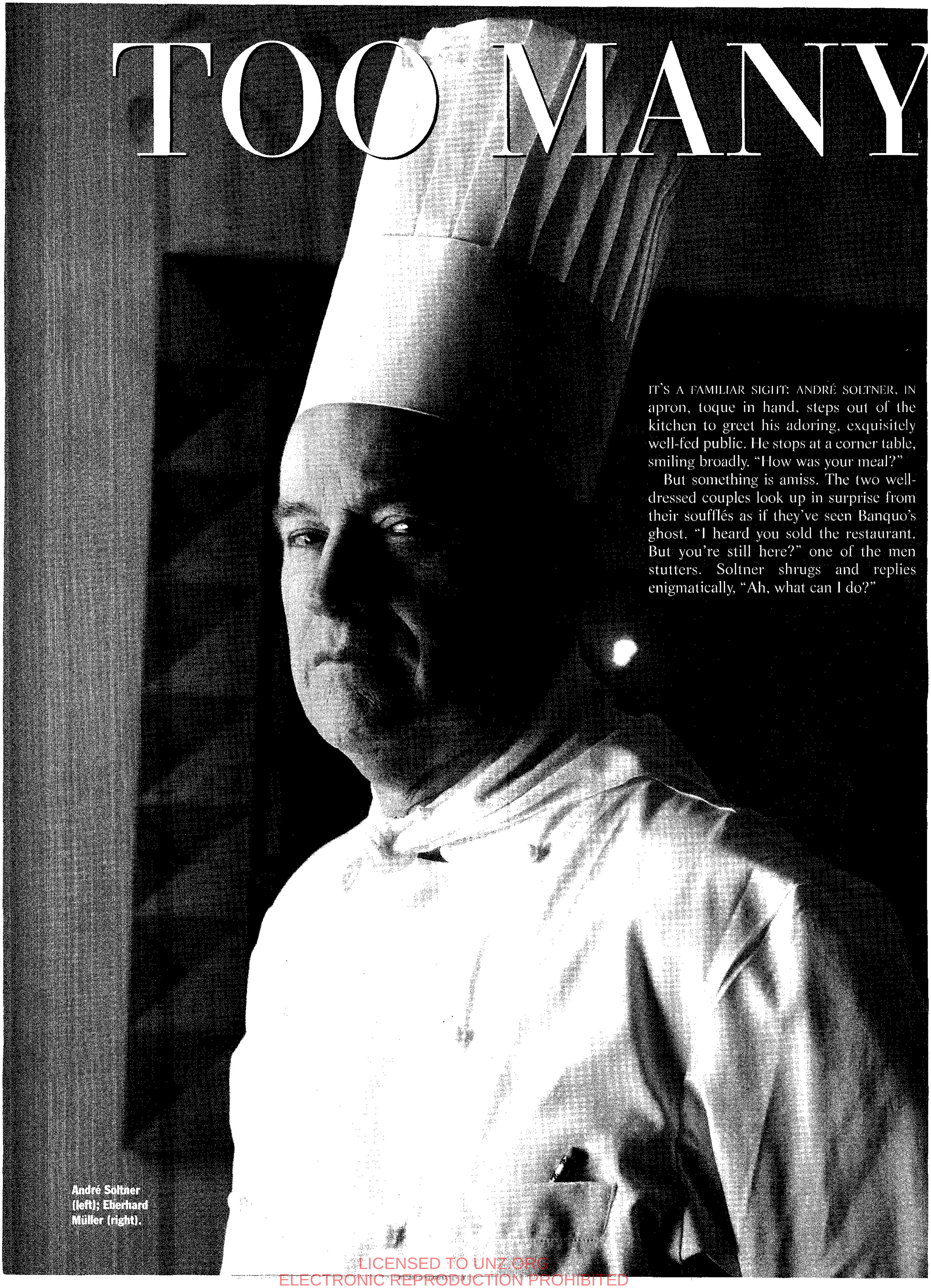
TOO MANY



André Soltner (left); Eberhard Müller (right).

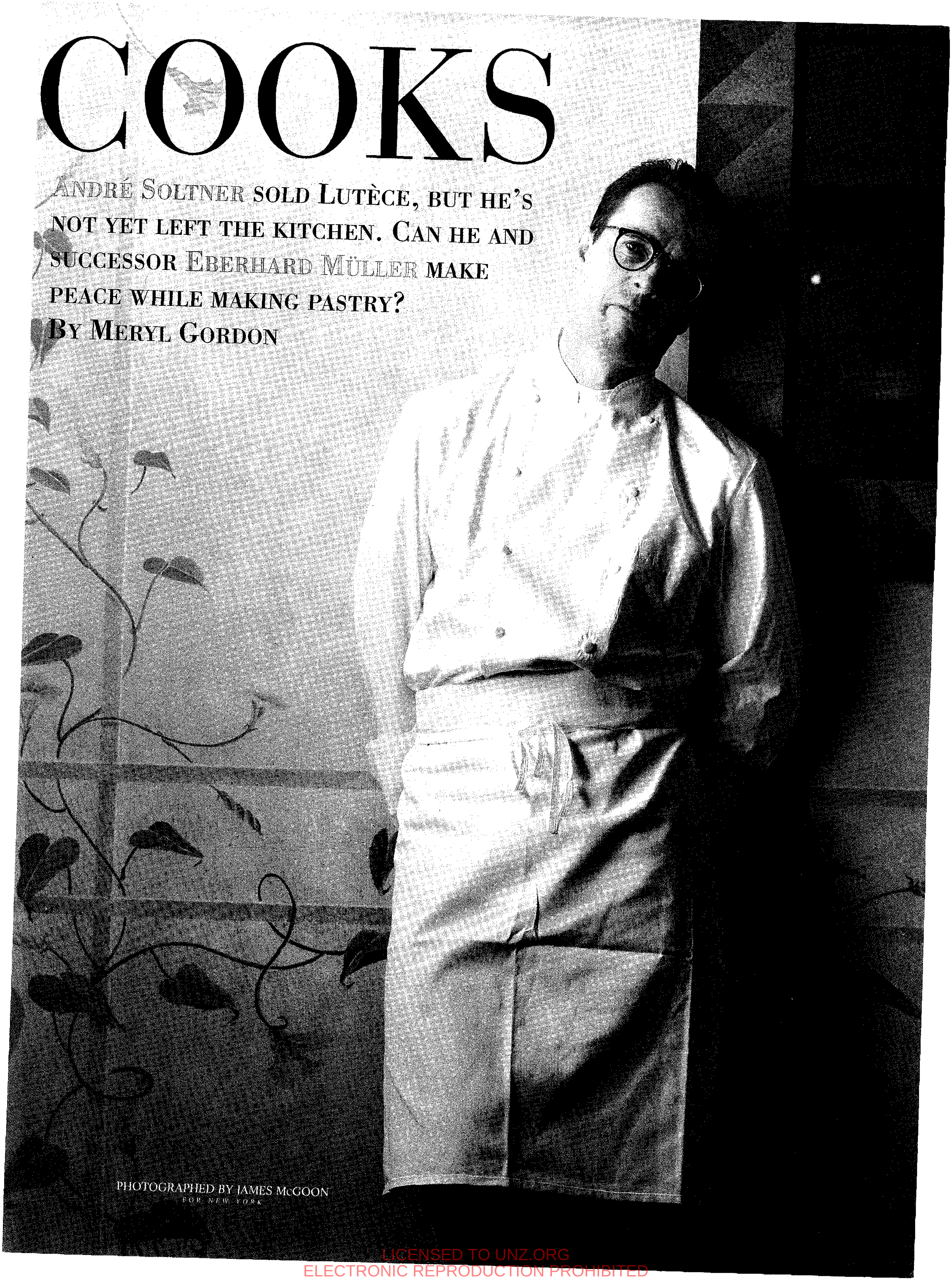
IT'S A FAMILIAR SIGHT: ANDRÉ SOLTNER, IN apron, toque in hand, steps out of the kitchen to greet his adoring, exquisitely well-fed public. He stops at a corner table, smiling broadly. "How was your meal?"

But something is amiss. The two well-dressed couples look up in surprise from their soufflés as if they've seen Banquo's ghost. "I heard you sold the restaurant. But you're still here?" one of the men stutters. Soltner shrugs and replies enigmatically, "Ah, what can I do?"

COOKS

André Soltner sold Lutèce, but he's not yet left the kitchen. Can he and successor Eberhard Müller make peace while making pastry?

By Meryl Gordon



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES McGOON
FOR NEW YORK

The 62-year-old Soltner is chef, but not chef; he's gone, but not gone. He has occupied this bizarre half-world ever since October, when he announced that he was selling his four-star establishment—revered as the true American temple of classic French cooking—to Ark Restaurants, a theme chain, with such mass-but-not-class restaurants as Ernie's and the Museum Cafe. The culinary world was outraged. “It was portrayed as if the Philistines had come and taken over,” complains Michael Weinstein, who, as Ark's CEO, is the head philistine.

Even as Soltner assures customers he'll be around for a while—he has a yearlong contract to remain on premises and retains a minority share in the restaurant—Lutèce is already in the throes of change. The toque is being passed to a new generation, in the person of the talented 41-year-old Eberhard Müller, formerly executive chef at the four-star seafood restaurant Le Bernardin. It's not a one-man operation anymore: Both Soltner and Müller are operating out of the same cramped kitchen.

Meanwhile, Michael Weinstein, the president of Ark, is plotting ways to exploit Lutèce's licensing potential. “The name represents a lifestyle,” gushes Weinstein, who recently trademarked Lutèce worldwide. “A lot of ideas are being kicked around.” He insists that the oft-repeated rumors of a Las Vegas branch of Lutèce are false—“Why do you believe what you read in the press?”—but admits that the Lutèce brand name is apt to show up on a range of products. Soltner, who had spurned offers to endorse a cake mix and open up a Tokyo branch of Lutèce, now says that his main concern is upholding the *haute* Lutèce image. “If you put the Lutèce name on plates or glassware, it's okay,” he says, sounding like he's trying to get used to the idea, “but if it's on frozen food, it is wrong.”

It's easy to pick out Eberhard Müller in the Lutèce kitchen; he's the only chef who isn't wearing a white toque. That act of rebellion against the old-fashioned Lutèce culture is only the most visible of the changes underway. Since October, Müller has been analyzing Soltner's dishes and reworking recipes using his own less-is-more modern cooking style—cutting back on butter and cream, using herb-infused broths and oils, adding seafood dishes. Müller likens the process to cleaning up the Sistine Chapel. “I'm trying to be diplomatic about all these things because I don't want to hurt André's feelings,” says Müller, “and because of the respect I have for him.”

Soltner gruffly professes that he's open to change. “I'm not an idiot,” he says. “The time has come and Eberhard is accepted by me 1,000 percent. I try not to interfere.”

Soltner professes that he's open to change: “I'm not an idiot. The time has come and Eberhard is accepted by me 1,000 percent. I try not to interfere.” The operative word, however, is *try*.

THE OPERATIVE WORD here, however, is *try*. A few recent evenings spent at the restaurant reveal several areas of tension. Soltner has established a large classic French menu and keeps certain specialties on the menu to please his regulars—sweetbreads with capers, fillet of sole meunière—even if they don't sell that well. Müller, however, doesn't want to stock a few just-in-case ingredients with short shelf lives; he plans to create a more seasonal menu. Soltner uses flour as a thickening agent; Müller prefers lighter potato or bean purées. Even the simple act of storing fish is an issue: Soltner believes in putting fish fillets directly on ice, while Müller thinks the fish soak up water and become tasteless that way, and prefers to wrap fish in plastic and wet towels before loading on the ice. “Every time I get a little bit of my way,” says Müller, “André is sad because he has lost another thing he cherished.”

On one afternoon, while Soltner is upstairs in the dining room, Müller fillets black bass in the small downstairs prep kitchen for the evening meal, and describes his plan to free up the cramped food workstations. His solution: Do the pastry prep work off premises. Ark is already transforming its former Columbus Avenue restaurant Poiret into a bakery, so why not add Lutèce to the list of Ark restaurants it will serve? “Making the dough for puff pastry, making cookies, it can easily be done somewhere else,” Müller says, “and you don't need a brain surgeon to do it. We have to make it by hand; they have the machines for it.” Does Soltner approve? Müller says, “It would take pressure and workload off us. André is happy.”

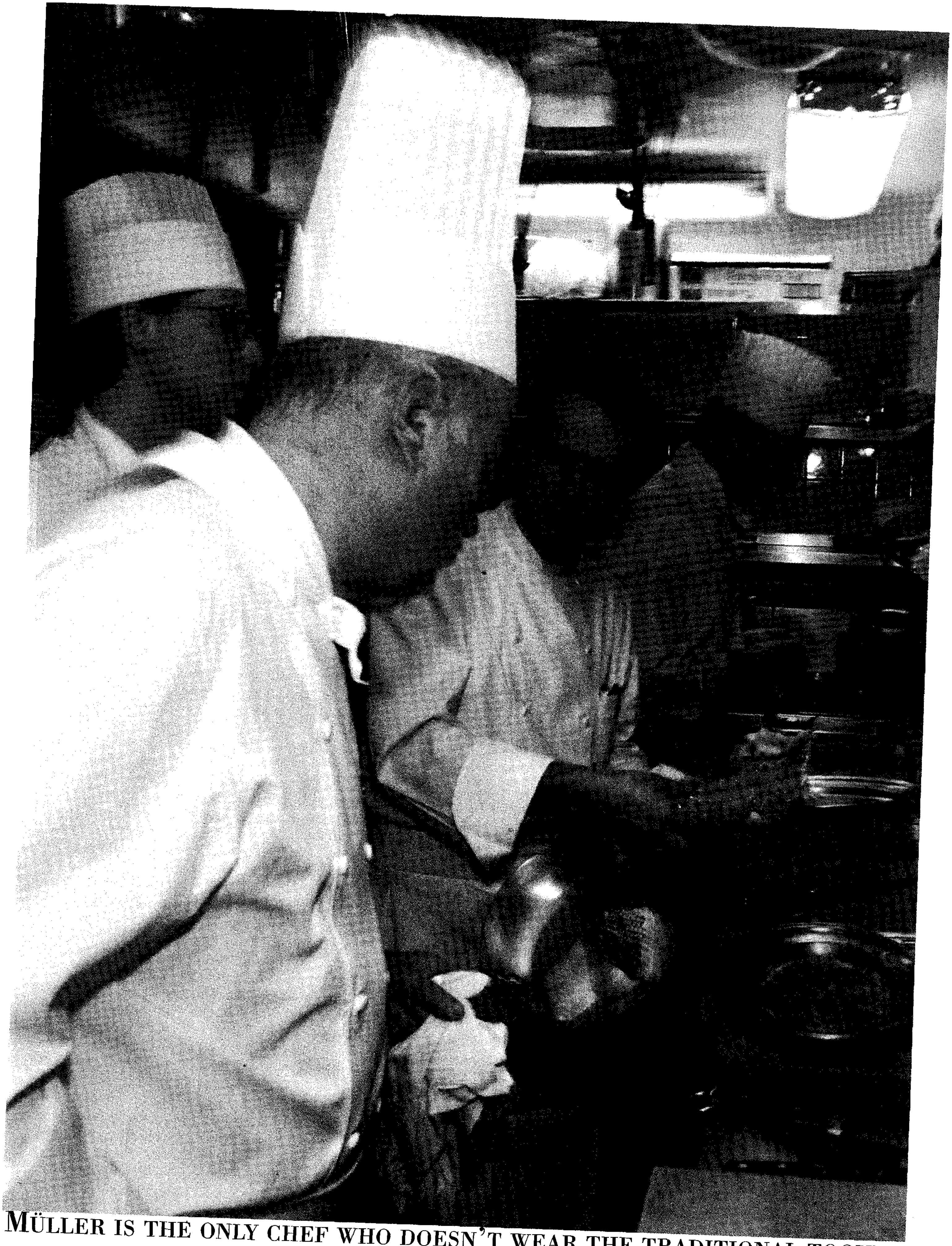
Not exactly. Moments later, I mentioned this proposal to Soltner, and he went as white as flour at the prospect that the pastry for his four-star creation might come from a centralized corporate bakery. *Quelle horreur!* “Did Michael tell you that? We're not there yet,” he insisted. “I've heard them talking about it, but they haven't asked me directly.” A week later, Soltner firmly announced that he had quashed this indecent proposal. “Forget it,” Soltner said. “I don't think it will ever happen. It was just an idea Michael and Eberhard had.” Müller confirmed that the off-premises pastry has indeed been shelved—for the time being.

The cooking staff is struggling to handle this two-headed arrangement. On one recent evening they kept calling Soltner “chef” when he was in the kitchen, but the minute he left to tend customers in the dining room, Müller got the honorary title. The sense of divided loyalties is palpable, and there has already been one major defection: Jacques Coustar, a veteran sous-chef who first began working with Soltner in 1956 in Paris, quit in December.

Still, some say that two cooks do not necessarily spoil the broth. “Sometimes they argue over a recipe, but in the end, everything comes together,” says George Troisgros, a veteran sous-chef and scion of the famous French cooking dynasty. “It's okay. We needed a change.”

The world at large is salivating to sample the results of this culinary duel. “With two brilliant chefs in the kitchen, this is going to be extraordinary to watch,” says Dorothy Cann Hamilton, president of the French Culinary Institute.

“I'm dying to go,” says Julia Child, the grande dame cookbook writer single-handedly responsible for popularizing French haute cuisine in America. (The next day, in fact, she went, making a special pilgrimage from her home in Boston. Her report back from the front: “The food was good, but not outstanding. It's going to be difficult for Eberhard until he really takes over and there isn't



MÜLLER IS THE ONLY CHEF WHO DOESN'T WEAR THE TRADITIONAL TOQUE.

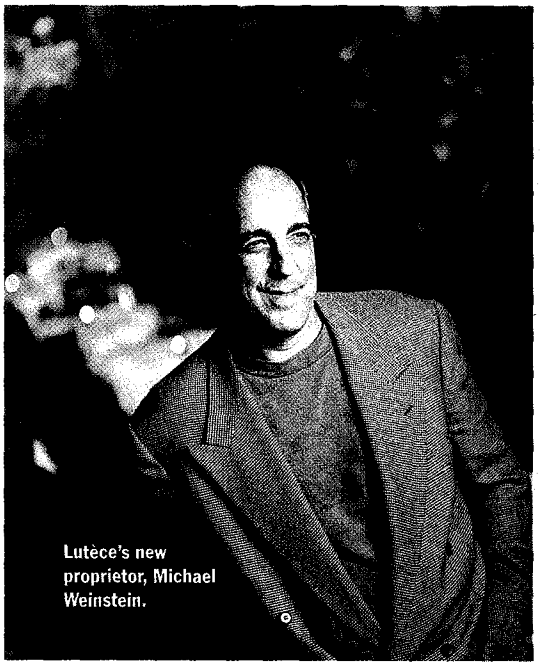
someone peeking over his shoulder." She sympathizes with Soltner too. "It's hard for both of them," she says.)

Meanwhile, Soltner has been deluged with rhapsodic, sentimental letters. "Whenever I wanted to celebrate or console, we came to you," wrote one woman from Suffolk, England. A New York businessman urged Soltner to stand by his loyal diners: "Hopefully, you will be at Lutèce for many more years because without you, of course, there is no restaurant." And a staff member confided, "Everybody who calls to make reservations wants to know if he's still here. Without André, this place will go kaput."

MICHAEL WEINSTEIN scoffs at talk of problems, and insists he's created a culinary dream team. "This is the first time in history that you've had two four-star chefs working side by side in one kitchen," he told me sitting in his office in the Flatiron district. "André, Eberhard, and I get along fabulously." He believes that the only immediate problem is that the two chefs are being too polite. "I want to get past the point where everyone is walking on eggshells reverentially."

Weinstein hasn't had much experience dealing with four-star chefs. His chain of 31 restaurants has followed a simple formula: Ever since the Museum Cafe succeeded in 1975 on the gentrifying Upper West Side, he has specialized in launching moderately priced restaurants in up-and-coming neighborhoods, with his latest project a planned 1,000-seat restaurant in Bryant Park. Ark has only two celebrity chefs—Larry Forgione at An American Place and Jonathan Waxman, Ark's corporate chef, formerly of Michael's in Santa Monica—and the publicly traded company's restaurants are known more for their ambience than their food. "We wanted our places to be friendly and casual, where people could come in in a bathing suit or a tuxedo," says Weinstein. The elegant Lutèce, with 92 seats and $60 prix fixe meals, without wine and no bathing suits, is different. Weinstein talks about "developing André as an asset," perhaps persuading Soltner to star in CD-ROM or video cooking classes or create a Lutèce cookbook.

SOLTNER AND MÜLLER ACTUALLY HAVE MUCH in common: They grew up on opposite sides of the Rhine (Soltner in Thann, France, and Müller Nagold, Germany), both are from working-class families (Soltner's father was a cabinetmaker; Müller's parents ran a bakery), and both were passionate enough about food to leave home at age 14 to apprentice in restaurants. Yet the twenty-odd-year age gap is an eon in culinary time. Soltner comes from a generation in which no one worried about cholesterol, and computers were irrelevant to running a restaurant; he still does inventory the old-fashioned way, counting the quail breasts at midnight. Müller, a baby-boomer, evolved his cooking technique during an extraordinary food revolution, in which inventiveness with newly available fresh ingredients and presentation were prized, and chefs were lionized as superstars.



Lutèce's new proprietor, Michael Weinstein.

Lutèce, of course, is famous for *not* evolving. Airline caterer André Surmain launched the spare-no-expense restaurant on the ground floor of his East 50th Street brownstone on February 16, 1961. "I wanted to open the best restaurant in America," says Surmain, who hired Soltner from Chez Hansi in Paris as the chef. Today the thrice-divorced Surmain, who runs a restaurant in Mougins, France, regrets that his tangled love life led him to sell Lutèce in 1973 to Soltner for a mere $225,000 in order to leave New York. "Had it not been for an affair," he confesses, "I'd still be there, and I'd be a millionaire too." Although Soltner and Weinstein won't reveal the price, the trade magazine *Restaurant Hospitality* estimates that Lutèce sold for roughly $2.25 million to $3 million.

Lutèce, named after the ancient precursor of Paris, Lutetia, did not initially do a booming business, but by the seventies it had been transformed into one of New York's premier Establishment restaurants. The late Richard Nixon always provided Lutèce's Christmas wreath, and other customers include Henry Kissinger, Walter Cronkite, and even Frank Sinatra. "What makes Lutèce extraordinary is that for many many years it set the standard for classic French cuisine," says John Mariani, a restaurant critic.

In recent years, however, Lutèce has come to be seen as somewhat stodgy. While foodies were lining up to try Daniel Boulud's elegant lobster consommé with caviar or eagerly tasting Gray Kunz's pan-fried prawns in an Oriental-herb broth at Lespinasse, Soltner was still turning out the same traditional country French favorites. As Mariani puts it, "It would have been good if André had gotten out and noticed the remarkable changes going in cuisine. Certain things could have been perked up at Lutèce."

Such comments enrage Sirio Maccioni, the owner of that other classic French restaurant, Le Cirque, and one of Soltner's closest friends. "Most of the press in New York doesn't deserve André and doesn't understand him," fumes Maccioni. "They prefer young chefs doing salmon upside down. They like to talk about hot restaurants that after six months become cold."

Müller isn't doing salmon upside down, but he is definitely part of the younger generation. Müller's culinary talents evolved during stints at two trend-setting kitchens: the three-star Parisian restaurant L'Archestrate, a leader in the seventies cuisine revolution, and Manhattan's Le Bernardin, where the recently deceased chef and owner Gilbert Le Coze specialized in flavorful, minimally cooked seafood and only-the-best seasonal ingredients. Thanks to this cooking background, Müller explains, "My use of butter and cream is about one third of what classic French cooking has used."

Tampering with an institution, well intentioned though it may be, is highly risky. Who can forget the outcry several years ago at "21," when the brief-tenured chef Anne Rosenzweig replaced the famed burger with an herb-infused chunk of meat served on crusty French bread? To avoid similar mass defections by customers, Müller is for the moment still dishing out all the hearty and rich dishes on the old Lutèce menu, albeit with slightly reformulated sauces. His signature dishes, not yet officially on the menu, are available as specials. Thus on any night you can take your pick: Try Soltner's classic trout in cream sauce and

Photograph by Dan Borris/Outline.

his version of beef Wellington, or ask for Müller's modernist potato-and-crabmeat salad with black truffles, or beef fillet poached in a vegetable broth.

There are also generational differences concerning working hours. "I don't want to be a slave, as André has done," says Müller. "He didn't have a life." So far, though, he *has* been a slave like André, leaving the restaurant only to sleep. Müller has recently hired two other chefs, Robert Kirchhoff of Vong and Eric Martin of Les Célébrités, and is searching for someone to take over the front-of-the-house hostessing duties from Soltner's wife, Simone. Müller, who is divorced and lives with his longtime girlfriend, Brigid Leary, adds, "I have lost one woman already because I was totally involved in a restaurant. I've told André I want to have a family life."

Soltner is famous for his single-minded dedication. For 34 years, on virtually every night Lutèce has been open, Soltner has presided over the Vulcan stove while his wife, Simone, greeted customers at the door. "We never let ourselves get sick," she says. Even after knee surgery several years ago, Soltner went straight from the hospital back to the kitchen. "If you go to the theater, and Richard Burton is supposed to play the lead and he doesn't, you're disappointed," Soltner explains, inadvertently underlining how long it has been since he's been to the theater.

In fact, Soltner has the ultimate home-above-the-store lifestyle this side of Bill Clinton's. He and Simone live on the top floor of the four-story brownstone housing Lutèce, and Soltner often literally does not leave the building between Monday morning and late Saturday night, when the restaurant closes. Meat wholesaler Marc Sarrazin, a longtime friend, tells this emblematic story: "We have a mutual friend who died this week, and André told me he 'can't go to the mass; the restaurant is open.' " Aside from the month of August, when the restaurant is closed, Soltner's only indulgence has been Sundays at his country house in the Catskills. "It's not normal," Soltner admits, adding that he wonders now whether he should have been more flexible. "I could never give my wife what she deserved."

Sitting in his cramped office on the third floor, surrounded by framed awards, cookbooks, and an exercise bike, Soltner explains that he still loves to cook and enjoys the grueling life of a restaurateur, but because of his age he needed to be realistic about the future. "I am not stupid enough to believe that there will not be an end for me," he says, noting that his brother died at 55 and his father died at 63. "My biggest fear is, what if something happened to me? What would my wife do?"

He talked to various suitors, finally settling on Weinstein both because "the chemistry was good" and because the public company was able to buy Lutèce outright rather than finance the purchase over a number of years. Soltner retains ownership of the building, leasing the restaurant space to Ark.

Soltner confesses that he and his wife genuinely never thought about life after Lutèce. "I have no plans," he says. "I hear Governor Cuomo doesn't have any plans either." How long will he stay? Depending on when you ask, his answers vary: One afternoon he says that he may leave before his scheduled October departure; on another evening, when the regulars are showering him with praise, he vows to be there indefinitely. He has a long-term consulting contract with Weinstein; maybe he'll write a cookbook, or take one of his teaching offers, or spend more time skiing near his country home or traveling in France—it's all still quite vague.

> ARK PRESIDENT MICHAEL WEINSTEIN IS THINKING OF WAYS TO EXPLOIT LUTÈCE'S LICENSING POTENTIAL. "THE NAME REPRESENTS A LIFESTYLE," HE SAYS. "A LOT OF IDEAS ARE BEING KICKED AROUND."

No one believes that Soltner will go gently into the night. He still has not taken a single day off since the sale. "Ark may have to pry André's fingers one by one from the spatula," says Tim Zagat of the Zagat Survey. "You can't expect a chef as good as Eberhard to stay in the shadow of a great chef indefinitely. André has to recognize that he's got to let go."

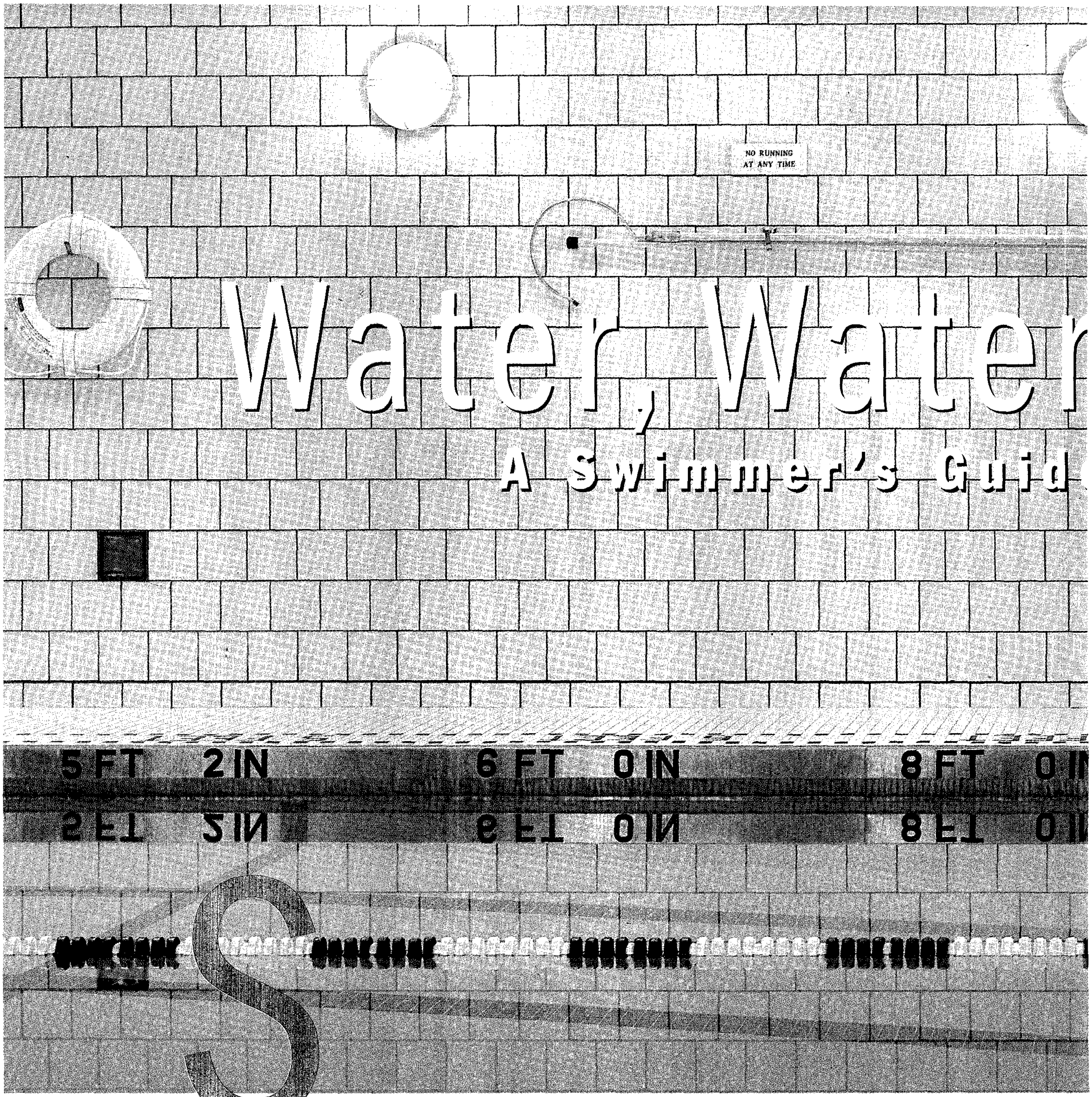
For Müller, on some days the uncertainty over when he will finally have total authority seems to be getting to him, while at other times he's sanguine. He insists he's not eager for an official date. "It would scare me," he says. "I like the fact that André is around. I want him to give me the freedom to cook, but his experience is invaluable to me." He sounds like a rebellious son who nonetheless wants his father's hard-won approval. "I can drive myself," Müller says, "but can you sit next to me?"

ON ONE WINTRY TUESDAY night at 7:30, the kitchen at Lutèce is a cacophony of sound and motion. Rabbit sizzles in a pan on the stove. The oven slams—in goes an onion tart. Another slam—out comes a soufflé. Soltner races in from the dining room to dish out a decadent portion of steak tartare. "This isn't on the menu, but I made it for a special customer. Here, try some," he says, before dashing back out to serve it personally.

In the dining room, all is serene. Tiny red roses peek discreetly out of the bud vases; the silverware gleams. Former baseball commissioner Fay Vincent is on hand tonight; across the room, an investment banker type hands his date a blue Tiffany's box. Soltner hovers benignly over favored customers, taking orders—"What can I cook for you tonight?"—then heads back into the kitchen. He and Müller, who now stands in Soltner's time-honored place in "the line" in front of the stove, are scrupulously polite to each other, but there is nothing yet resembling an easy camaraderie.

By midnight, the staff looks caramelized with exhaustion. As the final customers stop Soltner to say good-bye, he makes a point of introducing them to Müller. "Before, I was always, always, always at the stove," he says, magnanimously. "Now I have Eberhard. Let the young guys do it." But ten minutes later, as the two men do the nightly inventory in the refrigerated storage room, Soltner's mood changes. He begins to lecture Müller in French about the way Müller's storing the fish. The frustrated Müller stumbles out and quietly says, "It's really difficult for me to convince him that I do things a little bit differently. There are different ways to get to the same place."

By lunch the next day, peace had returned to the crowded kitchen. There's something admirable about two chefs who care so passionately about creating great food that, exhausted at midnight, they are arguing about how to store fish. But make no mistake: Lutèce will never quite be the same.



Water, Water

A Swimmer's Guid

Some people do their best thinking underwater. "Swimming cultivates imagination," Australian champion Annette Kellermann once said. "The man with the most is he who can swim his solitary course night or day and forget a black earth full of people that push."

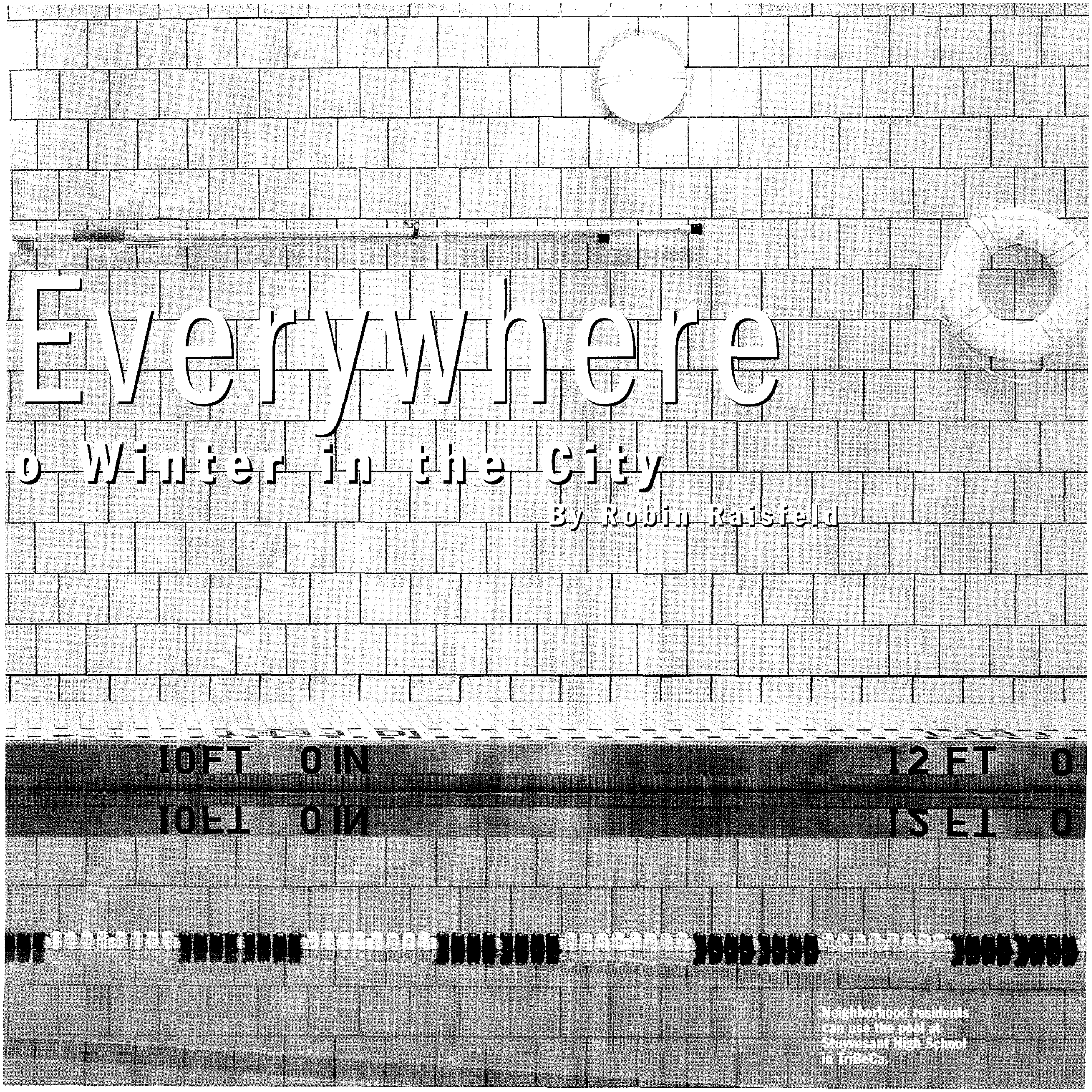
Until phones and traffic noise infiltrate the deep, swimming may be the best hope of respite from the aboveground frenzy in this pushiest of places. (And swimming, of course, is ideal for toning those slack midwinter muscles.) But indoor pools in New York are strictly function over form. Where L.A. pools have a tranquil Hockney image, we have our elders' tales of being tossed into icy dungeon natatoriums at schools like Jefferson and Erasmus Hall to pass phys ed. (The migration of New York natives to south Florida for their retirement can be traced, *I'm sure, to that ancient and barbaric* gym-class requirement.)

City swimming—we're not talking summer-weekend dips at Main Beach in East Hampton—has never had much cachet.

Everywhere

o Winter in the City

By Robin Raisfeld



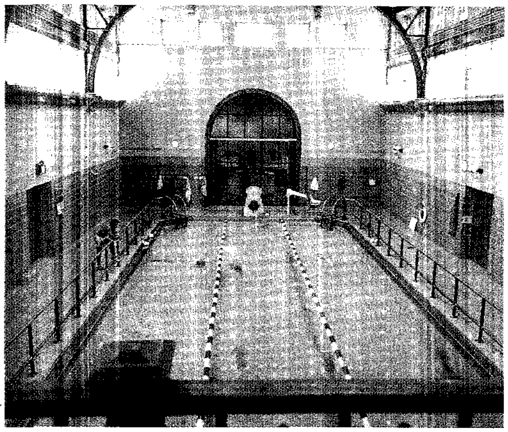
Neighborhood residents can use the pool at Stuyvesant High School in TriBeCa.

Pickup basketball games have the allure of grainy cinéma-vérité sneaker commercials. Bodybuilders' and boxers' once-grungy gyms have been co-opted by would-be supermodels.

Indoor swimming isn't so glamorous. Only a few pools, like the one at Brooklyn's St. George Hotel, built over a saltwater spring and now filled in with concrete, and the mammoth Astoria pool, site of the 1936 and '64 Olympic trials, have historical relevance. Most were squeezed into the urban grid—an Olympic pool is almost a full city block long—and range from dank underground bathtubs to blandly generic penthouse lap pools.

But with the exception of a few highly exclusive pools, like the one at London Terrace and pools reserved for school and club use, it's generally easy, and sometimes cheap, to swim in New York. Several sleek new pools have been built in the last couple of years, one charging less than the price of a subway token for a swim. My favorites, chosen for their design, accessibility, and range of programs, include fully renovated turn-of-the-century bathhouses, community centers, and school pools with neighborhood access.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUY KLOPPENBURG
FOR NEW YORK


Inexpensive and inviting: Asser Levy.

WHEN THE **Asphalt Green AquaCenter** opened two years ago, New York swimming entered the twenty-first century. The redbrick natatorium's wavy façade and barrel-vaulted ceiling enclose the city's first Olympic-standard (50 meters long and at least seven feet deep) pool, built to breed urban athletes and provide all forms of hydrorehabilitation. Now in the middle of its second season, the $24 million center, sandwiched between the northern tip of York Avenue and the East River, has become the venue for U.S. swimming meets and major international competition such as last summer's Gay Games.

Don't come here if your idea of swimming is splashing around or floating lazily on your back, staring at the ceiling. The pool's high-tech design features movable bulkheads that allow multiple configurations; a hydraulic floor, which can be lowered or raised to allow easier access for the elderly and handicapped; an underwater observation deck and speakers; and wave-reducing lap lanes. Construction was partly funded by private schools like Brearley and Chapin, which "bought" lane time in exchange for guaranteed swimming sessions. But the Center is trying to develop a balance between paid private membership and financial support for public-school kids. Incredibly, a few well-to-do individuals have opted for the $15,000 lifetime AquaGold membership, which, aside from eliminating those pesky renewal notices, gives the member unlimited pool and fitness-center privileges into perpetuity.

City swimming has never had much cachet. But New York's pools—with the exception of a highly exclusive few, s

The Center offers an intensive-lesson program and classes in water aerobics, scuba, and synchronized swimming. Nonmembers may sign up for classes and join teams for varying program fees. *555 East 90th Street; 369-8890. AquaSwim memberships are available for a month ($100), six months ($550), or one year ($828). Daily passes are $14.*

The 25-yard, five-lane pool at **John Jay College of Criminal Justice** on the West Side attracts not only students but also neighborhood residents who come religiously to do their daily laps. Until he moved to a new apartment building three years ago "on account of its having a pool," Jimmy Breslin was a regular, known (and loved) by the lifeguard crew for sharing his morning coffee and doughnuts. (He still swims about 1,400 yards of freestyle every day: "It's the only stroke I've got. Switching from my column to my novel is murder on the nerves. It keeps me sane.")

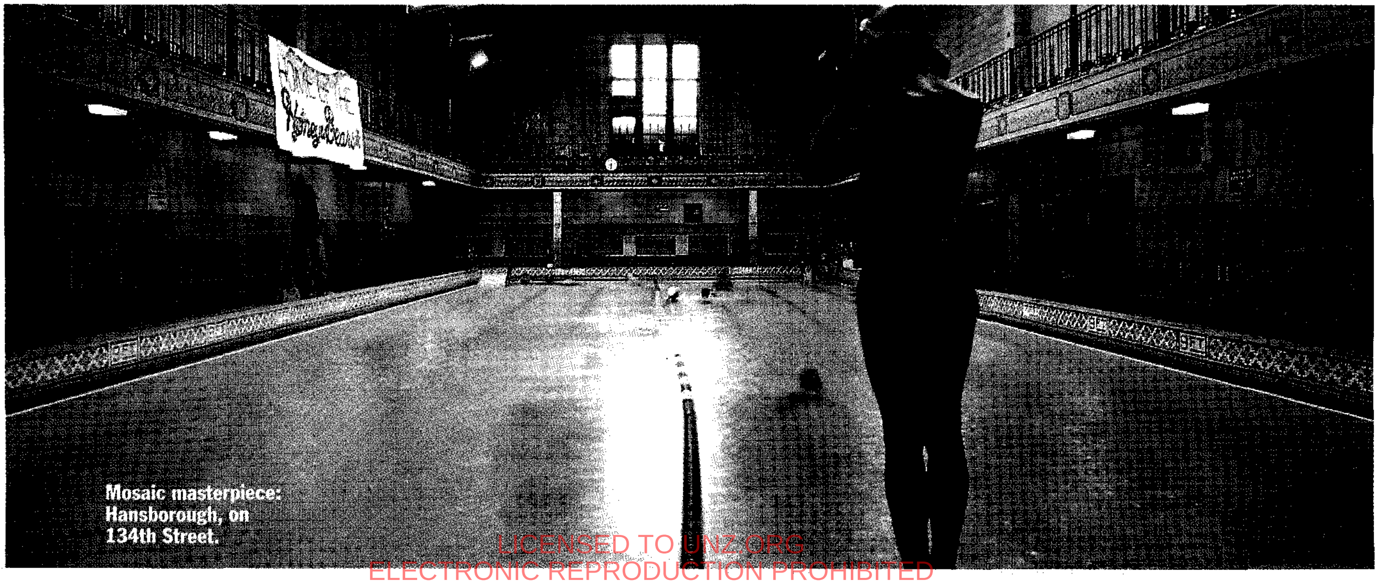
Most classes are full of aspiring FBI agents, forensic psychologists, lawyers, and correction officers, but they also attract auditors like Lee Stock, 77, the retired president of Puma footwear and current student of sculpture, film, and advanced fitness swimming. Stock is a trim, vigorous man in a Speedo and goggles. "Like the comedian says," he laughs, "if I knew I was going to live this long, I would have taken better care of my body." *899 Tenth Avenue, at 58th Street; 237-8371; open to community for limited weekday hours; $250 per year or $100 for 25 sessions.*

St. Bartholomew's church houses a twenty-yard pool in the basement of its **Community Club** house, adjacent to the Byzantine-style Park Avenue landmark. Until two years ago, the four-lane pool (and the weight room, sauna, and squash and basketball courts) had been available only to members of the community club. The club opened in 1927 to "serve as an accelerator—promoting community, trust, creativity, acceptance, responsiveness, and awareness" among men and women between the ages of 21 and 35, who were only admitted after personal interviews and extensive background checks. New executive director Philip Schwalb softened these rules to try to attract new members.

For now, though, the pool is never crowded, except on special occasions like St. Bart's Swimathon to benefit the homeless, which takes place in April. *109 East 50th Street; 751-1616; associate memberships offering non–club members use of all the fitness facilities are $450 a year.*

Beautifully tiled and ringed by an iron balcony beneath a skylight, **Hansborough,** on 134th Street, is the mosaic masterpiece of city pools. Tucked into a driveway behind a C-Town supermarket, "the bathhouse," as it's always been known, is home to the Harlem Honeys & Bears, a senior-citizen co-ed swim club launched fifteen years ago by the Parks Department and the Central Harlem Senior Citizens Coalition. After the morning senior session, the pool is open for lap and family swimming, and there is an after-school program for children ages 6 to 12. *35 West 134th Street; 234-9603; $25 a year for adults; free for children under 12; $10 for senior citizens.*

CITY SWIMMING'S BEST BUY IS THE NETWORK OF MUNICIPAL pools, including the Hansborough bathhouse. For up to $25 a year (less for children and seniors), a member can swim at all five of Manhattan's indoor pools. Originally constructed as public bathhouses after the turn of the century, the pools came under the control of Robert Moses's Parks Department by the thirties. The most inviting and sophisticated indoor pool is **Asser Levy,**


Mosaic masterpiece: Hansborough, on 134th Street.

renovated in 1990 at a cost of $8 million. Named for America's first Jewish citizen, the 1908 Roman Revival landmarked building abuts the East River and houses a 64-foot, three-lane pool under a high vaulted ceiling; natural light pours through a skylight and the line of square windows set high into the wall.

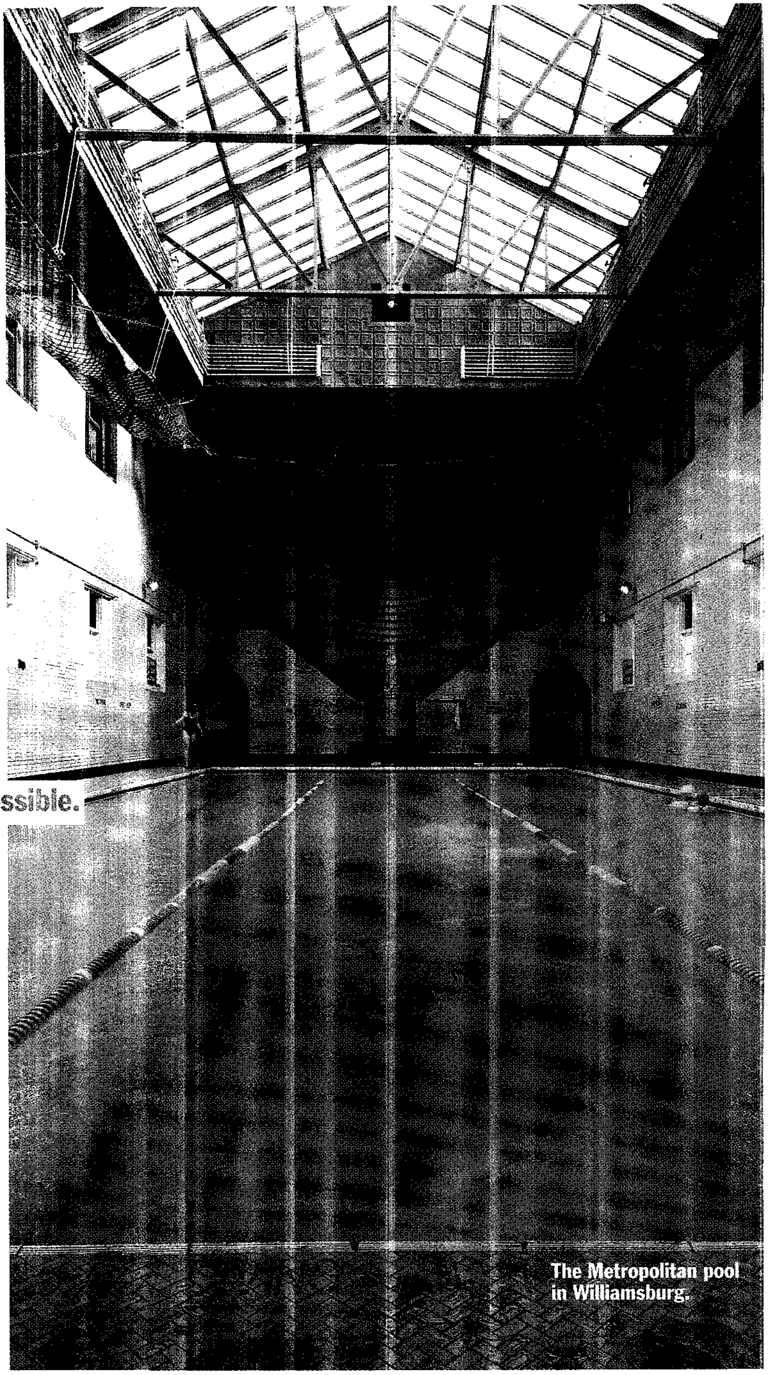
Colorist Theresa Cichetti, influenced by the palette of the Grand Canyon, selected pinkish-orange tiles—instead of the usual blues and greens—to warm up the space, and reproductions of the original brass rails and ladders were installed. At the foot of the pool, a marble lion's-head spigot keeps watch, a touch that member Henry Stern, Parks commissioner and a co-founder of the American Association for the Advancement and Appreciation of Animals in Art and Architecture, finds especially endearing. Early-morning and late-evening hours are reserved for lap swimming; clinics, classes, and family swims are scheduled throughout the day. Framed black-and-white photographs of early-twentieth-century swimmers in funny suits, along with hairdryers in the refurbished locker rooms, give the pool a touch of elegance. *23rd Street and FDR Drive; 447-2020.*

When he was a city councilman, Stern helped stage the Swim-In of 1983 to save the **West 59th Street Rec Center,** which was in danger of being closed by the Office of Management and Budget. "Two hundred people, including Jerry Nadler and Ruth Messinger, marched around the pool, then jumped in and swam," Stern recalls. Now the site of the city's lifeguard-training school, this twenty-yard basement pool resembles a Roman bath, with its original marble lip and wall rails. Friends of the West 59th Street Center has helped organize an extensive lessons program for all ages and therapy programs for groups from nearby St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital. For aquaphobes, the center houses the city's only indoor public climbing wall. *533 West 59th Street; 397-3166.*

the one at London Terrace—are generally cheap and accessible.

In the West Village, the **Carmine Rec Center**'s 23-yard indoor pool tends to get crowded because one of its three lanes is reserved for wading, lounging, and beginners. "If you swim laps here," a woman stretching in that lane warns, "someone will probably kick you."

In the other boroughs, **St. Mary's** pool in the South Bronx and **St. John's** in Crown Heights are newly renovated standouts. The 25-yard **Metropolitan** pool in Williamsburg, scheduled for an overhaul this year, is a converted bathhouse built by Henry Bacon in 1922, featuring rare architectural features like a marble gutter and carved steps leading into the shallow water. After renovation, Met Pool could easily become Brooklyn's Asser Levy.



The Metropolitan pool in Williamsburg.

TIRED OF SWIMMING IN THE PAST? IF AQUACENTER IS OUT OF your price range, try either of these new pools, which opened two years ago and are still underused by the swimming public. When **Stuyvesant High School** was relocated to TriBeCa on land leased from the Battery Park City Authority, an arrangement was made that provided community access to Stuyvesant's Community Center after school (and swim-team) hours. The sparkling 25-yard teal-and-white pool is open evenings during the week and weekend afternoons for lap swimming, diving, lessons, and aquacise classes. *345 Chambers Street; 374-0973; adults, $75 for six months; children under 18 free when accompanied by an adult.*

Riverbank State Park. The 28-acre recreational facility—which was roundly criticized for being built on top of a waste-management plant in Harlem—is the home of a beautiful, airy 50-meter indoor pool designed by Richard Dattner, the architect of AquaCenter. Only four feet deep throughout (because the plant's roof couldn't support more water pressure), the pool offers special classes for seniors and handicapped; learn-to-swim lessons for children and adults; early-bird, lunchtime, and night-owl lap sessions; water-exercise classes; and lifeguard training. *679 Riverside Drive, at 145th Street; 694-3665; daily admission $1 to $2 for adults, 50 cents for children 11 and under.*

Two years ago, City University unveiled a new community resource, the 25-yard pool at **LaGuardia Community College** in Long Island City. Modern and clean, with six wide lap lanes, the school pool is open to nonstudents on a membership or daily basis and offers lessons in swimming and scuba as well as lifeguard training. Open swim (Monday through Saturday, from 2 to 7 P.M.) costs $65 for three months (less for children and seniors) or $5 for the day. *31–10 Thomson Avenue, Queens; 718-482-5038.*

Two other city colleges that offer memberships to the public are **Borough of Manhattan Community College** (*199 Chambers Street; 346-8269; prices unavailable*) and **Brooklyn College** (*2900 Bedford Avenue; 718-951-5366; $250 per year*). Now that it's finally open to the public, swimmers who live or work in the Bronx can take advantage of **Lehman College**'s 50-meter, eight-lane competition pool (*250 West Bedford Park Boulevard; 718-960-1117; $595 a year includes access to all gym facilities*). ▬

BEST BETS

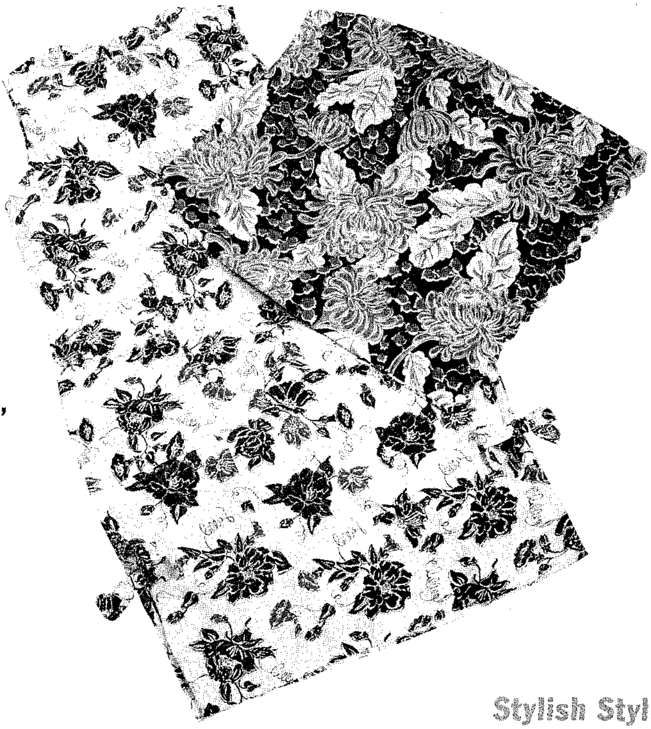
BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

Design for Living

Rayman Boozer is an interior designer, and this fact is apparent in the inventive layout and fetching design of his new shop, Apartment 48. It's laid out like an actual flat, and each room is outfitted with the appropriate furnishings. There's a cozy living room with a turn-of-the-century daybed that doubles as a sofa, and a tiny kitchen cluttered with china, stemware, stainless-steel cookware, and all manner of useful utensils. Towels, soaps, bath brushes, and shower curtains are stylishly displayed in the bathroom; stonewashed rugs cover the floor and the vintage iron bed in the bedroom. There's even a mud room, with garden tools and bulbs; and an outdoor garden complete with wrought-iron furniture. (From $1.50 for a plastic cookie cutter to $65 for a shower curtain to $995 for an Amish dining-room table.)

APARTMENT 48/*48 West 17th Street/807-1391*

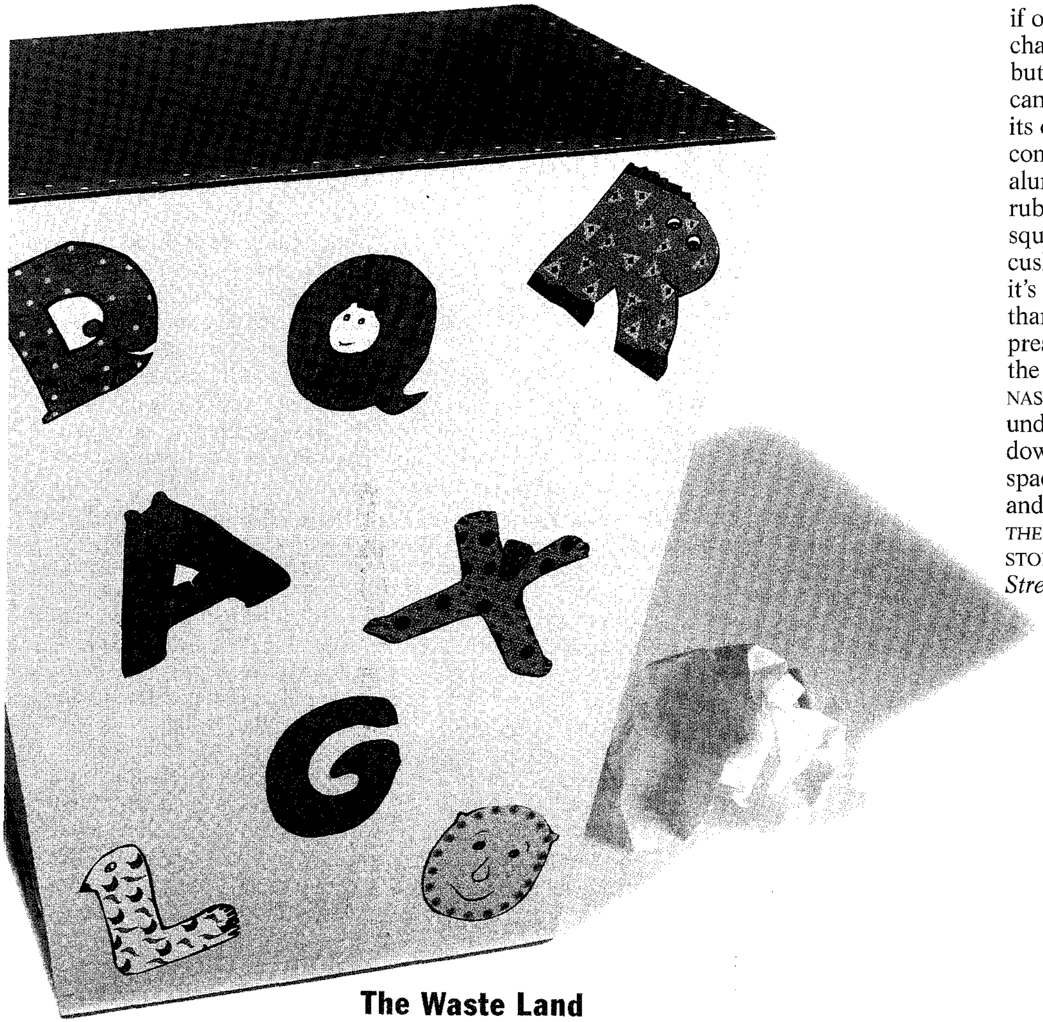


Day Lillys

She's rarely included on lists of America's most influential fashion designers, yet Lilly Pulitzer caused quite a fashion commotion in the sixties and early seventies. Her *über*-preppy floral cotton shift, the Lilly, could be spotted in Palm Beach, Edgartown, and Malibu on all the best bods in town. Pulitzer stopped manufacturing her clothing in 1984, but just last year Sugartown Worldwide, Inc., bought the rights to her designs. And, this being the retro nineties, the Lilly—along with Pulitzer's scallop-edged skirt and printed golf shorts—is news again. (From $85 for a bathing suit to $165 for a floor-length shift.)
LEGGIADRO/*700 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/753-5050*

Stylish Stylus

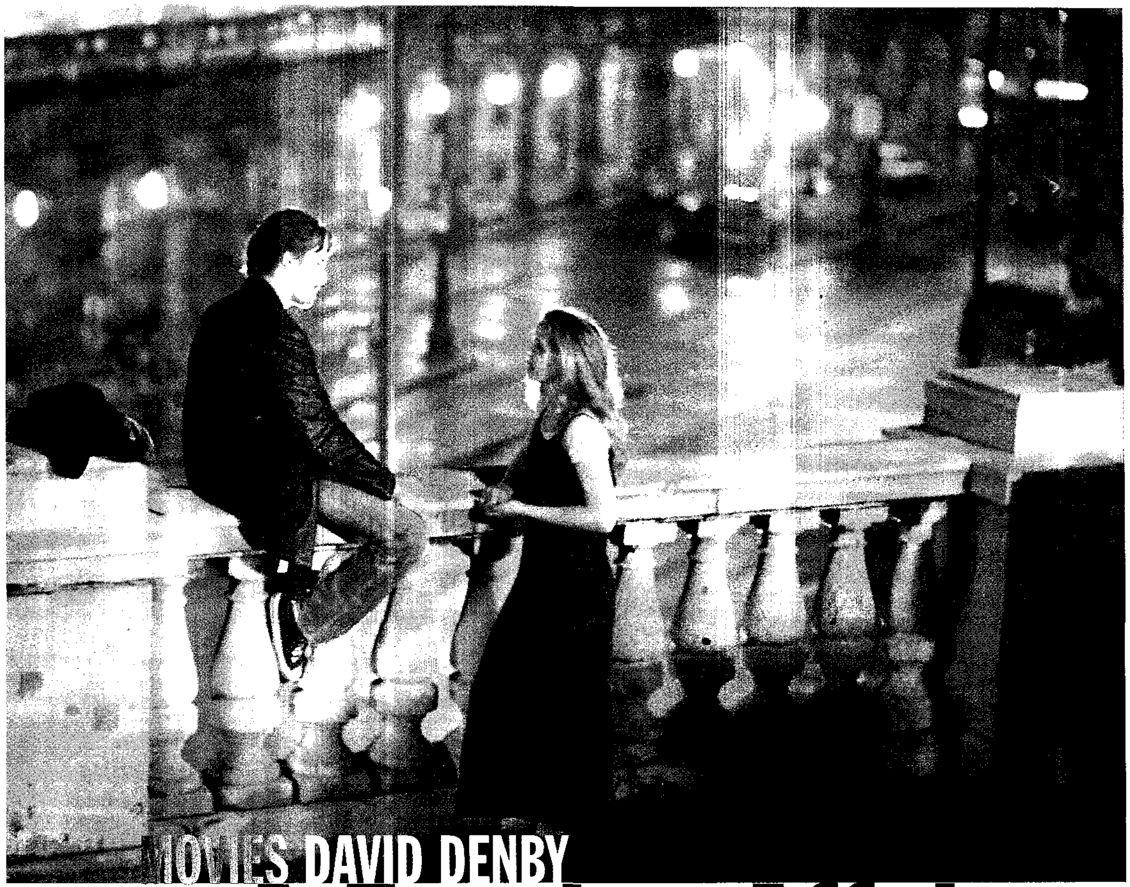
We still need pens, if only for signing charge-card slips, but here's a pen that can definitely hold its own in the computer age. The aluminum-and-rubber Sensa has a squeezable, cushioned grip so it's ergonomic, and thanks to a pressurized refill—the kind used by NASA—it can write underwater, upside down, even in outer space ($50; in silver and gray, too).
THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/767-1050*



The Waste Land

They probably won't do anything to eliminate the ongoing parental battle over neat rooms, but these wastebaskets ($90) will certainly look cheery amid the clutter. Essex Collection makes wood frames ($56), too, that are also découpaged with lively graphics.
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART BOOK AND GIFT SHOP/*Columbus Avenue and 66th Street/496-2966; and 62 West 50th Street/247-5611*

Photographs: opposite, Andrew Garn; top, Karen Capucilli; center left and right, Steve Wisbauer.



Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy in *Before Sunrise.*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

A Foreign Affair

Richard Linklater proves that slackers can be sensitive. 'Strawberry and Chocolate' pleads for friendship, sex, and art.

THE EARNESTNESS OF INTELLECTUAL YOUTH—THE style that's usually called sophomoric—is a very tender affair, and if you value it at all, you probably value it a great deal. In Richard Linklater's lovely romantic comedy **Before Sunrise,** a young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Celine (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—that self-serious young people always talk about. *Before Sunrise* is charming and often funny and sweet; this meeting of privileged soul mates has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. Linklater earlier made two goofy, intermittently inspired movies about apathetic American kids, *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused.* But he has now passed beyond hip drollery into something less guarded and ironic. Will he pay for it? A willfully vulnerable movie like *Before Sunrise* enters our derisive culture like a dolphin plunging into a tank filled with sharks.

The beautiful and brilliant Celine at first seems too fast for Jesse; she threatens to see right through him. But Jesse hangs in there. He has a slightly scattered poetic sense of life; he's very bright but unformed, a nineties Holden Caufield, not as well educated as Celine, not as sophisticated. Luckily for him—it's the break of a lifetime—his boyishness appeals to her. Rather than continue home to Paris, she gets off the train with him in Vienna. They agree to part the next morning (broke, Jesse has a return flight home), but for a day and a night, they're in a foreign city, unable to speak to most of the natives. Sticking together becomes an adventure that could lead anywhere. They go to clubs and bars, meet the street people (and hustlers), stroll the imperial boulevards and intimate little alleys where a lone harpsichordist plays Bach or a Middle Eastern belly dancer entertains a few people. *Before Sunrise* is so pleasing, in part, because the situation is artificial and movieish (will they become lovers? will they see each other again?) yet close to something many Americans have done—spent a wandering night in a foreign city, blissfully removed from American violence and banality. Celine and Jesse say awkwardly candid things that one might have said oneself at 23. For anyone over 40, listening to them talk is an experience of nostalgia without regret. That tender moment of self-importance is a good moment to get past.

Before Sunrise doesn't have the edged playfulness and spontaneity of Godard's lyrical movies about smart sixties kids, *Band of Outsiders* and *Masculine-Feminine.* Godard was the great movie modernist, mixing tropes out of old American movies with contemporary fads in a glancingly poetic, allusive style. Linklater, who worked with the writer-actress Kim Krizan on the script, is closer to Rohmer, who is more literal and methodical than Godard. And like Rohmer, Linklater brings a gentle romantic flare to the material. The casting of the leads is surprisingly effective. Ethan Hawke has a soft touch of mustache and beard, like a suburban Galahad, and Julie Delpy, pale and slender, with golden hair, has the atavistic beauty of a princess in a tower. Too pretty and soft-featured to be typical of contemporary youth, they seem slightly out of this world, like figures in a storybook about courtly love.

Since they come from different countries, Jesse and Celine don't share the usual pop-culture references and knowingness; they *have* to talk about their feelings, their fears, and so on. The actors sustain a lilting intimacy. Hawke turns out to be a soulful, likable New York actor with a heavy burden of rue. And Delpy, born in France but educated in the United States, is here liberated from the cryogenic sleep imposed on her by the

Photograph by Gabriela Brandenstein/Castle Rock Entertainment.

Polish director Kieslowski, who turned her into a freezing, tormenting bitch in *White.* Awakened, she becomes a vibrant and funny woman with a touch of intellectual sternness.

Such recent romantic comedies from Hollywood as *I Love Trouble, I.Q.,* and *Speechless* have left audiences cold, and that's because the movies *were* cold—mechanical retreads of formulas that no longer work. Writers and directors don't seem to realize that you can't do screwball comedy when you no longer have the social forms and manners that gave rise to those conventions in the first place. Linklater depends on artifice, too, but he knows how to redeem it. My heart sank when Jesse, desperate to make contact, asked Celine, "What was your first sexual experience?" But Linklater holds the camera on the two actors in a Viennese trolley through a long-lasting shot, and they have to work out the scene moment by moment, with all the hesitations, embarrassments, withdrawals, and tentative advances of an actual encounter. The playing is sincere enough to absolve the device of slickness. Jesse, it turns out, is a bit sheepish, intensely aware of himself as a half-equipped American trying to pick up a brainy French girl. He's got nothing to offer but his looks, his restlessness, his readiness—but then, the same is mostly true for her. Linklater is even more generous to these two than he was to the layabout potheads and solipsists in his earlier films; his young characters are all *waiting.* They haven't been pulled into careers yet; they don't have political passions or even a strong sense of rebellion, and they know that they are faintly comical.

"You have to go through the same old shit anyway," Celine says, and that's the point of the movie. Even if you have nothing to rebel against, it's still hard to become a human being and not (the eternal worry of intelligent youth) part of the machine. Hence the soulfulness, untested by experience—soulfulness that, in this case, is a form of grace.

TOMÁS GUTIÉRREZ ALEA'S **Strawberry and Chocolate** is mainly set in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. If the revolution isn't going to succeed, the movie seems to be saying, couldn't we at least have a little more of the old Cuban spirit of live and let live? ■

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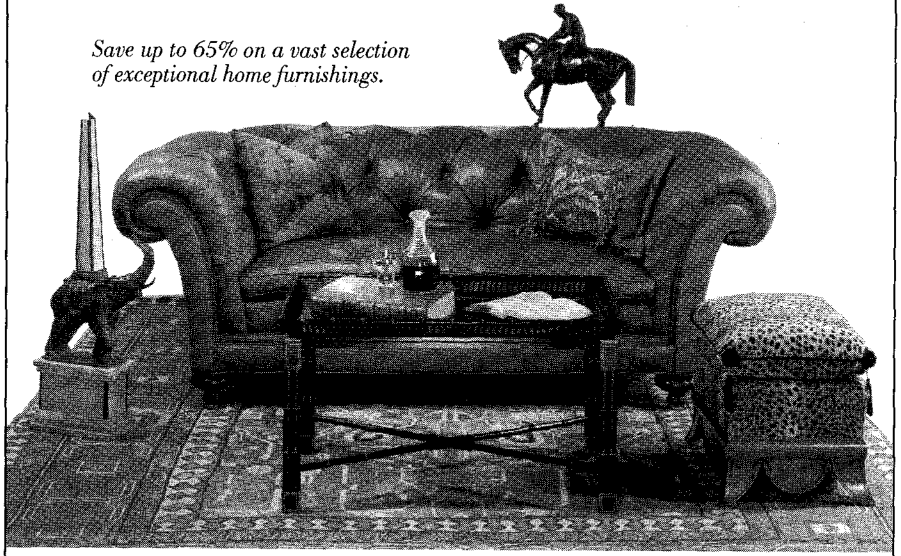

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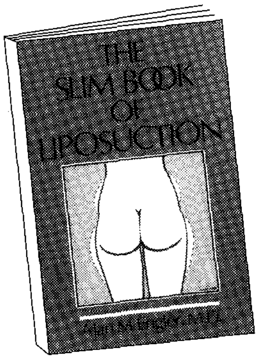

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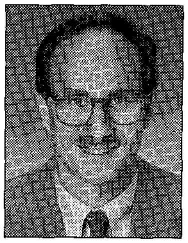

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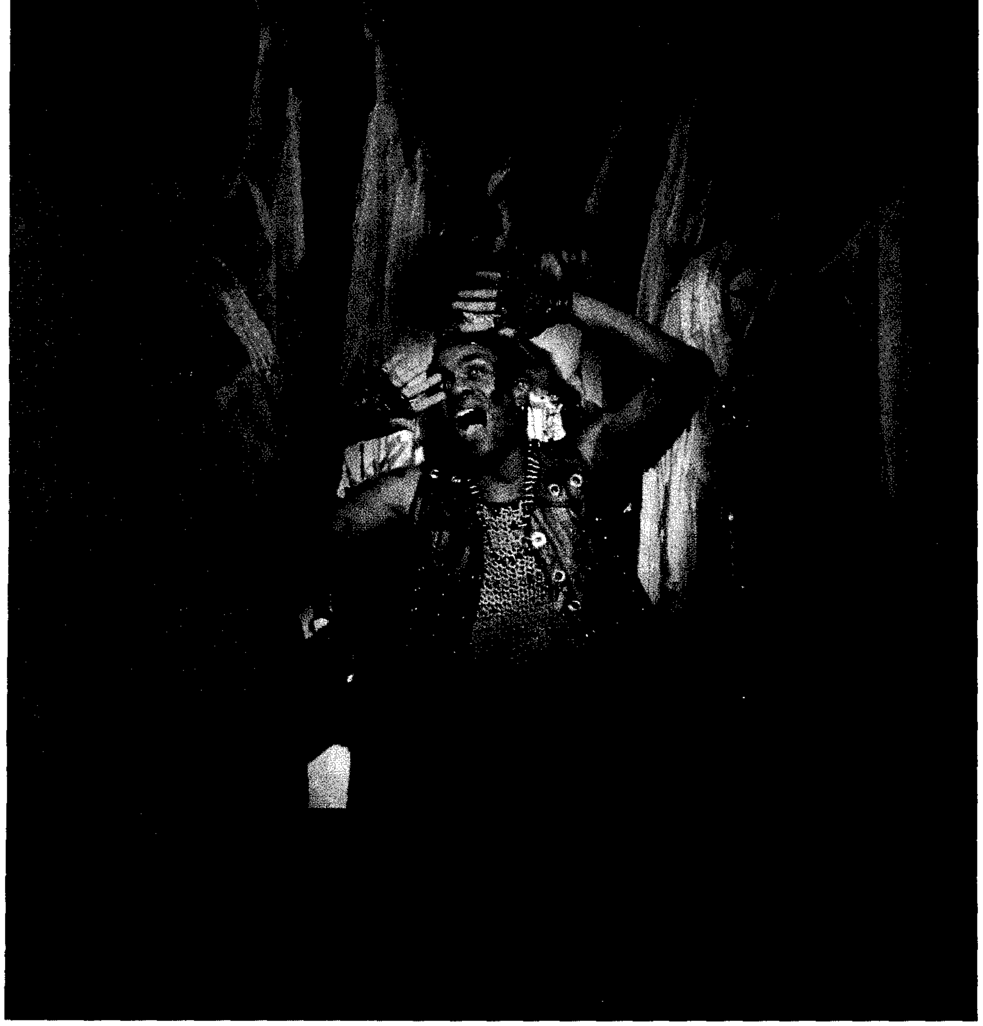
Holograms Might Be Better

This version of 'Jesus Christ Superstar' is—surprise!—insipid; La MaMa's Beckett miniaturizes a miniature.



Carl Anderson (above), the Judas in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, sings and acts with vigor, eclipsing Ted Neeley's Jesus (opposite, right).

Jesus Christ Superstar IS, ALONG WITH *Aspects of Love,* one of the weakest links in the Lloyd Webber canon. Even so, the bus-and-truck production that just ended its nationwide tour at the Paramount offered a debased version that was a shameful display of vulgarity, greed, and stultifying din. On the night I attended, of the many thousands who had roared their approval in a battle of decibels between stage and auditorium, only a handful were to be found on the subway platforms after the show was over. They are probably still cheering as I write this. I guess the schools don't teach taste and discrimination.

Lloyd Webber himself has expressed his shuddering disapproval of this production, but since he does not control the rights to the show (the Stigwood Group does), there was nothing he could do but lump it. And what a hard lump to swallow! As primitively directed and choreographed by Tony Christopher, with gaudy yet impoverished-looking sets by Bill Stabile, humorlessly garish costumes by David Paulin, and splashily unevocative lighting by Rick Belzer, this was a thorough disgrace. The capper was Jonathan Dean's sound—an infernal cocktail of one jigger of music to one pitcher of atom-smashing amplification. The instruments might as well have been steam whistles, pneumatic drills, howitzers, and cement mixers at full tilt; this was a score that settled as much in your teeth as in your ears.

The electronics seemed a little easier on the voices—or perhaps it is just that I expect the worst from overamplified rock singers—which is not to say, however, that the technology was kind to them. Ted Neeley (the Jesus), in particular, managed to sound sour, whether he whispered inaudibly, crooned in a tortured falsetto that could drive dogs crazy, or just belted artlessly. Even worse was his acting. Twenty-one years ago, in Norman Jewison's overproduced movie version, Neeley was younger, and the film's electronics were better. And I don't remember his smiling, smiling, smiling for minutes on end—a kind of frozen, undertakerish smile—while spreading his arms in nonstop welcome, or perhaps getting them in shape for crucifixion. I suppose playing Christ off and on for more than two decades does something to one's persona (not to mention one's performance). Accordingly, a certain waxen complacency (or was it ichor?) extruded from Neeley's pores. And, at roughly 50, he conveyed a self-satisfied *embourgeoisement* that accorded ill with the image of Christ, both theologically and histrionically.

Carl Anderson, the Judas of the movie version, who has aged less noticeably, acted and sang with pristine vigor, although the direction and scenery—a few platforms outside a tall, curving wire fence—made movement hard for all, and especially for him.

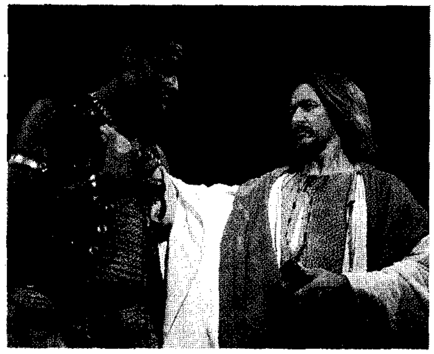
Mary Magdalene was Syreeta Wright, who sounded as sweet as the amplification allowed but did not have much of a characterization and seemed a bit long in the tooth even for a repentant sinner. Dennis DeYoung came off best as Pilate, sounding vocally firm and even managing something resembling a personation.

The others were costumed and acted in a lackluster and tatterdemalion way befitting a high-school production of *Godspell,* although Douglass Fraser couldn't help scoring with Herod's Charleston, the best musical number in the show, crudely staged though it was. (But then, it was pretty crude in Tom O'Horgan's Broadway production, too.) As for the music, I pretty much said it in my review of the movie: "If the words are all bad—sounding like the unholy Writ of Edgar Guest in collaboration with Norman Vincent Peale—

Photograph by Richard Feldman.

the music, by Andrew Lloyd Webber, is *not* all deafening commonplaces. Though it is not exactly the kind of rock you can build a church on—sometimes, in fact, it sounds like recycled Massenet—it does have its tuneful or rousing moments." But the lyrics of Tim Rice shouldn't be let off that easy.

Rice can be a truly flat-footed lyricist, never worse than here, where he turns the sublime prose of the Gospels into witless doggerel: "If your slate is clean—then you can throw stones/ If your slate is not then leave her alone." Or Mary Magdalene's psychobabble, as she wipes Jesus' fevered brow: "Try not to get worried, try not to turn on to/ Problems that upset you oh don't you know/ Everything's alright yes everything's fine/ And we want you to sleep well tonight." And this from Jesus: "Then I was inspired/ Now I'm sad and tired . . ./ My time is almost through/ Little left to do/ After all I've tried for three years—/ Seems like thirty." Or, take Caiaphas' "One thing I'll say for him/ Jesus is cool." This stuff is not sacrilegious, merely imbecilic.



But aside from everything else, it seems to me particularly repellent to take such a show on a 23-month, 112-city tour at a time when crackpot forms of born-again Christianity are causing problems for orthodox churches and inciting attacks on all forms of enlightenment. Christopher, who is also one of the producers, has not earned his name, which means "Christbearer": Instead of bearing Christ, he is making him unbearable.

AT LA MAMA E.T.C., ERICA BILDER, A DUTCH woman active in avant-garde theater, is presenting two short plays by Samuel Beckett, **Cascando & Eh Joe,** performed in an installation by Peter Ungerleider. Ellen Stewart, who has been running La MaMa since 1962, believes in bullying and tormenting her audiences, on the peculiarly sixties notion that one must suffer for art. So you have to line up outside the closed theater doors and be peremptorily told against which wall to wait. Then Miss Stewart reads the entire program to you in her peculiar singsong. Once inside, you wait a deal longer on backless wooden benches.

Cascando is a radio play. That, presumably, gives the stage director total freedom. Thus, in front of a corrugated wall is an eye-patch-wearing woman (Mik Michele) in a kind of overgrown black turban, a cloak, and clogs designed by Theodora Skipitares. She fiddles with an accordion but does not play it; instead, she plays with a censer. In front of her sits a man with a video camera, mostly taking close-ups of her hands, which are projected large onto a screen to our right, over the silhouette of a man playing a harmonium, which he indeed sometimes plays. On a screen to the left we can glimpse the outline of the main speaker (the woman nonmusician also speaks) at a lectern. And then we get the negligible text: some ten pages of vague agonizing stretched out to 45 minutes. Midway through the playlet, the woman switches the eye patch from one good eye to the other and replaces the censer with a mallet that descends on a string. Her outer garments are removed; otherwise, nothing changes.

I think it is time to reassess Beckett's theatrical achievement. It seems to me that the four noble cornerstones are *Waiting for Godot, Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape,* and *Happy Days.* The rest are piled-up parerga, flimsy opuscula of interest to scholars and fanatics but otherwise expendable, especially when presented as here. The E.T.C. in La MaMa stands for Experimental Theater Company but might as well be Exquisite Torture Cabal. During intermission, we were told, in no uncertain terms, that we had to take our belongings with us, as *Eh Joe* required another type of installation. Yielding to categorical imperatives from my mind and my buttocks, I fled into the night.

THREE THINGS ABOUT CHILDREN'S BOOKS: They can be canny and intricate; children understand that. They can be violent, cruel, scary; children love that. And to really work, they must be equally pleasing to adults; all good children's books are like that. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's **The Little Prince** is no exception.

It is an encapsulation of the author-aviator's philosophy of life, written and illustrated by him in America in 1942, when he was cut off from his beloved, war-torn France. It examines all kinds of love, friendship, joy, and unhappiness and is a subtle critique of what is wrong with the world. The hour-long musical-comedy version presented by Theatreworks USA, a worthy children's-theater group, flouts all three of the rules. With words by Arthur Perlman, music by Jeffrey Lunden, and staging and choreography by Ted Pappas, this is simplistic, charmless, pared to the bone, goody-goody, and crassly showbizzy. Even the Little Prince is, instead of a blond cherub, a dark, bustling young woman of no delicacy or grace. And don't even ask me about the Rose. The kiddies sitting around me seemed duly unimpressed. ■

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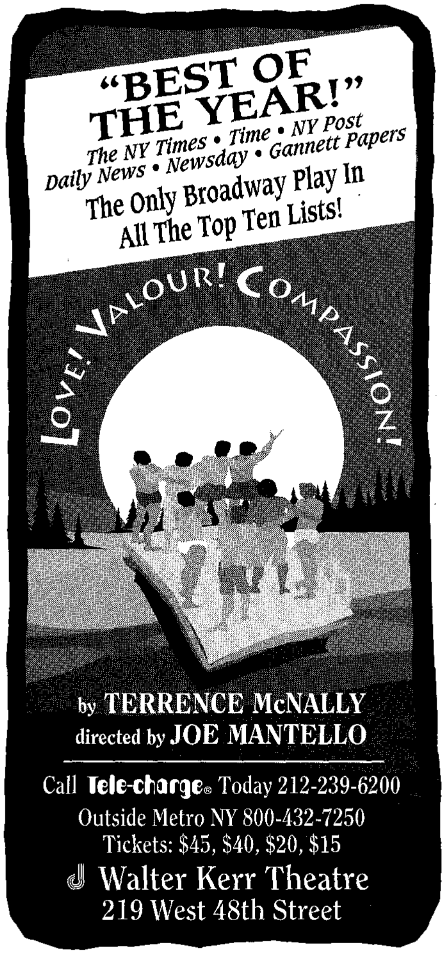
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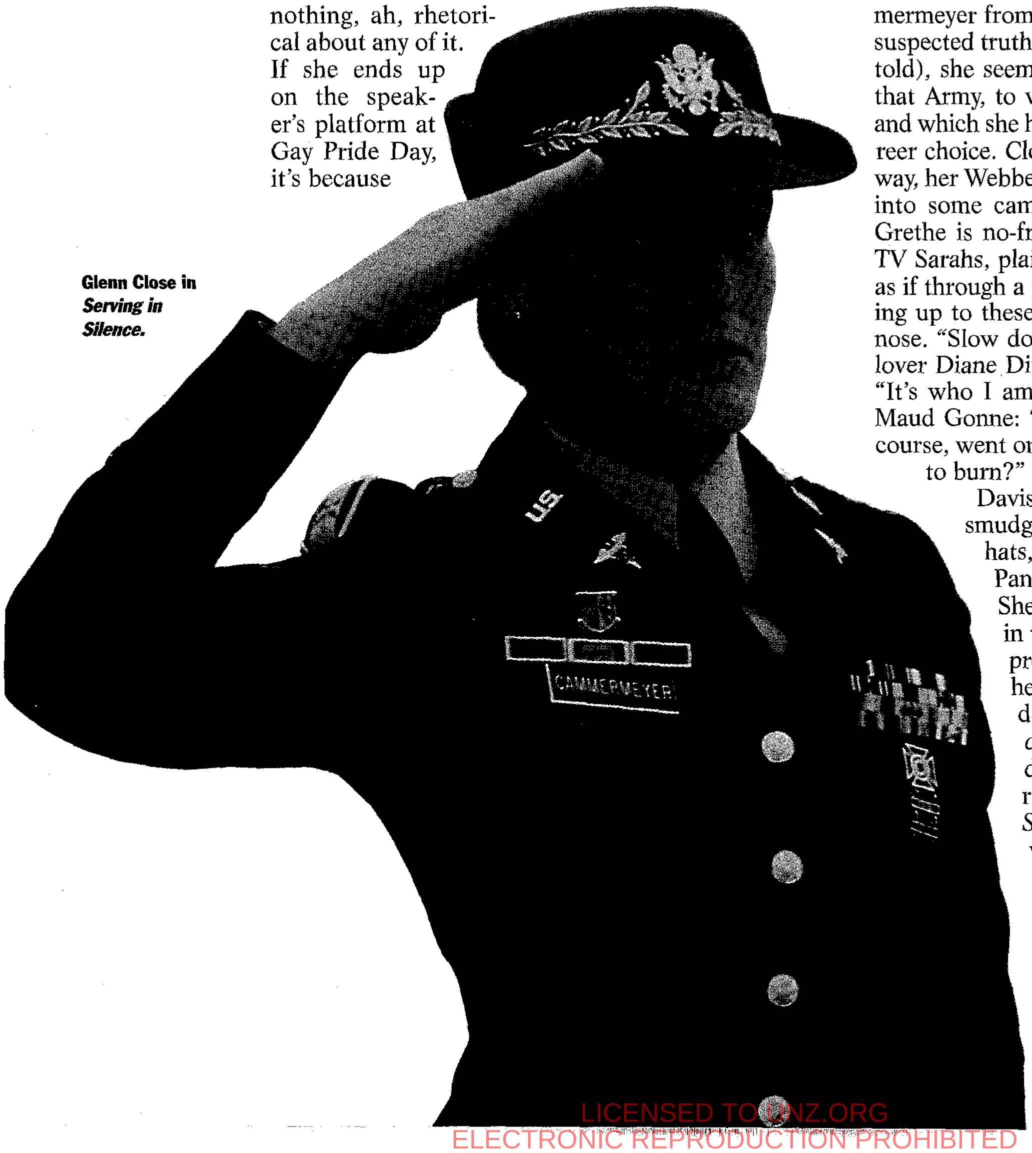
TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Military Mandate

Although she may be over the top on Broadway, Glenn Close is well suited to the small screen in 'Serving in Silence.'

ALMOST HALFWAY THROUGH **Serving in Silence: The Margarethe Cammermeyer Story** (Monday, February 6; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), the Army nurse played by Glenn Close is introduced to a younger woman who also took on the military, and who's brash about it: "Meet another dyke who couldn't keep her mouth shut!" The look on Close's face would chill Hephaestus. No sisterhood on the barricades here. Yes, Grethe's a lesbian. She said so matter-of-factly in a security-clearance interview to an investigator who didn't want to hear it. But Colonel Cammermeyer is also very much Army, after 24 years and a Bronze Star from Vietnam. And chief nurse at a hospital in Seattle. And a Ph.D. candidate who plays the guitar. And the divorced mother of four sons, at least two of whom prefer her company to their father's. She is as various as her interests, and there is nothing, ah, rhetorical about any of it. If she ends up on the speaker's platform at Gay Pride Day, it's because the Army has hung a leper's bell around her neck.



Glenn Close in *Serving in Silence.*

When you've got Barbra Streisand as an executive producer and a script by the same Alison Cross who wrote the teleplay for Holly Hunter's *Roe vs. Wade,* it's hard to imagine a television movie more politically correct than *Serving in Silence.* So what? When *politically correct* means anything other than "knee-jerk liberal," it's a ritual incantation that substitutes for scruple, or a contemptible bumper sticker used as a stick to beat on the aggrieved. And those who wield that stick are almost always already powerful and privileged, inside their well-upholstered comfort zones. Though I am as disdainful of campus speech codes as Rush Limbaugh, anybody who thinks they constitute a reign of terror deserves postmodernism. Tell the 15,000 gays who have been kicked out of the military since 1982 that their cause is chic. For that matter, tell Alexander the Great. But we digress . . .

When the Army, in 1992, "eliminated" Colonel Cammermeyer from its fearful ranks for having told the unsuspected truth ("Don't ask, don't tell"—they asked; she told), she seems to have sued as much for the sake of that Army, to which she had always wanted to belong and which she had always believed to be a reasonable career choice. Close gets this stubbornness. If, on Broadway, her Webberized Norma Desmond goes over the top into some campy phosphorescence, her small-screen Grethe is no-frills and bare-essence, like her previous TV Sarahs, plain and tall. Behind a perfect complexion as if through a pane of glass, we see fundamentals. Facing up to these fundamentals, she is as straight as her nose. "Slow down!" says Judy Davis, playing her artist lover Diane Divelbess. But Grethe is full steam ahead: "It's who I am." I'm reminded of what Yeats saw in Maud Gonne: "beauty like a tightened bow." Yeats, of course, went on to ask, "Was there another Troy for her to burn?"

Davis as Diane is equally remarkable, with a smudged dissolving face under many whimsical hats, like Chaplin's Little Tramp, both Peter Pan and Wendy. No barricades for her either. She can't see why anybody would want to be in the Army in the first place, and won't appreciate being outed on the TV news. But her love for Grethe is a kind of grazing. Under the direction of Jeff Bleckner (*Concealed Enemies, Hill Street Blues*), the seduction scene early on is a model of decorum, more like *Howards End* than like *Splendor in the Grass.* The big kiss, about which you will hear entirely too much, is saved till the last minute. The most striking moment in this thoroughbred movie is also its most ironic. On the occasion of the marriage of one of her sons, Grethe is excluded from the ceremony—not because she's lesbian but because she isn't *Mormon.*

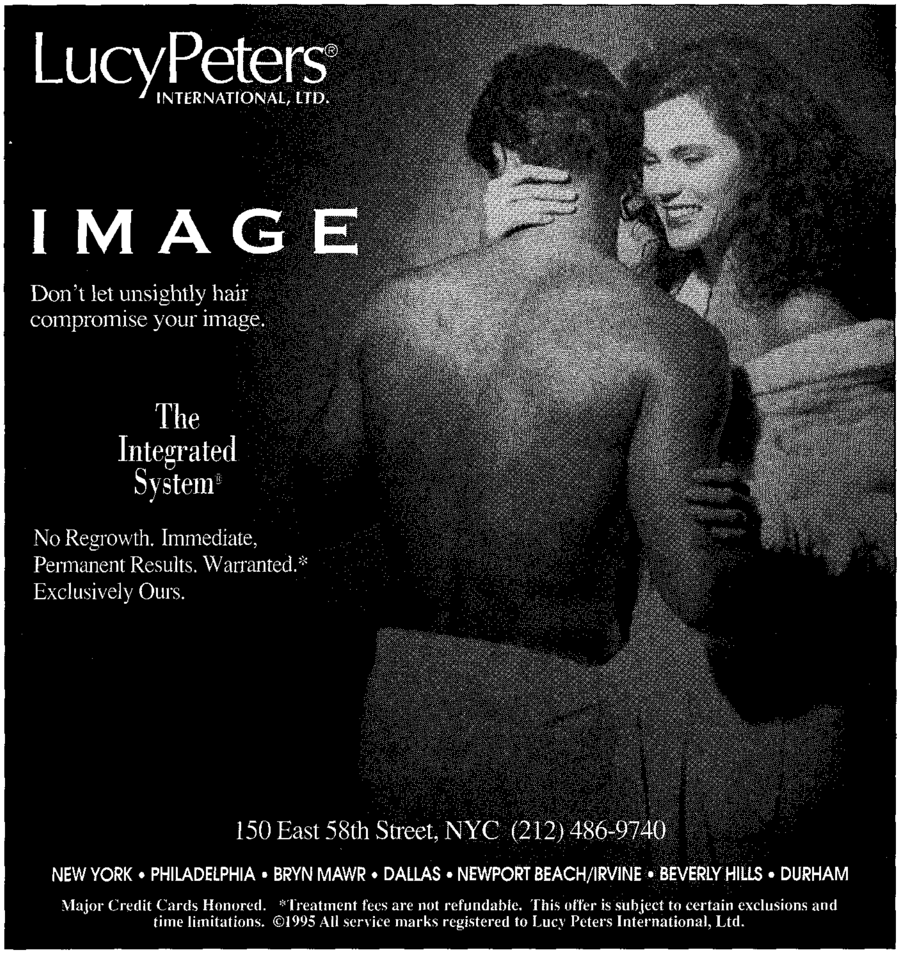
Photograph by Joe Lederer/NBC.

FOR THE "HALLMARK HALL OF FAME" version of **The Piano Lesson** (Sunday, February 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), August Wilson has adapted his own Pulitzer Prize–winning play and Lloyd Richards directs for television, as he did for Broadway, and Charles Dutton plays Boy Willie. This is really all you ought to need to know. From Broadway, Dutton went to sitcom television, to *Roc* on Fox. Nothing ignoble about *Roc*, but it wasn't written by Wilson, nor directed by Richards, so most of you have never seen what Dutton can do with the raw-meatiest of parts. As a Mississippi sharecropper come north in a watermelon truck to Pittsburgh to seize and sell his sister's piano so he can buy his own land, he flabbergasts—he's monomaniacal yet credulous; menacing yet sportive and playful; acrobatic yet muscle-bound and spasm-twitchy; locked down, silted up, and still at some sedimentary center, yet gathering to explode.

And that piano! It's so symbolic, it should have been a symphony orchestra; so graven with image, it's almost idolatrous; so invested with contradictory and ambivalent meanings that Maya Lin might have made it to memorialize slave history. On this piano, a plantation mistress would tinkle her European tunes. For this piano, slaves were exchanged. Because of this piano, boxcars burned and children grew up fatherless, and men, even now, somehow fall down into wells and die when the Yellow Dog ghost is loose in the Delta. Although she refuses to play it, Berniece (Alfre Woodard) won't sell it, either. Nevertheless: the blues.

Besides Yellow Dog, there are other ghosts that *The Piano Lesson* sings about, like Ophelia and Cutter. And places, too, like Kansas City, West Virginia, and the penitentiary. And parables, like the one about the hobos, the candles, the sheep, and the wolves. But listen for yourselves to the stories and songs that come out of the mouths of Dutton and his shy and lovelorn younger partner, Courtney B. Vance; and Carl Gordon, the railroad porter; and Lou Myers, the gambling man; and especially, Tommy Hollis, running up an elevator, preaching from a pulpit, proposing marriage to Woodard because "I need a woman that can fit in my hand." It's the choral history of a whole people—their love and work and nightmare passage and redemptive music.

But be warned. When Toni Morrison's *Beloved* failed to win the National Book Critics Circle fiction prize in 1988, the word from the inner sanctum was that most of the judges didn't believe in ghosts. The thing about the ghosts in Morrison and August Wilson, like the clowns in Shakespeare, is that they always tell the truth. Well, if I had voted against *Beloved*, I'd find it convenient, too, not to believe in ghosts. ▬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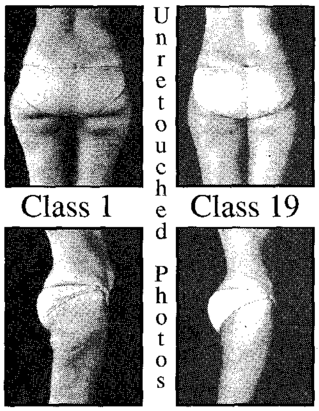

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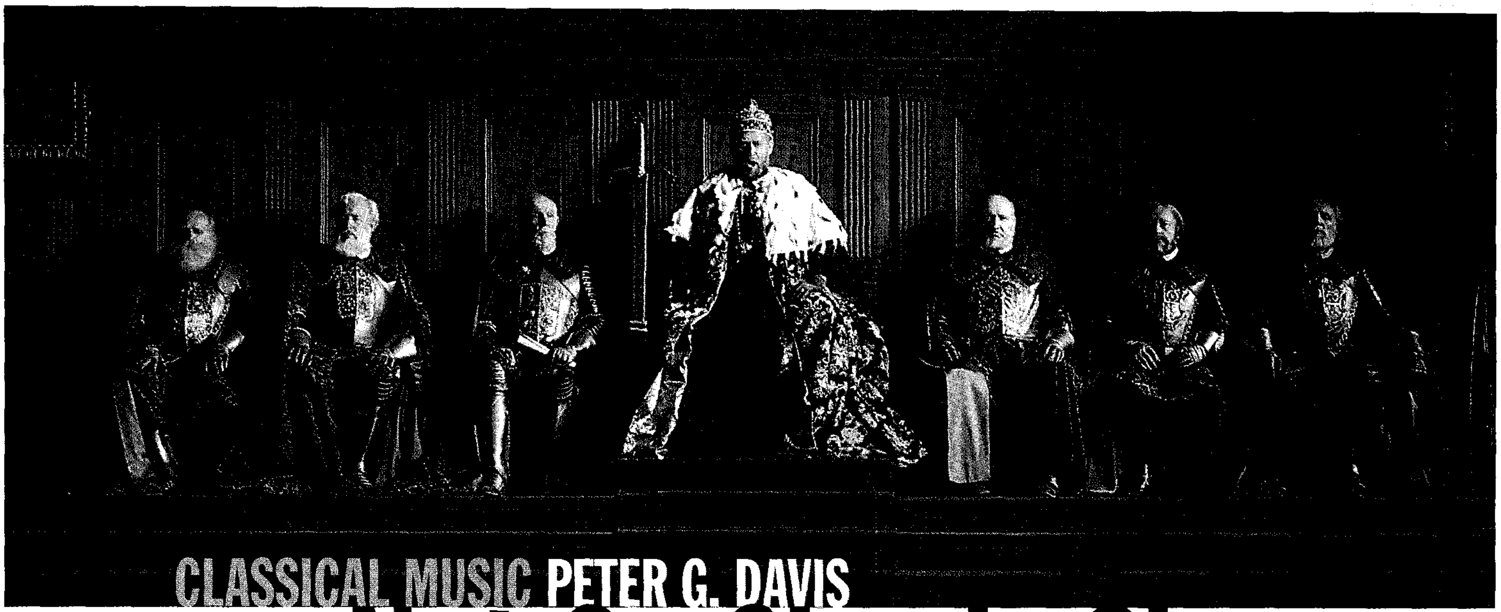

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Not-So-Simple Simon

The Met's staging of 'Simon Boccanegra,' a somber opera all Verdians love, is flaccid; the Philharmonic performs a rambunctious piece about AIDS.

On opening night, Vladimir Chernov (above) and Kiri Te Kanawa (below) left a power vacuum; Plácido Domingo (below) dived in with the energy of three tenors.

WHO EVER SAID THE METROPOLITAN OPERA has no artistic conscience? This season's new productions include two hard-to-sell but important works that no major company should neglect for long: Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* due in March, and Verdi's **Simon Boccanegra,** which has just entered the repertory. The Met has been faithful to both over the years, even if they never stir up much excitement at the box office, and connoisseurs who appreciate these operas' special qualities must be thankful that they also seem to be among James Levine's favorites.

"Too sad, too depressing" was Verdi's own verdict on *Simon Boccanegra,* but he valued his 1857 score enough to make a drastic revision of it in 1881, the version we know today. All Verdians love this somber, beautiful opera, which explores the composer's favorite theme: human responsibility and the dire consequences that often result from making the correct moral choice. Baritones also covet the title role, a fourteenth-century doge of Genoa whose paternal dilemma becomes entwined with his public office amid a tumultuous crescendo of political turmoil and mob hysteria—one of Verdi's great tragic figures, whose dying cries for peace and love still have an eloquent resonance. A gifted singing actor can make a powerful impact in the part, and a remarkable sequence of distinguished American Verdi baritones have kept *Simon Boccanegra* alive and well in New York for three generations: Lawrence Tibbett, who performed the role at the Met (and American) premiere in 1932, followed by Leonard Warren, Frank Guarrera, Cornell MacNeil, and Sherrill Milnes.

That line has now apparently come to an end, so the Met has turned to Vladimir Chernov, a Russian who is currently the company's preferred lyric "Italian" baritone, onstage and in a series of Verdi recordings for Sony Classical. One can hear why. Chernov's silken vocal texture and refined musical instincts are definitely special, and I hope someday to hear him sing in good health. His indispositions seem chronic, and on opening night, it was once again announced that he was ill, this time suffering from an ear infection. His tentative performance leaves a gaping hole in the middle of the piece, and without a Boccanegra who can dominate the stage, the opera is pretty much a lost cause. Robert Lloyd's bland Fiesco, Simon's implacable political foe and reluctant father-in-law, hardly kindles dramatic sparks, nor does Kiri Te Kanawa's largely decorative performance as Maria, the doge's long-lost daughter. Perhaps sensing a power vacuum, Plácido Domingo throws himself into Gabriele Adorno's music with the energy of three tenors in one, and he is in magnificent form—it's a pity that his role is so marginal. It's also disappointing not to hear more commitment from James Levine, whose musical direction is uncharacteristically detached and lackadaisical.

These faults may eventually be corrected, but not much can be done about Giancarlo del Monaco's flaccid staging except to throw it out and begin again. *Boccanegra* is essentially a series of craftily plotted confrontations, but Del Monaco treats them all as static and tensionless encounters—even the conflict between the raging political factions that brings the curtain down on Act I is not much more than clumsy traffic direction. Worse, as in the same director's recent Met *Madama Butterfly* production, the action is riddled with inconsistencies, lazy thinking, stupid mistakes, and sheer carelessness. For instance, Simon and Maria couldn't possibly see that their matching lockets contain portraits of the same dead woman—Boccanegra's wife and Maria's mother—when they are singing some two dozen feet apart from each other. A moving moment of recognition, crucial to the plot, ends up looking foolish. Michael Scott's drop-dead period sets, enthusiastically applauded on opening night, are also misconceived. Al-

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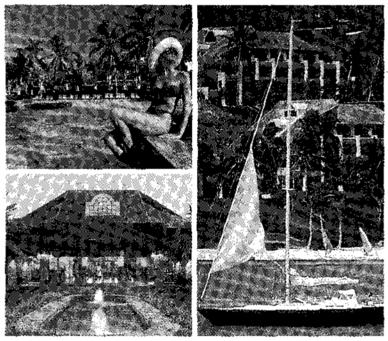

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though Scott provides elaborate (and anachronistic) sixteenth-century ceiling frescoes for the final scene in the doge's council chamber (Verdi wanted a palace room that opens to show a vista of Genoa and the sea), he forgot to include a balcony. The omission means that the opera ends with the absurd sight of Fiesco announcing the doge's death to the people offstage while standing in the middle of an enclosed room.

The production is riddled with similar blatant solecisms. Perhaps Del Monaco and Scott are just cynical enough to think that Met audiences are too dumb to notice them; possibly, like so many production teams that rush around the world staging opera today, they are too busy to care. Or maybe Del Monaco has been working in Germany so long that he has forgotten how to speak and read Italian. In any case, the Met's noble performance record in the service of a difficult but valuable opera is badly tarnished by such a feeble effort.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC HAS A FEW traditions of its own, and **Composer Week** is among the newer ones. This year's honoree was William Bolcom, whose Fifth Symphony and ten-minute *Commedia*, Leonard Slatkin conducting, were the focal points in a program that also featured Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and Toch's *Pinocchio* Overture. A brief but instructive preconcert conversation between Bolcom and Elizabeth Ostrow, the Philharmonic's artistic administrator, indicated how comfortably his music fits in with that of two other composers whose scores also deal in masks, puppets, and theatrical ritual. Some complained that the three-day agenda was rather skimpy for an event grandly labeled Composer Week. They were right, but I suppose any excuse to sneak some new American music onto a Philharmonic subscription program should be encouraged.

In any case, Bolcom's exuberant polystylistic idiom is hardly calculated to offend even this orchestra's largely conservative audience. The Fifth Symphony makes an especially vivid impression, and shows Bolcom confidently juggling his varied musical sources. The two central movements present contrasting views of a Wagnerian love-death motif: humorous ("Abide With Me" counterpointed with the *Lohengrin* wedding march and bits of *Tristan* played in fox-trot tempo) and tragic (death generated by love—an *Hymne à l'Amour* originally written for the pianist Paul Jacobs, who died of AIDS). The outer movements are cleverly designed as tonal mirror images of each other, but even here Bolcom wears his learning lightly, and the pounding dance-marathon finale should bring any audience to its feet. The Philharmonic gave the piece a virtuoso performance—apparently this music is as much fun to play as it is to hear. ▬

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Little Dorit

THIS SALON OFFERS SOME OF ITS MOST POPular services at one low price through the month of February. Now for $95 you get one-hour aromatherapy body massage with heated, scented oils, usually $65; European-style facial plus hand and foot massage, usually $60; and hair-and-scalp treatment, including head massage with plant-extract conditioners, usually $30. An appointment is necessary. *Dorit Baxter, 47 W. 57th St., third floor (371-4542); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–8 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Rags to Riches

THIS COMPANY BUYS UP SURPLUS INVENTORY of dress, coat, and suit fabrics used by famous designers and sells it at 50–60 percent off wholesale prices. For example, on a recent visit we found silk-taffeta and wool-Lycra stock fabrics used by Donna Karan, here $8 and $12 per yard respectively; heavyweight linen and linen-silk used by Ralph Lauren, in many colors, here $6–$10 per yd.; also from Ralph Lauren, wool melton, here $8 per yd.; wide linen/cotton, here $4.50 per yd.; mohair, here $22 per yd.; and wool/cashmere, here $18 per yd. Carolina Herrera 60-in. white viscose linen, here $6 per yd.; china silks in basic colors, used for linings, here $4 per yd.; printed silks, here $6 per yd.; and 60-in. pima-cotton shirtings from Peru, here $3.50 per yd. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Ragfinders, 263 W. 38th St., second floor (354-4111); Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

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THIS RESALE SHOP SPECIALIZES IN ONE-OF-a-kind, gently used clothing, much of it by well-known designers, in women's sizes 14–4X. For one day only, everything is being sold at half price. Size 18 Jones New York gold blazer with velvet collar, now $100; size 26 Jones New York navy-blue trench coat, now $100; size 14 Geoffrey Beene mohair-and-wool coat, now $100; size 18 two-piece black silk gown with sequined top, now $125; size 16 Harve Bernard black wool suit, now $100; size 14 Adrienne Vittadini blue wool pleated skirt, now $40; size 22 Kasper II black, teal, pink, and gold plaid suit, now $50; size 22 Harve Bernard gray wool dress, now $50; size 20 Tamatso black wool skirt, now $50; size 14 Max Mara black wool dress, now $85. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Pretty Plus Plus, 1309 Madison Ave., near 92nd St., second floor (427-4724); Thurs., 2/2, 11 a.m.–9 p.m.*

Where Cotton Is King

THIS MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S COTTON dress shirts in a wide variety of classic fabrics (sizes $14\frac{1}{2}$/32 up to $17\frac{1}{2}$/36; also blue and white pinpoint and white broadcloth in big and tall sizes 16/37 through $18\frac{1}{2}$/37) usually sells them through its catalogue. Now it is holding a two-day warehouse sale: Discontinued shirts are $22.50 each; seconds are $15 each; and current styles, colors, and fabrics are 20–40 percent off the catalogue prices. For example: basic styles in ecru or pink pinpoint, in various collar styles, were $38.50, now $29.50; striped broadcloth shirts with white collar and white French cuffs, were $42.50, now $29.50; white broadcloth shirts with tab collars, were $32.50, now $22.50; hand-sewn Italian silk neckties, were $37.50, now $29.50; cuff links, were $37.50, now $29.50; boxer shorts made from shirting, sizes S–XL, were $12.50, now $9.50. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Byron & Poole, 588 Broadway, near Prince St., Room 1111 (343-9203); Fri. noon–6 p.m., Sat. noon–5 p.m.; 2/3–2/4.*

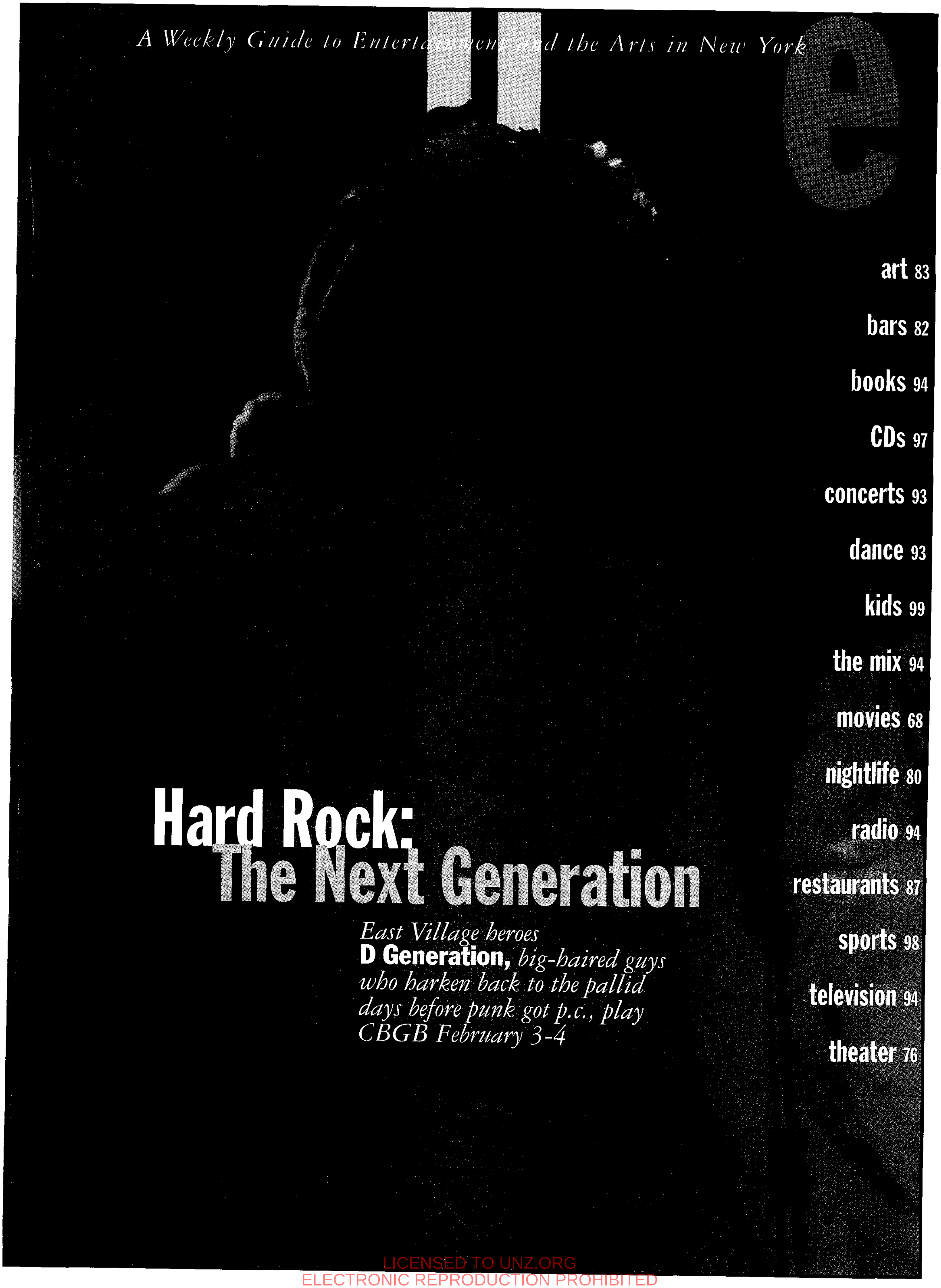
Labor Party

THE LABOR COSTS ON CUSTOM-DESIGNED home accessories, plus a selection of furnishing fabrics, are reduced on orders written during February at this interior designer. Fees quoted below are for labor only and do not include the cost of fabric, measuring, and installation: balloon and Roman shades, were $16–$18 per square foot, now $10; reupholstery, slipcovers, window treatments, comforters, draperies, and bedspreads, now 25 percent off. Upholstered headboards in twin, full, and queen were $400–$600, now $295; king size is $395. All special-order upholstered furniture from well-known North Carolina makers is now 40 percent off manufacturer's suggested list; all in-stock fabrics, now 20–50 percent off; selected fabrics were $45–$95 per yd., now $2.95. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits on custom work only; all sales final. *Richard's Interior Design, 1325 Madison Ave., near 93rd St. (831-9000); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Sweetheart Deal

TO CELEBRATE VALENTINE'S DAY, THIS SHOP for jewelry and *objets* in the Chelsea Antique Center is offering a discount on anything pink, anything red, anything heart-shaped, and anything with cherubs. Red cut-crystal and carved-glass heart rope necklace from the twenties, was $95, now $60; sterling-silver abstract-heart charm ca. 1960, was $48, now $40. Also reduced are a signed Gucci silver-and-enamel bracelet, was $350, now $250; sixties Pop Art lucite rings and bracelets, now 20 percent off; vintage Coro pins, now 20 percent off; a selection of perfume bottles made of cut glass, satin glass, and hand-blown glass, were $50–$150, now $40–$120; men's cuff links by Anson and Swank, from the twenties to the seventies, were $25–$50, now $15. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *This-n-That, Chelsea Antique Center, 110 W. 25th St., Suite 613 (255-0727); 11 a.m.–6 p.m. 7 days a week; 2/3–2/26.* ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Hard Rock: The Next Generation

East Village heroes **D Generation,** *big-haired guys who harken back to the pallid days before punk got p.c., play CBGB February 3-4*

O

Times Squ e hosts...Warhol Memorie

New Films

Bad Company—Laurence Fishburne is a former CIA operative called upon by the Company to infiltrate a private industrial-espionage group headed by Frank Langella. He's just looking to do his job until the shady operation's second in command (Ellen Barkin) gives him grander—and more profitable—ideas. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 19th St. East; Embassy I; Embassy II–IV; Sutton; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Before Sunrise—Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy play two young people who meet and spend the day together in Vienna before he catches a plane to the U.S. in this romantic comedy from director Richard Linklater. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Boys on the Side—Yet another movie in which two women *don't* have a lesbian relationship. This one centers on a group of friends taking a car trip across the country, talking, joking, bonding, and laughing (but not loving). With Whoopi Goldberg, Mary-Louise Parker, and Drew Barrymore. Directed by Herbert Ross. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Tower East; 84th St. Six.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema 3; 68th St. Playhouse.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Colonel Chabert—Gérard Depardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Directed by Yves Angelo. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadistic and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

★**Disclosure**—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complexly enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M. C. Escher drawing. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Dumb and Dumber—A crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys (Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels). Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose,* and they fall all the way into humiliation. With his chipped front tooth, monk's bangs, and sizable jug ears, Carrey bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. (Denby; 1/16/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous

In Person

Horror, Italian-Style

Director Dario Argento creates visually striking, baroque horror films—like the 1982 film 'Tenebrae' (above)—that have attracted what can truthfully, for a change, be called a cult following. A retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image February 4 (when Argento will be present) through February 12.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby. A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by Kevin Mazur.

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– Stephen Farber, MOVIELINE

What's a little murder among friends?

SHALLOW GRAVE

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world. With stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

Highlander—The Final Dimension—Billed as the final chapter and "a direct sequel to the first *Highlander*" (in other words, just put *Highlander II: The Quickening* out of your mind), Connor MacLeod (Lambert) faces down Kane, the Master of Illusion (Mario Van Peebles). (1 hr. 34 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Houseguest—Sinbad's plan to follow in the footsteps of fellow TV comics Tim Allen and Jim Carrey will have to wait for a better vehicle than this. It's a zany tale of a guy who, to evade loan sharks, impersonates an old friend the hapless Phil Hartman hasn't seen in 25 years. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG) *19th St. East; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

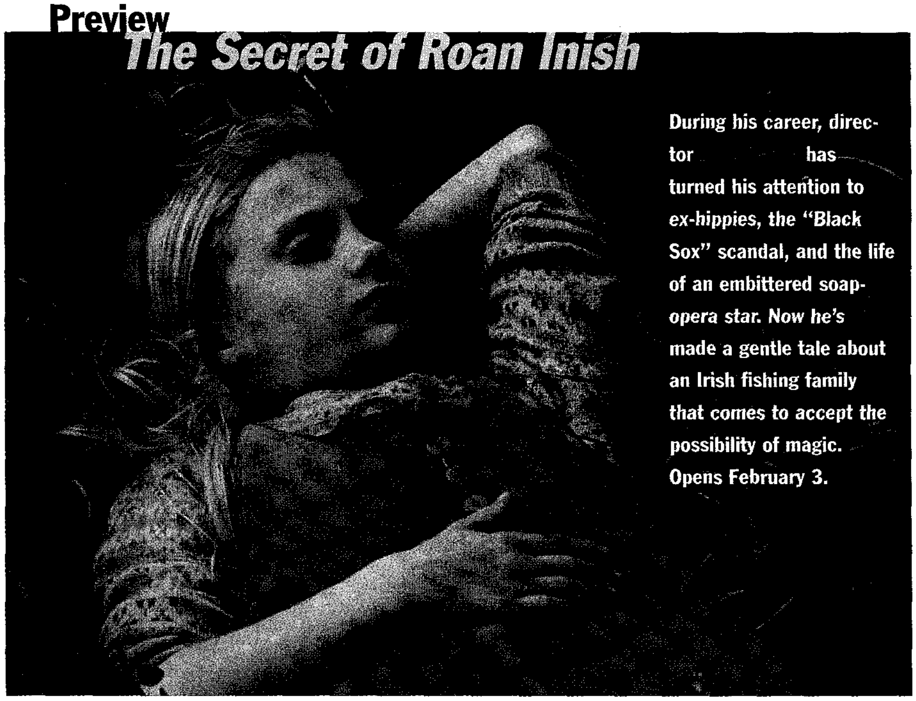
Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

In The Mouth of Madness—"Forget about Stephen King" is one of the recurring jokes in this movie about a mysterious author whose books are even more successful—both in sales and in their effect on readers—than him. King just gives them sleepless nights, but *this* missing writer has written a novel that wreaks havoc on the lives of everyone who reads it. Sam Neill is the insurance investigator who has to track the author down. Directed by John Carpenter, currently at work on a remake of *Village of the Damned* starring Christopher Reeve. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. east; Astor Plaza; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Jerky Boys—Hey, liver lips. Yeah, you, jerky. Watch this movie and you'll catch the feature debut of John G. Brennan and Kamal Ahmed, two guys who turned obnoxious prank phone calls into a cottage industry. Shut up; I'm talking. Their two albums contain a handful of truly funny moments, sure, but can they be funny when they're *not* placing prank phone calls? And can they act? I just hope they're putting some of their paychecks in the bank, you hear what I'm saying, jerky? (1 hr. 22 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy I; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Preview

The Secret of Roan Inish



During his career, director has turned his attention to *ex-hippies, the* "Black Sox" scandal, and the life of an embittered soap-*opera star. Now he's* made a gentle tale about an Irish fishing family that comes to accept the possibility of magic. Opens February 3.

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. East; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, and Claire Danes. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus-company employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé*. With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Martha and Ethel—A documentary by Jyll Johnstone and Barbara Ettinger about the nannies Martha and Ethel. Though employees, nannies become intimate members of the families they work for; this film uses extensive interviews and archival footage to show the impact these two had on the children for whom they served as surrogate mothers, friends, and disciplinarians—not to mention how they dealt with the parents they were asked to displace. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Miami Rhapsody—Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) gets engaged to her boyfriend, Matt (Gil Bellows of *The Shawshank Redemption*), and all she wants is a sweet, old-fashioned relationship just like her parents have. But then she finds out just how sweet that relationship is: Mom (Mia Farrow) is fooling around with Grandma's male nurse (Antonio Banderas), Dad (Paul Mazursky) is doing more than booking flights with his travel agent, Gwyn's brother is leaving his pregnant wife to move in with the wife of his business partner, and Gwyn's newlywed sister is catching up on old times with an old boyfriend. They get all the action, but Parker gets all the good lines in this romantic comedy by writer-director David Frankel. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Plaza.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners living under brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). Directed by Marc Rocco.

Photograph by David Appleby/First Look Releasing.

(2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermitlike mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd St. West Triplex; Baronet/ Coronet; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set from Thanksgiving to Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.* (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Director Quentin Tarantino is in the editing room for the next few weeks editing his segment of the anthology film *Four Rooms.* Meanwhile, this movie has just become the highest grosser in Miramax history (surpassing *The Crying Game*) and can expect more bucks on the way once the Oscar nominations come in. When it hits $100 million, it will certainly rank as one of the most edgy critical and commercial successes since *Midnight Cowboy* won the Best Picture Oscar in 1970. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ready to Wear—Trivial. Robert Altman's fashion-world bash has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties *H.E.A.L.T.H. and A Wedding.* (2 hrs. 12 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe Passage—Susan Sarandon is the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem. They're brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news and poring over old misunderstandings. Too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Columbus Circle.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acer-

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bic director John Sayles. (The highlight of his last movie, *Passion Fish,* was a hilarious monologue centering on anal probes.) Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Written by Sayles, based on Rosalie K. Fry's novella *The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry* (which doesn't seem that much harder to pronounce than *Roan Inish*). (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Village East; Angelika 57.*

Tom and Viv—Willem Dafoe and Miranda Richardson star in the story of the relationship between the poet T. S. Eliot and Vivienne Haigh-Wood, a coupling made only more difficult by the horribly misguided and uncaring treatment of Viv by doctors who don't bother to treat "women's" ailments with the same seriousness they confer on those of men. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again, finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; The Madness of King George; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; Ready to Wear; A Man of No Importance.* Opening 2/3: *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Through 2/16: "Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan" (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Demon Knight.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) See also "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Little Women; Higher Learning; Far From Home.* Opening 2/3: *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya on 42nd Street; Hoop Dreams; Red; White; Blue.* Opening 2/3: *Martha & Ethel.*

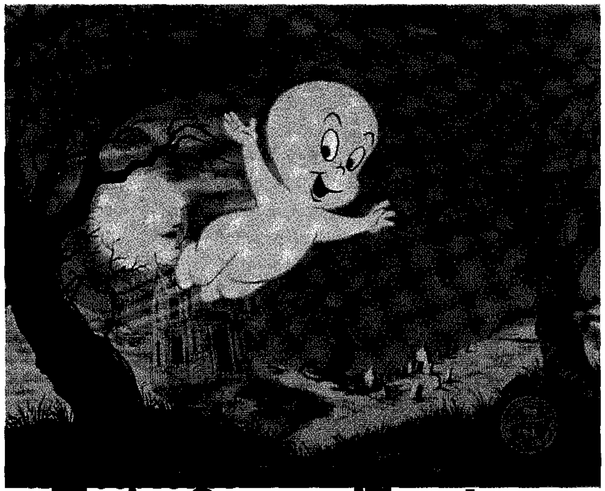
Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Tom and Viv; Queen Margot; To Live; Pulp Fiction; Dumber; Murder in the First; Bad Company; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Death and the Maiden; Last Seduction; Disclosure; Before Sunrise.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Demon Knight; S.F.W.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Before Sunrise.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys.*



Times Square 'Toontown

Today, most animation work is done in Hollywood or Asia, but from 1942 to 1967, Paramount operated an animation division out of some Times Square offices. MOMA *screens shorts featuring Casper, Popeye, and others from that era February 2–February 5.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pulp Fiction; Higher Learning; Disclosure; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *In The Mouth of Madness.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Madness of King George; Nobody's Fool; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Ready to Wear.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Mouth of Madness.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Nell; Jungle Book; I.Q.; Far From Home; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Murder in the First.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Drop Zone.* Opening 2/3: *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready to Wear; Queen Margot; Miami Rhapsody.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; The Professional; Little Women.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 2/3: *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *A Man of No Importance.* Opening 2/3: *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Bad Company.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *Bad Company.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360)

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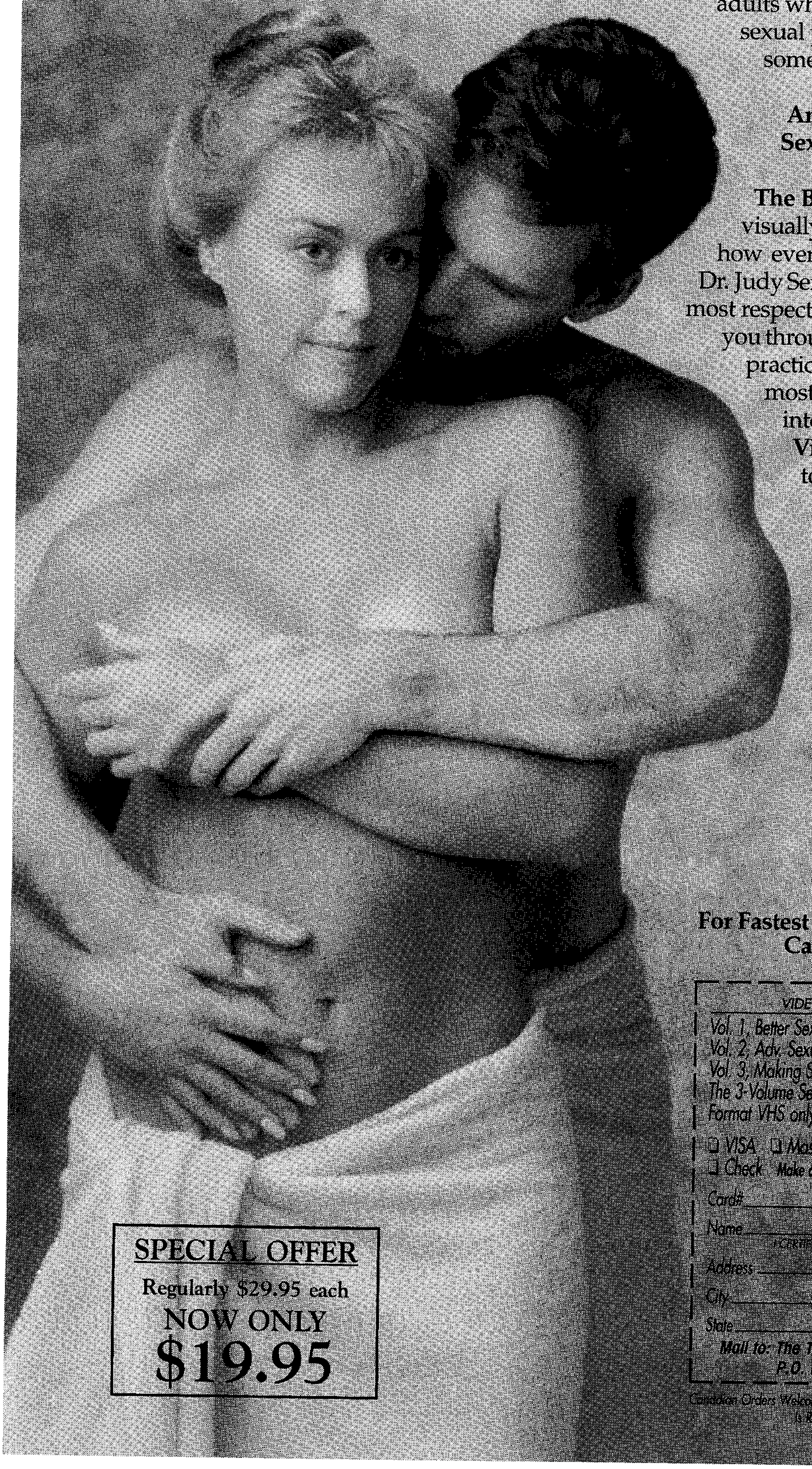

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59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Speechless; Far From Home.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Legends of the Fall; Highlander; Murder in the First; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 2/3: *Mouth of Madness.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Demon Knight; Far From Home; Interview With the Vampire.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Bad Company.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla; The River Wild; Frankenstein; Star Gate; The War; Eat Drink Man Woman.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; Little Women; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich; Before Sunrise.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning; I.Q.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I.Q.; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Legends of the Fall; Higher Learning; Little Women; Dumber; Disclosure; Murder in the First; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Mouth of Madness.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Bad Company.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Immortal Beloved.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Safe Passage.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Pulp Fiction; Bad Company; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Jerky Boys; Mouth of Madness.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear; Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Colonel Chabert; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; I.Q.; Far From Home; Before Sunrise.* Opening 2/3: *The Secret of Roan Inish; Martha & Ethel.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Interview With the Vampire; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Preview

Buster Keaton Bounces Back

He has never really fallen out of favor—*The General* continues to be cited as one of the greatest films of all time—but expect more Buster Keaton–mania than ever during 1995, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. First up: staggered releases of all his work on video and laserdisc, beginning with a boxed set just out that includes *Sherlock, Jr.*, a precursor to *The Purple Rose of Cairo* ($79.95 Kino video; $99.99 Image laserdisc). Then a Film Forum retrospective, February 10–March 16. Plus books and CDs too numerous to mention.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Highlander; Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Street Fighter; Far From Home.* Opening 2/3: *Mouth of Madness.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Higher Learning; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumber; Demon Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Demon Knight.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Jungle Book; Disclosure.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Murder in the First; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Higher Learning; Highlander.* Through 2/2: *Dumb and Dumber; Demon Knight; Disclosure.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Mouth of Madness.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Legends of the Fall; Nell; The Jungle Book.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Highlander; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Far From Home; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Jungle Book; Dumber; Disclosure.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; I.Q.; Death and the Maiden; Before Sunrise; Murder in the First; Jungle Book; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Nobody's Fool; Death and the Maiden.* Opening 2/3: *The Last Seduction.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; The Jungle Book; Little Women.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Murder in the First; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; The Madness of King George; Red.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Higher Learning; Highlande.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Demon Knight; Highlander; Higher Learning; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Higher Learning; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Highlander; Bad Company.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Death and the Maiden; Dumb and Dumber.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Murder in the First; Dumb and Dumber; Legends of the Fall.* Through 2/2: *Demon Knight.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Before Sunrise; Disclosure.* Through 2/2: *Richie Rich; Drop Zone; Little Women; Nell.* Opening 2/3: *Miami Rhapsody; In the Mouth of Madness; Boys on the Side.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *Nobody's Fool; Houseguest; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Higher Learning; Bad Company.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Bad Company; Demon Knight.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Dumb and Dumber; Higher Learning; Highlander.* Through 2/2: *Demon Knight; Bad Company; Disclosure; Nell.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Madness of King George; Death and the Maiden; Murder in the First; Bad Company; Immortal Beloved; Jungle Book; Disclosure.*

Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside

(784-3050) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Little Women.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Demon Knight; Houseguest; Bad Company; Highlander; Dumber.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumber; Bad Company.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) Through 2/2: *Nell; Immortal Beloved; Disclosure; Far From Home.* Opening 2/3: *Little Women; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Higher Learning; Highlander—The Final Dimension.* Through 2/2: *Demon Knight.*Opening 2/3: *Mouth of Madness.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Murder in the First; Bad Company; Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber; Houseguest.* Through 2/2: *Disclosure; Far From Home; Street Fighter; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dumb and Dumber; Jungle Book; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George.* Through 2/2: *Little Women.* Opening 2/3: *Miami Rhapsody.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Death and the Maiden; Disclosure; Little Women; Madness of King George.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Nobody's Fool; Disclosure; Nell; Richie Rich; Demon Knight; Street Fighter.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Death and the Maiden.* Through 2/2: *Street Fighter; Demon Knight.* Opening 2/3: *Disclosure.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber; Before Sunrise.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Little Women; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; Houseguest; Death and the Maiden.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *To Live; Disclosure.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Disclosure; Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Richie Rich.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Higher Learning; Highlander.* Opening 2/3: *The Jerky Boys; Mouth of Madness.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Jungle Book.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Jungle Book; Pulp Fiction; Demon Knight; Disclosure; Far From Home; Highlander; Richie Rich.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Higher Learning; Highlander.* Through 2/2: *Murder in the First; Dumb and Dumber; Demon Knight; Far From Home.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

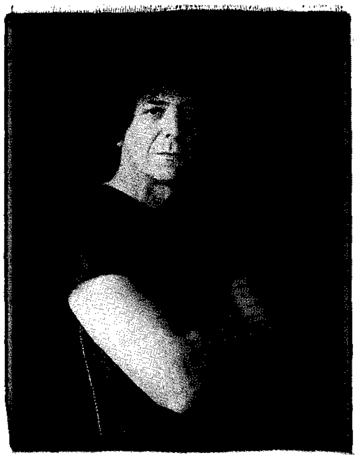
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Highlander; Death and the Maiden; Murder in the First; Dumber; Houseguest.* Through 2/2: *Little Women; Disclosure; Bad Company.* Opening 2/3: *Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody; Mouth of Madness.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—2/4–2/12: "Beautiful Nightmares: The Films of Dario Argento." The Italian master of baroque-gothic horror films that are long on atmosphere and sensuality and short, perhaps, on logic. But logic be damned when movies can be as sensually beautiful and yet horrifying as *Tenebres* (1982) or *Opera* (1987), shown from the director's own prints. Both films will be shown 2/4, with Argento present for a talk with Maitland McDonagh, the author of *Broken Mirrors/Broken Minds: The Dark Dreams of Dario Argento.* 2/5: *The Bird With the Crystal Plumage* (1970) and *Deep Red* (1976). 2/11: *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (1972) and *Suspiria* (1977). 2/12: *The Cat o' Nine Tails* (1971) and *Two Evil Eyes* (1990). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Lou Reed on Andy Warhol

Andy Warhol, as his current retrospective at Film Forum reminds us, loved to watch. *Anything.* His 1964 movie *Empire* was a continuous static shot of the Empire State Building, and *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (1966) was a 67-minute recording of the group rehearsing one song, "Melody Laughter," until the cops barged in to make them turn down the amps. "I think they thought we were the center of some huge drug ring," jokes VU frontman Lou Reed, whose band's wildly influential multimedia stage shows were orchestrated by Warhol. The aforementioned rehearsal was probably for a performance at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque in February 1966. Warhol had a week to fill, remembers Reed, "and he'd seen us play, and he said, 'Oh, oh, *ohhhh.* I don't know what I'm going to do. I have a week there. Why don't I show the movies on you?' And he did. . . . He was a giant. It was the greatest fun being around him. He was *so smart.* Very, very funny. I really miss him."



Photograph by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

Oddly, given all of Warhol's involvement, says Reed, "he never filmed the show itself, which is amazing. He taped everything else, but not that. And there's not a club that I've been to that doesn't show the influence of them: the light shows, wearing all black . . . usually you'll even see our little mirror ball." Some of Warhol's innovations, however, didn't stand the test of time quite as well. "He would often have people in the audience work the light machines," says Reed, "which was an expensive thing to do because people would drop them."

Michael Giltz

Anthology Film Archives—2/3 and 2/4: Four films by Ricky Leacock; four films by Victor Masayesva Jr. 2/4 and 2/5: Six films by Shigeko Kubota. 2/5: *Songs 1–22,* directed by Stan Brakhage. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Donnell Media Center—1/31: *Hair* (1979). 2/2: "Garbage! The Series. Perspectives on 20th Century Trash," a collection of four shorts. 2/2 and 2/4: "Film/Video Arts Angel Award Showcase." 2/7: *Show Boat* (1936). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). Through 2/7: *Mamma Roma* (1962). Through 2/9: "The Warhol Factory: 1963–1968." Highlights include *The Chelsea Girls* (1966), 1/30–2/2; *Bike Boy* (1968) on 2/6; *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (1966) on 2/3 and 2/4; *Henry Geldzahler* (1964), with an excerpt from *Empire* (1964), on 2/5 and 2/7; and *Vinyl* (1965), with Edie Sedgwick, on 1/31 and 2/9. "Happy Birthday, Babe!" A tribute on 2/6 to Babe Ruth includes rare shorts and an even rarer print of a movie called *Headin' Home* (1920) in which Ruth starred. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 2/2: Claude Lanzmann's *TSAHAL* (1994). 2/3–2/23: "Nelson Pereira Dos Santos: *Cinema Novo's* 'Spirit of Light.' " A tribute to the director who has been at the forefront of Brazilian cinema—as both an artist and a source of social consciousness—for the last 40 years. His latest work, *The Third Bank of the River* (1994), screens 2/3, 2/4, and 2/7. Also, *Rio, 100 Degrees* (1954) and *Barren Lives* (1963) 2/3–2/5. *Rio, Northern Zone* (1957) on 2/7. *Gold Mouth* (1963) on 2/8. "Movies for Kids." 2/4 and 2/5: "A Screenplay in Progress: *Satchmo's Gang,*" in which audience members get to participate in directing the flow of the story. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—2/7: *White Paws* (1949). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—2/2–2/5: "Cartoons From Times Square: Paramount Animated Cartoons 1942–1967." Baby Huey, Popeye, and the very polite spirit Casper will all be featured in this tribute to the output of Famous Studios. A return engagement for selections from "Alan Clarke: Television on the Edge." *Penda's Fen* (1974), *The Firm* (1988), and *Director, Alan Clarke* (1991) on 2/3. *Diane* (1975) and *Scum* (1977) on 2/4. *Made in Britain* (1983) and *Beloved Enemy* (1980) on 2/5. *Contact* (1985) on 2/6. *Psy-Warriors* (1981) on 2/6 and 2/7. *Christine* (1987) and *Elephant* (1989) on 2/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." An hour-long *20/20* episode by Geraldo Rivera devoted to Streisand and tied in to the release of *Yentl* (1983), perhaps her most artistically satisfying and publicly frustrating film. Screens through 2/12, paired with an excerpt of her performance on *The Stars Salute Israel at 30* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan—Through 2/16. A look at the essentials of Asian superstar Jackie Chan. Wildly fun, with physical, even *beautiful,* action sequences that will leave the most jaded *T2* addict clamoring for more. Go early: With double bills costing only $7, these semi-annual Hong Kong festivals inevitably sell out. *Operation Condor* (1991) and *Super Cop* (1992) on 1/30, 2/3, 2/12, and 2/14. *Project A* (1983) and *Project A II* (1987) on 1/31, 2/9, and 2/13. *Police Story* (1985) and *Police Story II* (1988) on 2/1, 2/7, and 2/16. *Drunken Master* (1978) and *Drunken Master II* (1994) on 2/2, 2/5, 2/8, and 2/11. *Dragons Forever* (1988) and *Island on Fire* (1991) on 2/4, 2/6, 2/10, and 2/15. Cinema Village 12th St., 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $7.

Skin Chick...Shoe Biz...Smile, Baby

Opening

Seems Like Old Times

Barbara Barrie and Rue McClanahan, portraying old friends reunited for a night on the town in Manhattan, chew the fat in 'After-Play,' the actress Anne Meara's playwriting debut. Opening this week at Manhattan Theatre Club.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 2/14 at 6:45. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 2/2, 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. In previews; opening 2/2. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock and roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its seventh year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades,

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains in the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/31. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. between Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $12. Wed.—Sat. at 8. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 West 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Opening 2/2. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on…well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Extended through 2/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

Coney Island Circus Sideshow—The human pincushion Kurt Steel, the snake charmer Delmonica, an erotic fire dancer, and a neon-sword swallower are just a few of the many amazements on display in this totally real, genuinely authentic collection of oddities. $10.50. Fri. at 10:30; Sat. at 8 and 10:30; Sun. at 8. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Frontier Feminist

who recently won raves for her dark comic turn as a neurotic girlfriend-from-hell in David Edelstein's ***Blaming Mom,*** celebrates the work of turn-of-the-century Montana writer Mary MacLane in ***Just Beneath My Skin,*** her one-woman show at the Ohio Theater Space, 60 Wooster Street (966-9290).

Photograph by James Bevins.

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical set in a small town during the fifties, it follows the paths of a brother and sister who try to find romance in the personals column of their local paper. Marks the theatrical debut of singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Book by Jeffrey Sweet; music by Manchester; lyrics by Manchester and Sweet. Directed by Pat Birch. With Bethe Austin, John Hickock, Robert Westenberg, and the incomparable Lynne Wintersteller. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 2/8. Through 2/19. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in *Angels in America*. Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews; opening 2/5. Through 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Missing Persons—A new, substantially rewritten version of Craig Lucas's 1981 piece about a woman and her family trying to come to terms with one another and the past. Directed by Michael Mayer, who helmed the well-received production of *Angels in America* in Chicago, the first stop on its national tour. $22–$28. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. at 2. Opening 2/1. Through 2/25. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

The Truth Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $25 in previews; $32.50–$35 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews; opening 2/9. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season devoted to the works of Horton Foote with the world premiere of this show about a couple confronting the death of their only child. Directed by Peter Masterson. With Ralph Waite, Devon Abner, Christine Burz, Frances Foster, Carlin Glynn, Seth Jones, Michael Lewis, and James Pritchett. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. No performances 1/30 and 2/6. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Dialogue

Monkey Love

In One Woman Shoe, David and Amy Sedaris's nifty, wicked farce playing at La Mama (it has just been extended through February 18), one brilliant set piece tumbles on top of another. In the one excerpted below, welfare recipient Sunny Masters (played by Jodi Lennon, far left) steps up to explain to her friends—Bobbi Sheridan, Tatum Hodges, and Briggs—why she *wants to borrow a pet monkey.*

Sunny: It all seemed so perfect, like someone had a plan—a good one—and that it *all . . . somehow . . . matched up.* Me, the baby I was carrying, the boots I wore that summer . . . it all . . . came together, like the pieces of a puzzle. But one missing piece of the sky lost behind a sofa cushion or carried off by ants and suddenly the beautiful picture isn't quite so perfect anymore. [She struggles to be brave.] The doctors said they had never seen anything like it. "Eyes in the back of the head." "A freak," a "mystery." "So curious." Well, that's a gift I wouldn't mind having. I used to lay him down on his belly and stare into his eyes. He'd struggle to reach his hands behind his back and . . . try to swat at my finger or whatever it was I was poking him with. [She is tearful.] Between the two of us you'd think we would have seen trouble coming, but sometimes all it takes is . . . one clock radio to bring it all down. One . . . little . . . clock . . . radio. [She stands there defeated by the memory.]

Briggs: [Touched] That is some damned sad shit.

(La MaMa Experimental Theater Club, 74A East 4th Street, 475-7710.)

Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?—A new comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman imagines what a small resort community in the Northeast would be like if there were no Jews in America. Directed by Michael Rudman. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/5. No performance 1/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl. L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Previews begin 1/31; opens 2/21. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 West 55th St. (581-1212).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, *I Could Go On Singing*), June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in *Citizen Kane* as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30-$35. Now previewing: Tue. at 7; Wed.—Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theater, 130 West 44th St. (997-1780).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect.. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/19/95. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butler off. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher St.;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play— not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. In previews beginning 2/3 for a 2/23 opening; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards' English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Acts of Faith—Sidney Salaman, a Jewish-atheist cab-driving socialist who has recently been mugged, finds himself recuperating in the midst of a household menage that includes a devout Jamaican housekeeper and a young African-American writer. Written and directed by Stephen Mantin. $12. Performances: 2/4–5, 9–12, 15–19, 22–26, all at 8. *Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank St. (982-0875).*

The Black Doctor—A romantic melodrama written by African-American Ira Aldridge, one of America's greatest 19th-century Shakespearean actors. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/12. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

The Cherry Orchard—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thurs.- Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/3/95. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Dropping In on the Earth—Two visitors from another planet survey contemporary life in this evening of skits and songs. Book and lyrics by Tom Attea; score by Arthur Abrams; directed (and two additional songs) by Mark Marcante. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/1. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thurs. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. Through 2/11. *Perry St. Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

Five & Dime Theatre—The Waterline Theatre company presents an evening of one-act plays: David Wells' *Hypnotherapy*; Darko Tresnjak's *You, Me, Out Apartment and Our Problems;* Jack Garrett's *A Poet, a Lawyer, a Promontory;* and *The Russian*, by "Eileen Noon and Mrs. O'Leary's Volunteer Fire Department". $10. 2/6–7 and 13–14 at 8. *Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. west of Seventh Ave. (714-8138).*

Full Frontal Comedy—The latest collection of sketch comedy from the Lab Rats. Written and performed by Rick Mowat and Marty Grabstein; directed by Alan Braunstein. Free. Tues. at 8. Through 2/16. *Pozo Lounge, 15 St. Marks Place (674-7959).*

Gardenias in Winter—The lives of five women are altered when their sister suffers a massive stroke. Written and directed by David Wesner. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. 2/2–2/26. *Lamb's Little Theater, 130 West 44th St. (768-9117).*

Ghosts of Newstead Vault—The art and madness of Lord Byron is dissected by the spirits of his dead family and a team of medical examiners. Written by Vincent Lamberti; directed by Frank Licato. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/5. *Alice's Fourth Floor, 432 West 42nd St. (459-4564).*

The Green Turtle—In Patrick Gabridge's new drama, two elderly people meet each other in a diner and attempt to "only connect"—easier said, it turns out, than done. Directed by Michael MacKenzie Wills. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, 1/31–2/18. *The Theater Row Theatre, 424 West 42nd St. (473-4473)*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings by director Barry Kyle: *Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War.* $30. *Part I* is up and running; *Part II* begins 2/3. Both premiere on 2/25 (*Part I* at 2 and *Part II* at 8). Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

Kidnapped—Tyrone and Marylee, direct descendants of Daniel Boone and Betsy Ross, are time travelers drawn together in this dark comedy by their mutual love and contempt for the moral wilderness that surrounds them. Written by Sean O'Connor; directed by Jude Schanzer. Music by George Bonds. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theatre, 259 West 30th St. (268-9829).*

Living in Pieces—A darkly comic play written by and starring the "intensely charismatic, sexy, and smart Julie Flanders." Directed by Stephen Jobes. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 5. Through 2/12. *One Dream Theatre, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Porter—In the Medicine Show company's revue, five Shakespeare plays meet 32 songs (a number of them unpublished) by Cole Porter. Directed by Barbara Vann; musical director, Sandra Sprecher. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. 2/3–3/4. *Medicine Show, 552 West 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Most Men Are—A new musical about what happens when the three most important men in one young man's life—father, brother, and lover—come together on the eve of his funeral. Music, book, and lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff; directed by Daniel Simmons. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. matinee 2/4 at 2. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place off Seventh Ave. South (489-7807).*

Much Ado About Nothing—A new version of Shakespeare's tale; directed by Brenda Lynn Bynum. From the Oasis Theatre. $15. Thur.-Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. *Playground Theatre, 230 East 9th St. (673-3706).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thur.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

Oedipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $15–$20 during previews beginning 2/3; $20–$25 after the 2/12 opening. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/18. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place off First Avenue (598-9802).*

Off Off Off... But Still on Broadway—An evening of new performance work by Nicky Tamrong, Bill Bartlett, and Wendy Davidson. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, 2/3-12. *Soundance Studio, 4th floor, 385 Broadway south of Canal St. (941-6457).*

One Woman Shoe—David Sedaris, the apartment-cleaning NPR commentator, has collaborated with his sister Amy on a new show. In it, no one is allowed to receive any government assistance (welfare, food stamps, and such) until she learns to put on a one-woman show. Directed by Mike Napier. $12. Mon. at 8; Thur.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/4. La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).

The Players Club—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Fri. at 8. Through 2/3. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Russian Deconstructivism—Two new dance-theater pieces: *Samovar Fears*, by Dina Emerson and Will Pomerantz; and *The Fever*, by Robert C. Lyons and Kristin Marting. $12.50. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 2/12. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Schools of Fish—A cult leader from Texas, a prosecuting attorney, and a jury foreman square off in this drama written by Jim Gardiner and Len Fink and directed by Ken Dashow. $8; two-drink minimum. Mon. at 9. Through 1/31/95. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Sordid Lives—A weekly soap opera melding pop-culture figures with a convoluted and indeed crass story line. Written and directed by Harold Slazer with Tony Koplin. $7. Fri. at 11 (new episode every week). *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2960).*

Strange Snow—A revival of Stephen Metcalfe's drama about a Vietnam vet torn apart by his memories of the war (not to mention alcohol), and the sister and other veteran who become drawn into his destruction. Filmed as a movie called *Jacknife*, with Robert De Niro and Ed Harris. Directed by Mark McKenna. With Carl Cohen, Paul Navarra, and Diane Rooney. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/11. *Pelican Studio Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (979-0263).*

That Gail—Gail Dennison's one-woman show, wherein the actress portrays a broad variety of contemporary eccentrics. Directed by Matt Mitler. $8. 1/31 at 8. *Theatre 603, 311 West 43rd St. (242-6944).*

30,000 Pigs Roamed the City—A new musical comedy with (and this gets complicated) book by Bill Baumer and Ed Stevens; music by Dean Meyers; lyrics by Meyers, Stevens, and Baumer; and directed and choreographed by Michael Piatkowski. $15. Thur. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3:30. Through 2/11. *Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2960).*

Two Johns Kissin Leslie—The latest comic improvisational show from Chicago City Limits and the first in its new home. It stars John Cameron Telfer, John Webber, Carl Kissin, and Leslie Upson, and they promise only a fleeting reference to O. J. Simpson. $17.50. Wed. and Thur. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. and 61st St. (888-5233).*

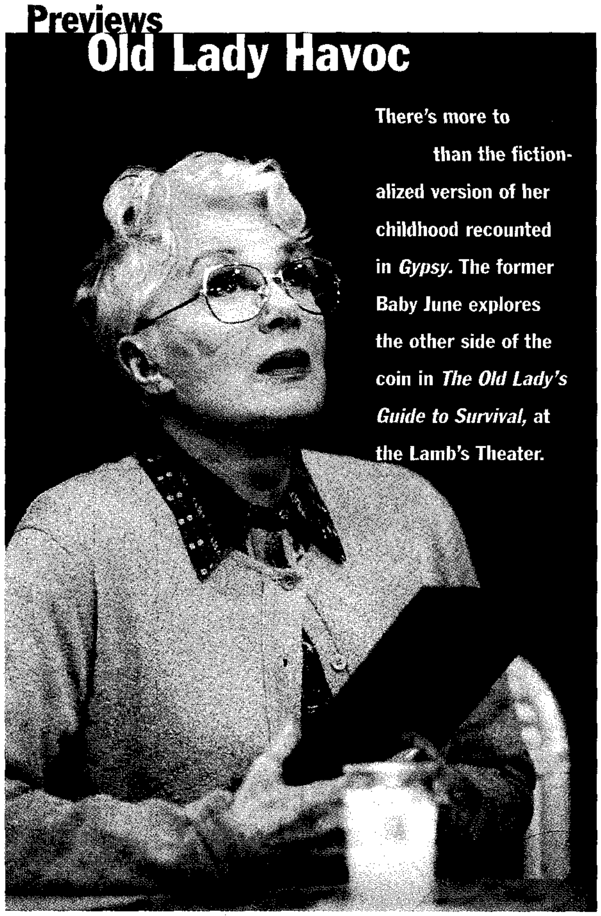
Uncle Bob—A new two-character play written by Austin Pendleton. With George Morfogen and Adam Stein; directed by Kelly Morgan. $12 in previews; $20 after opening. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. In previews; opening 2/1. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St., fifth floor (315-9434).*

Waterfall/Reflections—The Yara Arts Group presents an interweaving of American and Ukrainian women's family histories, myths, ancient songs, and contemporary poetry. Developed in Kiev in collaboration with folk singer Nina Matvienko. Directed by Virlana Tkacz. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; also 2/5 and 2/12 at 3:30. Through 2/12. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Wordfire Festival 95—A three-week program of new solo theater pieces. Featured: Susan Miller's *My Left Breast*, Patricia Scanlon's *Just Beneath My Skin*, and Emmet Foster's *One Morman Show.*

Previews

Old Lady Havoc



There's more to than the fictionalized version of her childhood recounted in *Gypsy*. The former Baby June explores the other side of the coin in *The Old Lady's Guide to Survival*, at the Lamb's Theater.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

nightlife

Clooney...Kitt...Contortions

Concerts

Hassan Hakmoun Ensemble—A Moroccan song-and-dance man, Hassan Hakmoun plays a deep-toned lute called the sintir, sings ecstatic trance music, and performs acrobatic dances—all from the ancient ceremonies of the Gnawa. The traditional music blends North African and Arab melodies with West African rhythms, and this Marrakech native (and Peter Gabriel protégé) is one of its younger, more dynamic practitioners. 2/4 at 8 p.m. *New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

Glen Velez—A composer, scholar, and teacher of the drum, Glen Velez commands quite an arsenal of percussion. The instruments come from Egypt, South India, Ireland, and Central Asia and have names like "devil chasers," "wind wands," and "ocean drums." 2/3 at 8 p.m. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $12.*

Newband—The new music ensemble performs works by Thelonious Monk, Dean Drummond, and Harry Partch, all on the famously bizarre, Rube Goldberg-by-way-of-Dr. Seuss instruments that Partch made himself. These include the Chromelodeon, the Surrogate Kithara, the Harmonic Cannon, the Marimba Eroica, the Cloud Chamber Bowls, and—of course—the Zoomoozophone. 8 p.m. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060). $16.*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. 2/2: Thin Lizard Dawn, a New York buzz band whose singer has bedroom eyes and whose guitars have a kind of seedy lubriciousness all their own. 2/3: Professor Spoon. 2/4: The Authority. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/3: Flute and tin whistle virtuoso Joanie Maddens. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Now celebrating two decades of giving rock, jazz, and folk artists great sound and good sightlines, this remains one of the best all-around venues in the city,. Great fries too. 2/1: The great bluesman and ethnomusicologist Taj Mahal. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy, for all the bare brick and low-rent postcollege rock bands. Tasty microbrews and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 2/1: Stisism; Stump. 2/4: Fleshtones; Ass Ponys. Shows at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 2/3–2/4: D Generation. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 1/31: "Utopia Parkway," art videos with D.J.s Olive and Spooky. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth. 2/1: Mark Mulcahy; Chris Harford; Pal Shazar Band. 2/3: Big Joe; Blue. 2/4: Tiny Lights. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Reggae emmissary Bob Marley would have turned 50 this Monday (Fabian too). Helping us celebrate the former's birthday, on 2/6, are: Sugar Minott, the Mighty Diamonds, Sister Carol, the City Heat Band, Worl-a-Girl, and others. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Knitting Factory—In its new TriBeCa digs, the Knitting Factory has become a supermarket of alternative music, with all the leading brands in avant-, indie-, and post-everything. 1/31: Avant-guitarist, former Lounge Lizard, and all-around prankster Marc Ribot leads Shrek. 2/2: Post-bop cut-ups the Jazz Passengers. 2/4: Local indie-rock celebs Chavez and Blonde Redhead. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—Virtuoso harmonica player Sugar Blue can be mentioned in the same breath as Sonny Rollins, if only because both artists have sat in with the Rolling Stones. Check out Blue's wailing on the Stones' "Miss You" (off *Some Girls*) or here, on 2/2. 2/8: Lonnie Brooks. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-*blues*).*

Maxwell's—Once the hippest thing in a lounge jacket, alto sax demon James Chance screeched his way through New York's early-eighties "no wave" scene at the helm of the punky funk band the Contortions. Possesed of a caterwauling sax style and combative stage persona, Chance was a sort of avant-punk cross between John Zorn and G. G. Allin. Luckily for him, the Contortions (then mostly made up of the avant-funk band Defunct) grooved hard enough to back him up. Now Chance is back, slightly heavier but apparently with as few marbles as ever and a pretty crack band. They play on 2/4. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge— 2/3: Kevin Salem. 2/6: Ruthie Morris, whose formidable guitar skills were immortalized in Juliana Hatfield's song "Ruthless," co-leads the mighty Magnapop with singer Linda Hopper. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

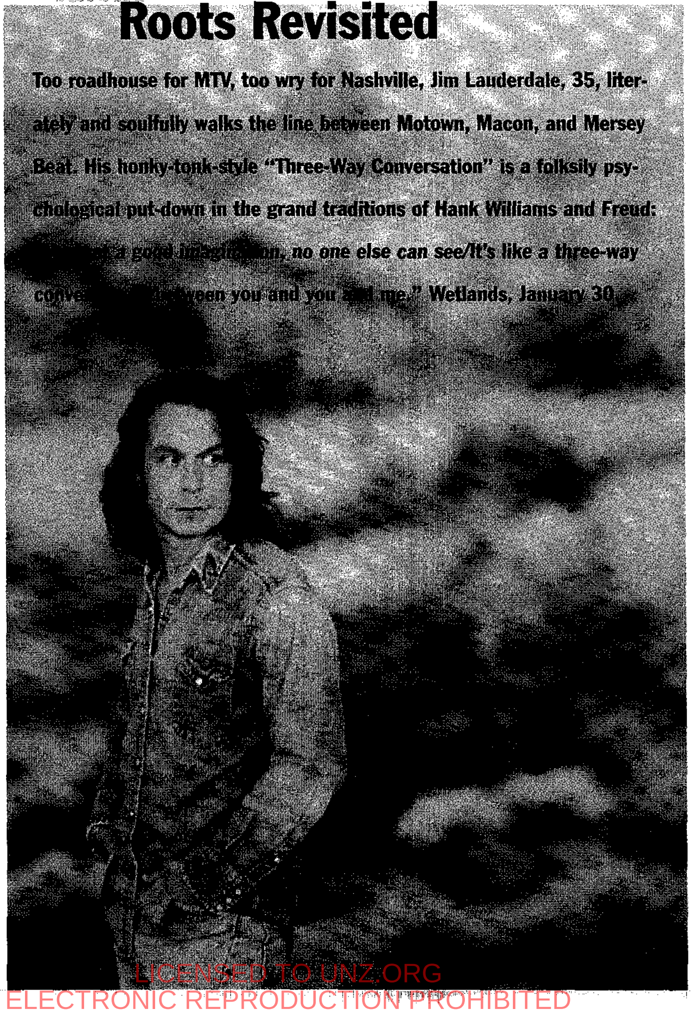
Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 2/6: Antihoot with Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians.

Talent

Roots Revisited



Too roadhouse for MTV, too wry for Nashville, Jim Lauderdale, 35, literately and soulfully walks the line between Motown, Macon, and Mersey Beat. His honky-tonk-style "Three-Way Conversation" is a folksily psychological put-down in the grand traditions of Hank Williams and Freud: "[illegible] a good imagination, *no one else can see*/It's like a three-way conversation between you and you and me." Wetlands, January 30.

2/3: Tabou Combo. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Soul singer Joi does it all: earthy and ethereal, seductive and fierce. On her fine record *The Pendulum Vibe*, the 23-year-old Nashvillian works her supple voice over such a wide a range of textures and styles (even the plainchant "Te Adore Christus") that she'll easily lap this year's line of disposable R&B divas without breaking a sweat. The waify diva is also quite an experience in concert and fronts a great jazz-flavored funk band. They play on 2/4 2/8: Ivan Neville Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/30: Nick Lowe; Jim Lauderdale. 2/3: Old school ska survivors Bad Manners play with the Scofflaws, Ultra Bide, and Agent 99. 2/6: Canada's Moist. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 1/31: Jeff Newell Quartet. *2420 Broadway, at 89th St. (740-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. A great pairing this week sets the masterful pianist Ahmad Jamal with upstart trumpeter Roy Hargrove. Jamal has always been an expert at cloaking the "out"-est sounds in the most rootsy and elegant phrasing. Playing with with the dynamic young trumpeter's quintet, Jamal should do wonders to advance the education started by Hargrove's former tutor, Wynton Marsalis. They play 1/31–2/5. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 1/31–2/4: George Cables. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 1/31–2/5: Joe Morello. 2/7–2/12: Claudio Roditi *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. Mondays through February, "Five Star Guitars Play the Music of Charles Mingus," with a rotating roster of New York fret-burners—David Fiuczynski, Larry Coryell, Rodney Jones, David Gilmore, and others. 1/31–2/3: Trumpeter Terence Blanchard leads his quartet. 2/7–2/11: Alto saxophonist and flutist Tom Chapin leads a quartet featuring Ronnie Mathews. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 a.m. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—Sundays through February, Michael Moriarty, Emmy- and Tony-award-winning actor and author of two mystery novels, plays piano. If you miss him here, he's in an upcoming CBS-TV mini-series—with Farrah Fawcett. 2/1–2/4: Pianist James Williams and bassist Bob Cranshaw. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 2/3–2/5: Persuasions. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. Nightly jams start round about 2 a.m. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 a.m. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/31–2/12: The great ballad sorcerer Jimmy Scott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. This February it turns 60. 1/31–2/6: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra. 2/7–2/12: Art Farmer plays with Jerome Richardson, Ron Blake, Geoff Keezer, Kenny Davis, and the exciting drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 a.m. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/31: Jim McNeely Trio. 2/1–2/4: The wonderful saxophonist Arthur Blythe leads a quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, and many other comedy greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. 1/30–2/5: Rick Crom; Ray Romano; Kevin Brennan; Dave Attell. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 a.m. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 2/5: Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—2/4: Rich Franchese; Todd Barry; Mike King; Sam Greenfield. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9 p.m., with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 p.m.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 p.m. *241 East 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 2/4: Nancy LaMott. Tues.–Sat. at 9; Fri. and Sat. at 11:30. $30; $15

Performance

Déjà Vu Generation

D Generation, probably the most rabidly followed rock band in New York, are not glam, despite the mascara. Nor are they punk necessarily, though their name, their ostentatious alienation, and their Clash-flavored guitars all bespeak late-seventies High Punk. What D Generation are is well-timed. As Green Day, Offspring, Rancid, and other fresh-faced newcomers mine the ragged, torqued-up rock style of the early punk era for what's sure to be a limited run through the MTV consciousness, D Generation have anticipated the next phase. Merging the trashy pomp of New York Dolls with the tattered glory of the Dead Boys and the metallic pop of, say, Hanoi Rocks, these Lower East Side lifers have forged a hard-rock package that's made-to-order for the retro fever currently ruling the airwaves. (And they're danceable too.) While this may seem calculated, it's more like the guys are simply blessed by some minor punk-rock deity. For years, they've strolled the East Village like gaunt lords of the realm—collecting kudos and free drinks from St. Marks minions, hosting one of the city's most happening parties (The Green Door, every other Saturday night at Pozo Lounge), and striking the perfect balance between Steven Tyler and Sid Vicious. And now, they've managed a final stroke of punk statesmanship: getting dropped by EMI, just like the Sex Pistols! See these star-crossed heroes at the perfect venue, CBGB (February 3–4), for a night of déjà-rock that just might be the next big thing.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Joseph Cultice.

minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Blue Angel—*Les Incroyables,* a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *321 W. 44th St. (262-3333).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt through 2/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—*Cleopatra's Follies,* a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Copeland's—Covers range from $5–$10. *547 W.145th St. (234-2357).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. 1/30: Wendy Richmond. 2/2 and 2/4: Michael McQuary. 2/3: Guy Blumberg. 2/5: Singing Experience, Linda Burns, Ann Stevens, David Wilson. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—1/30: Margo McKee's Soundstage; *Bouncing Back; Schools of Fish* with Jim Gardner. 1/31: *Girl Talk; Alice Down Under;* Tom Keeling. 2/1: *Schools of Fish; The Heat Is On,* with Quinn Lemley as Rita Hayworth; *Swirl,* an ensemble revue. 2/2: Jenny Burton. 2/3: Singer Jon Andersson with Daryl Kojak and Band. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Duplex—Thur.: Gotham City Improv. at 8: *The Carl Lomax Comedy Hour.* Fri: *Dressing Room Divas,* 10 p.m., and Talent Search. Sat: *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun. : *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* Covers range from $5–$12. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty Eight's—1/30: Natalie Gamsu, 8 p.m.; Robert Hodge, 10:30 p.m. 1/31: Naomi Kukoff. 2/1: Elena Bennett. 2/2: Natalie Douglas. 2/3: Teri Lynn Paul, 8:30 p.m. ; Julie Rogelstad, 10:30 p.m. 2/4: *Scott Warrender Revue.* 2/5: Karen Saunders, 5:30 p.m. $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Judy's—Various performers nightly at 9 p.m. In the piano bar, David Lahm Jazz Duo with Judy Kreston, Mon.-Tues; Jerry Scott, Wed.-Sat. $10, plus a $12 minimum. *49 W. 44th St. (764-8930).*

Le Max—Every Wed. and Thur. at 9:00: John Wallowitch and Bertram Ross. Every Tues.–Fri. at 8: Dennis Liburd. $10 minimum. *147 W. 43rd St. (764-3705).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars— Through 2/4: Manhattan Rhythm Kings. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th fl. (632-5000).*

Rose's Turn—A mix of stand-up, sketch comedy, female impersonators, and singers. 1/31: Comedy Works, 6 p.m. 2/1-2: *Comedy Palooza!* 2/3: 8 p.m., *The Musical Enquirer,* a musical spoof; 10 p.m., *How to Live Your Life.* 2/4: *Talking Themselves in From the Ledge, Tiny's Comedy Hour.* $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

The Russian Tea Room—$20, plus $10 minimum. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

Tatou—*Just for Kicks,* a nightly revue featuring the Tatou Follies Dancers. $10, plus two-drink minimum Tues.–Thur.; $15, plus two-drink minimum Fri. Shows at 10. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

T-Rocks—Various revues and impersonators nightly. No cover. *358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620).*

Trocadero—Sat. at 10: *The Jay and Tammy Show.* $7, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker St. (242-0636).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jagermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's, the delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Bar 6—Though owner Diana Van Buren would like you to think of this elegant hang as a Moroccanish bistro first (and the food *is* tempting), the flashy bar scene is self-sustaining and the prices on the top-shelf sauce have come down some. *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 a.m., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—On Wednesday night this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Montero's—A longshoremen's bar sans stevedores, although their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends there's a gate, and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St., Brooklyn (624-9799).*

Oak Room—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front and a dartboard in the back and a gaggle of "make yourself comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St. (777-6158).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset—which is about four in the afternoon these days. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

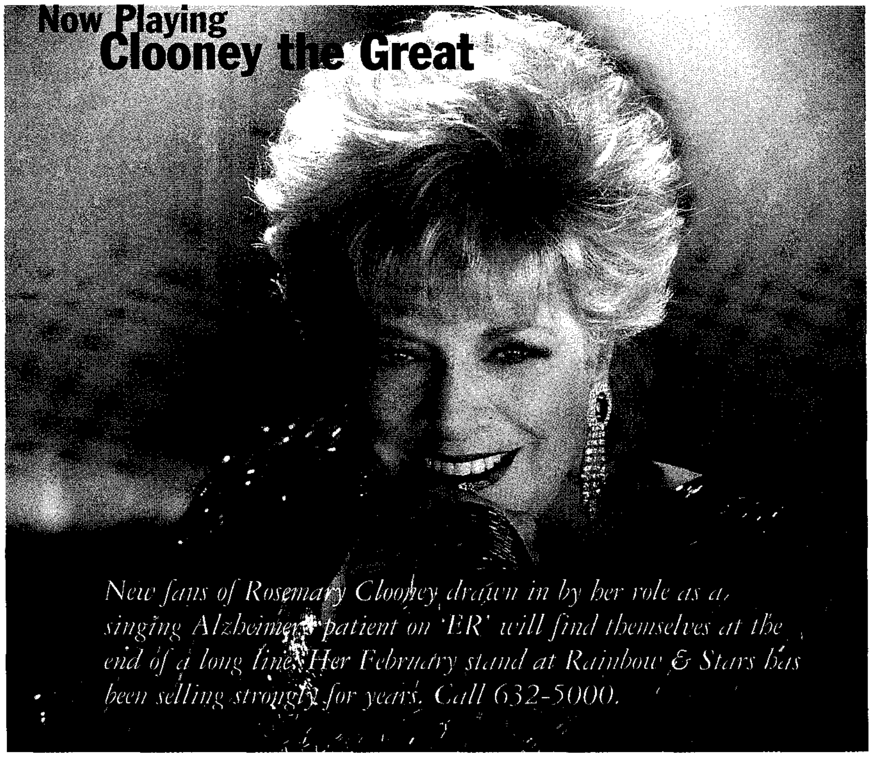
Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size *pissoirs.* Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

S.T.—To the interloper, this up-to-the minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. The huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity and make it so crowded that not only can you taste the alienation in the air; you can smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as you come out of the bathroom. *634 E. 11th St. (no phone).*

Teddy's–Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of the late in-house piano man, Shorty Jackson, keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9787).*

205 Club—A social club for hipsters. A couch, a pool table, a D.J. after 10:30, and the best pinball machine in creation make first-timers feel like longtime members. One tip: Get your partner to order his or her bourbon on the rocks before you order yours neat. The bartenders seem to feel compelled to match the level of the first drink, leaving you with one crippling can of Makers Mark. *205 Chrystie St., at Stanton St. (473-5816).*

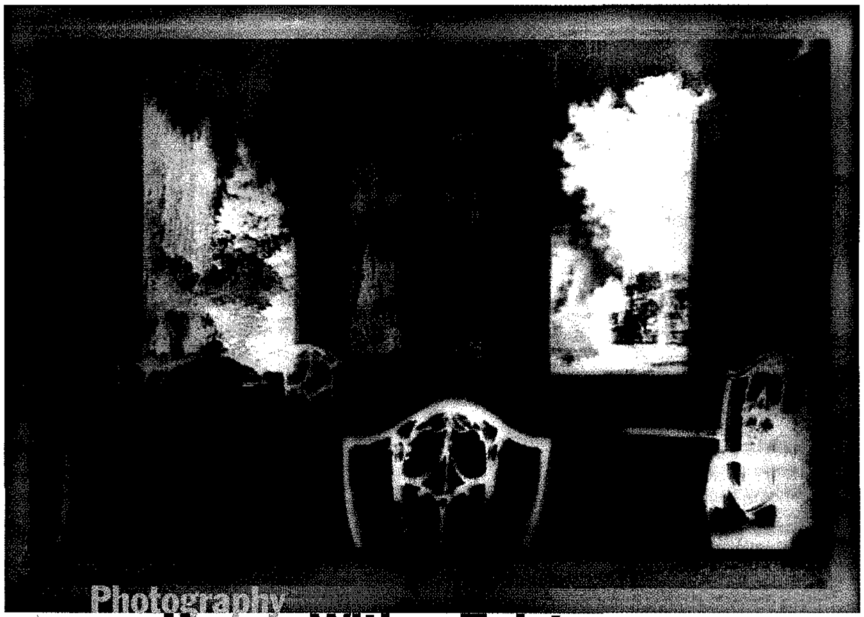
Now Playing Clooney the Great



New fans of Rosemary Clooney drawn in by her role as a singing Alzheimer's patient on 'ER' will find themselves at the end of a long line. Her February stand at Rainbow & Stars has been selling strongly for years. Call 632-5000.

Photograph by Gregory Heisler.

Tàpies...Lorna Bieber...Helen Wilson



Photography

Home, With a Twist

Lorna Bieber photographs and manipulates anonymous snapshots of interiors from the forties and fifties, creating a haunted décor that brings to mind party mix, Jack Benny, and 'Look' magazine, at Julie Saul Gallery.

Openings

The small lakes and ponds of the Hudson Highlands are the subjects of **Ray Mortenson's** latest photographs (opens February 4 at Janet Borden, 560 Broadway). **"Revealing Desire"** looks at paintings, sculpture, video, and photography by nine women artists who deal with representations of the body (opens February 4 at Cristinerose Gallery, 395 West Broadway).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Carl Andre—The artist's own 1995 remake of the minimalist sculpture *Sand-Lime Instar,* an eight-element gridded field that was destroyed in 1966; through 2/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Jean Carzou—Paintings and drawings of the palace and gardens ofVersailles executed between 1971 and 1994; through 2/17. Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings of landscapes, still lifes, and nudes from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation NewYork School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Aharon Gluska—A group of mixed-media works in wood, silk, resin, and paint that incorporate enlarged copies of mug shots of Jews in concentration camps taken from the Nazis' own files; Through 3/4. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Roni Horn/Nayland Blake—When the artist first began making these text-based drawings in gouache and watercolor in 1984, she recorded literary quotes and references as well as her own writing. Her most recent works are based on the her own writings from the book *Pooling Waters*/Video-based works from the past five years. Through 3/11. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Isabelle Sixtus—Gestural abstract paintings by a French artist who lives in New York; through 2/25. Damji, 23 E. 81st St. (472-6676).

57th Street Area

William Baziotes—Of these seemingly serene biomorphic paintings, the artist, who had a horror of being misunderstood, once wrote, "My work is like the Caribbean—Above the Blue Sky and below the Blue Water—beneath the sharks . . ."; through 3/4. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Rudy Burckhardt—Painted in a deliberately primitive style, these quirky views of the Maine forest accentuate the human characteristics of trees and plants; through 2/18. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Waltercio Caldas/Cildo Meireles—Sculptures and installations by these two Brazilian artists whose works are primarily concerned with the perceptual and emotional experience of space.Through 2/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Wendell Castle—A selection of the furniture maker's whimsical cabinets made between 1985 and 1995; through 2/25.Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Ward Davenny—Charcoal drawings of landscapes; through 2/18. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Minnie Evans/David Zeldis—Paintings by the self-taught visionary artist, whose themes include scenes from the Bible, the sacredness of nature, and the exotic (see Museum of American Folk Art)/Small pencil drawings from the past fifteen years, ranging in subject from the familiar to the fantastic.Through 2/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Candace Jans—Still-life compositions, interiors, and architectural exteriors painted on the Sicilian island of Salina, where the artist spends her summers; 2/2–25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Alfred Jensen—This group of fifteen paintings based on the aerial configuration of stepped pyramids, or ziggurats, was probably influenced by the artist's travels in Mexico during the mid-sixties; through 2/11. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jacob Lawrence—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; through 2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Ann Lofquist—Paintings of landscapes in Maine that concentrate on specific weather and light conditions; through 2/24. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Guy de Malherbe—The French artist scours the streets of Paris at night in search of these headboards, shutters, moldings, and other discarded objects on which he paints his faint evocations of images; through 2/25. Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (759-5536).

Mary Obering/Stephanie Rowden—Reductive paintings of concentric squares and rectangles on boxlike constructions/Sculptures and installations that record the stories of different people in the artist's life through the use of sound; 2/1–25. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Langdon Quin—Paintings of Italian landscapes and of figures in interiors; through 2/25. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Raphael Soyer—An exhibit spanning the artist's career, with an emphasis on his Social Realist paintings of the thirties and forties; through 3/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Jack Tworkov/Sam Francis—A survey documenting the evolution of his paintings from Abstract Expressionism to his later reductive works; through 2/11/An exhibit ofAbstract Expressionist paintings and drawings from the fifties to the early nineties, marking the artist's death last November; through 2/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Tom Uttech—Paintings of Canadian forests and their wildlife inhabitants; 2/1–25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Bettina Werner—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; through 2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Helen Miranda Wilson—Inspired by the poems and pictures engraved on the windowpanes in the artist's childhood home, these recent small-scale paintings depict the rooms the artist lives in, her own body, the food she eats, and the surrounding sky and landscape; through 3/4. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Eleanor Antin—The artist's newest work is *Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story,* a surreal, film set–like installation that reconstructs a section of old, decaying Greenwich Village; through 2/18. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Julie Saul Gallery.

Survey

Wall of Dreams

The Spanish artist Antoni Tàpies, the subject of an exhibition of 56 paintings that opened last week at the Guggenheim Museum SoHo, is one of the great tinkering alchemists of modernism. He is an artist forever hunting for the dream concealed within the ordinary—one who seeks, through the inspired juxtaposition or the runic reverie, to discover some essential secret. As befits a man whose name means "wall" in Catalan, Tàpies, who is now in his early seventies, makes pictures that often look like mysterious walls. They may contain marble dust as well as paint and varnish; their color has the luminosity of old stone. More important, they both conceal and invite, which is what the imagination loves. Tàpies's "walls" are public and private, like graffiti, and seem steeped in the sensations of time. Like old stone walls, they record how the past crumbles into the present. Joan Miró, a great influence on Tàpies, once said something of Catalans in general that perfectly describes the dreamy rootedness of this artist. "We Catalans believe that one must always stand with one's feet firmly on the ground if one hopes to be able to jump high in the air."

Mark Stevens

Skip Arnold/Sigrid Hackenberg—A sculpture in which the artist sits nude inside a clear plastic box offering himself as a collectible object/Video projections that incorporate fragments of the artist's body. Through 2/4. Merians, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Richard Artschwager—A monumental sculpture titled *Large Drop Drop,* made in 1991, that consists of a large spun-aluminum exclamation point suspended over a black granite pool; through 2/25. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-7820).

Siri Berg—Geometric abstract paintings and collages of hand-made paper printed with the artist's own handcarved wood blocks; through 2/16. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

Joseph Beuys—Portfolios of prints and multiples from John Gibson's own collection that were made by the German artist between 1968 and 1976; through 2/11. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Alfonse Borysewicz—New paintings that ruminate on the artist's Catholic faith and inner life; through 2/25. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Donald Judd—Minimalist sculpture made between 1963 and 1990; 2/2–25. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Leslie Kamen—Large, shaped abstract paintings whose fissured surfaces recall topographical maps; through 2/18. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Raeford Liles—Collages inspired by Asian erotic art; through 2/18. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Josiah McElheny/Dan Peterman—The artist, who is also a glassblower, critiques and reinvents the history and mythology of glass by re-creating originals, replicas, fakes, and reproductions of glass artifacts/Sculptures made from recycled materials. Through 2/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Santi Moix—Abstract paintings with thick, matte surfaces by a young Spanish painter living in New York; 2/2–25. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

James Nares—The painter uses oversize flexible brushes on prepared linen to create the perfect gesture, which then seems to organically dictate a second stroke, and then possibly a third; 2/2–3/4. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Peggy Preheim—Titled "Caul Structures," the paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs in this exhibit evoke various states of vulnerability prompted by the conditional nature of existence, archetypal childhood memories, and the passage of time; through 3/4. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Tim Rollins and K.O.S.—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; through 2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Jonathan Scoville—A survey of 30 years of paintings by this artist who is known for his portentous landscapes in which the sky is the dominant element; through 2/11. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Antoni Tàpies—In his recent paintings with surfaces textured with sand and marble dust, the Catalan artist continues to synthesize personal and universal symbols; through 3/4. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Dario Urzay—This series of primarily red paintings spanned by veinlike webs brings to mind X-rays, blood, and other bodily matter; through 2/23. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

Other

Stephen Alcorn—A series of linocuts commemorating the centennial of Frederick Douglass's death in 1895; 2/1–2/28. Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. (631-4565).

Susan Leopold—A site-specific installation that challenges traditional notions about public and private space through the use of cameras, video monitors, wooden windows, and detection mirrors; through 3/4. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Moran, Cropsey, Mount, others; through 3/18.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). Traditional and contemporary paintings, prints, paper cuts, jewelry, and pottery depicting the twelve animals of the Chinese zodiac; through 3/4.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Paintings by nineteenth-century folk artists; through 3/4.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Recent landscape paintings by Bierk, Dinsmore, Grayson, Levy; through 2/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Re-defining Art 1958–1962"; through 3/18.

Frumkin/Adams—50 W. 57th St. (757-6655). California "Funk" art from the sixties by Arneson, Brown, DeForest, Gilhooly, Hudon, Neri, Saul, Wiley; 2/1–28.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). "Works on Wax" by Hutchison, Jaime-Mena, Seborovsky, Kounellis, Nelson, Martin; 2/1–3/4.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art" comprises masterpieces from the eighteenth through the twentieth century; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made by African-American artists between 1910 and 1970 that will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; 2/1–4/8.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints from the sixties by Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Indiana, and Andy Warhol; 2/1–3/4.

Snyderman—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). American paintings from modernism to Abstract Expressionism by Avery, Crawford, Diller, Graham, Matulka, Weber, others; through 2/25.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (350-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Editions—476 Broome St. (925-2070). New publications by Baldessari, Judd, Lawler/McCollum, LeWitt, Long, Scully, Zaugg; through 3/4.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Triple Feature," with works by Bocanegra, Lee, Pelosini; "Global Village" installation by Howard McCalebb in collaboration with the City Kids Foundation and Satellite Academy; through 3/4.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Foster Goldstrom—560 Broadway (941-9175). Works that explore the dichotomies of internal/external by Billis, Cardoso, Costan, Dias, Humphrey, Linnemann, Rockman; through 2/25.

I.C. Editions—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). In 1968, William Copley invited artists to produce multiples for his SMS Studios over a one-year period. This exhibit features works by John Cage, Marcel Duchamp, Richard Hamilton, Bruce Nauman, and 69 others; through 2/25.

Horodner Romley—107–109 Sullivan St. (274-9805). Works that use the Jasper Johns "Target" multiple produced for the Museum of Modern Art in 1970 as a starting point, by Antoni, Baldessari, Diao, Humphrey, Marcaccio, Nozkowski, Rosen, Stockholder, Whitten; through 2/25.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Outsider works by Carlo, Gillespie, Murry, Wilson, Yoakum; through 2/28.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Paintings and drawings of the city at night by Brittel, Jacquette, Katz, Kleemann, McPherson, Moore, Naujokas; 2/1–28.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Posters by the Guerrilla Girls; through 2/26.

Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum Soho.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Antique craftworks from the Straw Museum in Wohlen, Switzerland, and sculptures by Di Gallo, Heé, Keiser, Perrin, Rourich i Bordas, Weber; through 2/18.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Duck" looks at works about the anxieties of our times, by Darger, Prince, Rainer, Warhol, Weegee; through 3/11.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Art Against aids" comprises two separate exhibits—"The Artist's Camera," a group show of photography curated by Richard Marshall and Junji Ito, and "Contemporary Artists Interpret the Garden," curated by Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, and Hiroshi Teshigahara; through 2/18.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). The first part of a two-part exhibition that looks at various contemporary artists' takes on minimalism, with works by Hutchison, Hout, Ledy, Lee, Werner, Wilmarth; through 2/18.

Other

Grand Central Terminal Waiting Room—42nd St. between Vanderbilt and Lexington Aves.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7. "Zaha Hadid: Projects"; "Cycles of Expression: The Sci-Arc Bicycle Workshop"; through 2/15.

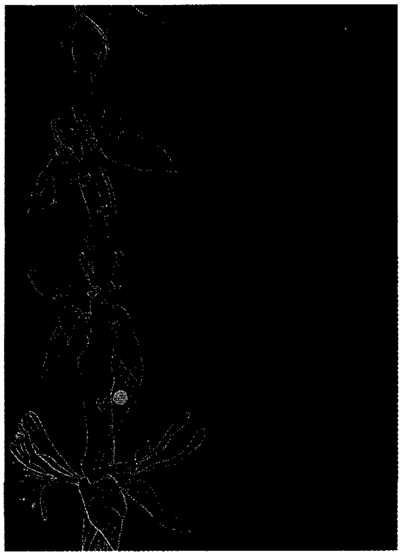
Lannon—530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115). Paintings that use the figure as a metaphor, by Bullock, Green, Harper, Kustura, Summers, Wilson, others; through 2/26.

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). "10 + 10: Artists Select a Painter of Their Choice," with works by Barth, Cajori, Downes, Jacquette, Israel, Passlof, Wagner, Richie, others; through 2/18.

Photography

Uta Barth—Photographs of interiors that evoke abstract paintings; through 2/18. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Benrubi—42 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs that explore the uniquely American experience of going to the movies, by Abbott, Evans, Frank, Mitchell, Sugimoto, Weegee, others; through 2/25.



On View **Helen Miranda Wilson has abandoned landscapes for these delicate, autobiographical new paintings that draw as much from the artist's childhood memories as from her present surroundings. At Jason McCoy.**

Lorna Bieber—Using paint, crayon, pencil, and collage, and traditional and nontraditional darkroom techniques, the photographer appropriates and reinterprets images of rooms and houses taken by anonymous photographers in the forties and fifties; through 2/18. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; 2/1–3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Debbie Fleming Caffery—In these recent portraits taken in Mexico, the photographer worked in deep shadow or at night with occasional flares of light; through 2/25. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

William Christenberry—Drawings, photographs, and sculpture by this photographer who has always been rooted in images from his native Hale County, Alabama; through 2/11. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7777).

Susan Derges/Edward Maxey—Two series of color photograms of frogs showing the development of life from spawn to frog/Black-and-white abstractions of the American flag. Through 2/25. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Nan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); 2/4–4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Andreas Gursky—Photographs that form an impersonal travelogue of industrial and postindustrial spaces and sites, among them a panoramic view of a factory in Rotterdam and a diptych of the Hong Kong Bourse; through 2/18. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

Danny Lyon—The civil-rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of nineteenth-century buildings in lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been some of this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Dean McNeil—Large-scale color portraits taken in cemeteries in Prague, Vienna, Paris, and New York; through 3/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "White," an exhibit exploring the nature of perception, features works by Eggleston, Frank, Friedlander, Levinthal, Metzker, Serrano, Sugimoto, and others; photographs by Arno Fisher that were taken in Berlin in the fifties before the construction of the Wall; through 2/25.

Genevieve Naylor—A survey of works by this photographer who worked in fashion and photojournalism and who covered the Korean War for *Look* magazine; 2/3–3/19. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Richard Pare—The English photographer takes his pictures of ancient and contemporary sculpture and architecture with a small-format camera, then has them digitally printed and enlarged; through 3/4. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Masterpieces of Soviet Photography: 1917–1935," with works by Debabov, El Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Zelma, others; through 2/25.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by photographers chosen from Graphistock, a stock photo agency specializing in fine art; through 2/26.

Paul Strand—Photogravure prints from 1914 to 1917; through 3/28. Felissimo, 10 W. 56th St. (956-4438).

Minor White—A group of early prints made by the photographer for his 1964 exhibit at the Underground Gallery in New York; through 2/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Discreet Objects: Maureen Connor: Selected Works, 1978–1994." Through 2/11. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 stu-

Photograph courtesy of Jason McCoy, Inc.

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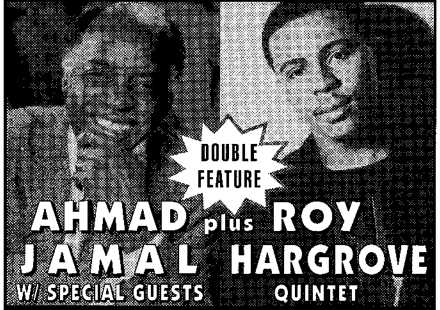

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Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"When Art Was Popular: The Salon and the Royal Academy in the 19th and Early 20th Centuries." The museum's inaugural exhibition features paintings and sculpture by Auguste Bonheur, George Clairin, Luc-Olivier Merson, Constant Troyon, James Ward, and other artists who exhibited regularly at the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy; through 5/20. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder"; through 3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991; through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun.and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the African-American folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. 2/1–4/30. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. 2/1–4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile Emporia and Entertainments." Clothing, accessories, photographs, and ephemera associated with the department stores, restaurants, and theaters of this area, which was once New York's center of fashion, business, and recreation. Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"Peter Koch, Printer." A retrospective of works by this designer, printer, and publisher, from the "Cowboy Surrealism" of his early years in Montana to commercial and commissioned work and his increasingly innovative explorations of the uses of printing and the book form itself. Through 3/28. . . . "Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). Next sale on 2/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). Next sale on 2/9.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). Next sale on 2/8.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next sale on 2/9.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/2 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 1/28.

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Manhattan

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Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive, rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became this summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that *was* Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. 54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) A.E. only.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and handi-wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. 33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($).

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes, crispy noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. 90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722).(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley* moored along the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood panel and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. 100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St (633-bark). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caribe—117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. (M) MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that is Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.

El Charro Español—(M) Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M.) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). AE, CB, MC, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house from blocks away from the city's meat market. Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the facade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room . You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich Street (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. 262 Bleecker St. (645-2993) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. 126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd. St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. 156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369) (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52st St.(366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. (I) 462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Avenue So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. 111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

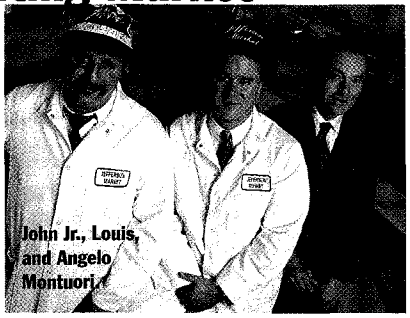
Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop here for generous portions of American food with an

Institutions

A Shifting Market

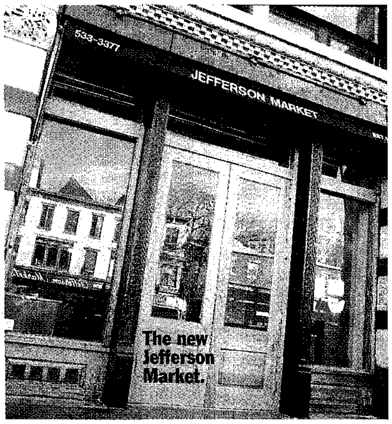


John Jr., Louis, and Angelo Montuori.

Established as a single storefront in 1929 and named for the neighborhood that Greenwich Village expanded into, Jefferson Market—far older than Balducci's a few doors away, and beloved for its homegrown service and perfect roast chicken—is moving across the street next week. Lost in the move is the battered old-world charm of the market's low ceilings and cracked tiles. Gained is 1,000 square feet for, among other things, a bakery counter and spanking new rotisserie that will crank out the more than 300 chickens sold at the market every day.

Jefferson Market's legitimate small-town feel was instilled by John Montuori, the store's longtime proprietor. He was in the store seven days a week, and during the 1977 blackout refused to close his doors. "He told me to go around to all the hardware stores in Jersey and get lamps—Aladdin lamps—so he could keep the store open," remembers his brother, Angelo, who has run the store with his nephews Louis and John Jr. since their father's death in 1985.

News of the Jefferson move shook up the local merchants. "The first call I got was from the guy who runs Ansonia Pharmacy on the corner," recalls Louis Montuori. "He heard that a major drug chain was moving in my old space. The second call was from Andy Balducci. He was concerned that a Korean or some other grocery would take the space. The guy from French Roast called, too. He heard it was gonna be a coffee chain."



The new Jefferson Market.

MANNY HOWARD

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

Italian accent. 303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. 346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333).(E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lola's—A lively entrance in the front room that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquets. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that *was* Luther Vandross. 30 W 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-theme café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art customers have drawn at the tables. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

37th Street Hideaway—Don't dress down for this restaurant. Jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a "mature" audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940).(M) AE,CB,DC,V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. 3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

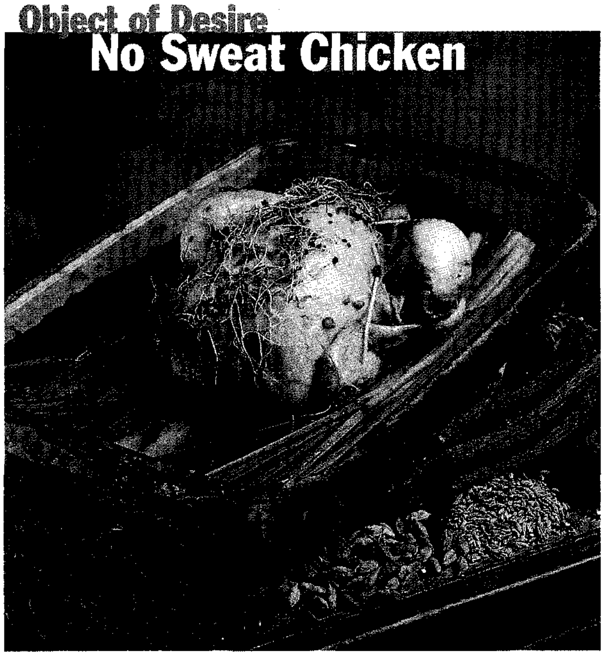
43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St., at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Object of Desire
No Sweat Chicken



"It's chicken in a sauna," says Jean-Georges Vongerichten of Vong's special lemongrass-steamed, chili-enhanced, impossibly tender delicacy (200 East 54th Street).

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. 160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. 160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and Paillard. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—Yes, that's a sky at your feet and fine Italian fare on the table. Attracts mostly a business crowd. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consis-

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tently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary decor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 East 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC,TM,V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC ,DS, MC,TM,V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,TM,V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC,V.

Takeout

Gourmet in Greenpoint

On a strip known more for kielbasa than pickled daikon, Brooklyn's Jon Tapper and family have opened The Garden, an all-bases gourmet deli at 921 Manhattan Avenue that combines organic produce and an enormous cheese selection with Old World Polish favorites like Galaretta Wieprzowa—a gelatinous pork loaf.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting room–like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dish of Salt—Opinions vary but are always strong. Gentrified, dependable Cantonese. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th. St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,TM,V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC,V.

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905).(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. 119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC,V

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC,TM,V.

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally *très* international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. 151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC,V.

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

of compelling.158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC,V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Rainbow Room—Where troubles melt like raindrops, boasts this perch in the sky. Sixty-five stories up and over 60 years old, its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC,V.

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergou-gnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near moma. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. 263 W. 45 St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC,V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and an eye on the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC,V.

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. 224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC,V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

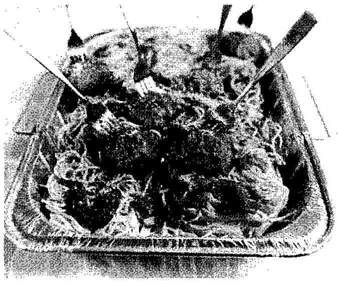
Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Behind the Scenes
Staff Meals

Staff meals are the dirty little secrets of many of the city's finer restaurants, and the catch-as-catch-can grub prompts grumbling from all quarters. While Italian restaurants have a great reputation in this respect, keeping the staff well-fed at French places tends to be shockingly low on the priority list. "The staff at Lespinasse tried forever to get meals," recalls a restaurant insider, "but then chef Gray Kunz made them polish the copper it was cooked in, so they said forget it."



So the next time you scan the menu at one of our city's finest, and can't decide between the Maine boat lobster with cèpes from Taos and the wild pheasant on a Brussels-sprout salad, consider that among the waiters at Bouley, the baked chicken served in-house is derisively referred to as "roadrunner delight." Here's a quick, unscientific peek at what regularly passes for dinner behind the curtain.

Bouley	Le Bernardin	Jo Jo
Meatballs with mashed potatoes	**Spaghetti and meatballs**	**Macaroni and meatballs**
Baked chicken and rice	**Sausage and rice**	**Scrambled eggs**
Hamburger with rice	**Beef stew with lentil chili**	**French toast**

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC,V.

Arizona 206—Innovative Southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC,V.

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. 768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC,V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. 29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute* boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or the lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant was sometimes overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out an eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave at 81st St. (288-5800) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686) (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Velvet Room—Late-night kitchen open until 4 a.m.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. 209 E. 76th St. (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267) (M) AE only.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Preview

Grand Reopening

Elephant and Castle closed the doors of its Prince Street location several months ago, and neighborhood regulars, who get force-fed fabulousness every night, mourned the passing of this homey, French-around-the-edges, burgers-and-salads mainstay. Happily, it's back this month (at 6 Bond Street), though loyalists must cross Houston Street to get there.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dali meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Northern Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those infamous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363) (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711) ($)

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo wil tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Bouillabaisse—Just what the neighborhood needed—a local bistro so good that a gaggle of grateful and ferociously loyal regulars will wait in the rain for a table. What makes it special is that the hostess/owner will lend you her umbrella. It's BYOB, so scan the menu while you wait, then nip down the block to the Heights Chateau. Ask for a recommendation. 145 Atlantic Ave., nr. Henry St. (718-522-8235). (M) ($)

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Free ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 p.m. 44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink-plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367) (M) AE, MC, V.

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

in concert

Stephen Petronio...Anne-Sophie Mutter

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 31

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts, Yo-Yo Ma is guest cellist, and the works are by Dvořák and Schumann. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.

Wednesday, February 1

Adam Klein—The tenor performs operatic arias by Mozart, Puccini, Verdi, and Giordano, and a few duets with soprano Rosalind Gnatt. His accompanist is music critic Howard Klein, his father. Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Thursday, February 2

New York Philharmonic—Brahms's Symphony No. 4 and *Tragic Overture* and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 will be performed. Kurt Masur conducts; Helen Huang is the pianist. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $12–$65.

American Landmark Festivals—Michel Singher conducts one of the highlights of ALF's season: Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* performed in its entirety. The Metropolitan Opera will be doing it soon enough, but at the Green Auditorium (40 W. 68th St., 866-2086) today, you can see it for a better price. At 1; free.

Preview

Forever Next Wave

At once dead serious and bracingly innovative, the Kronos Quartet begins its New York residency at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on February 10 (call 718-636-4100 for program information).

Friday, February 3

"Bach to Bach"—Lukas Foss is the conductor and featured pianist, and Peter Schickele is the guest artist for the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra's concert tonight. Works are by J. S. Bach in transcriptions and mutations by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Foss, Schickele, and Bach himself. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100), at 8; $15–$30.

Prazak Quartet—The New York debut of the quartet (violinists Vaclav Remes and Vlastimil Holek, violist Josef Kluson, cellist Michal Kanka) features a program of works by Rossini, Janáˇcek, and Smetana. Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.

St. Olaf Choir—Led by Anton Armstrong, the choir performs works by Haydn, Bach, Fauré, and others. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$32.

New York Philharmonic—See 2/2.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, February 4

Anne-Sophie Mutter—The violinist is joined by pianist Lambert Orkis for her only New York recital of the season. Works are by Stravinsky, Beethoven, Currier, and Schumann. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.

New York Chamber Symphony—Featuring Vladimir Spivakov (violinist/guest conductor), Olga Makarina (soprano), Judith Mendenhall (flutist), and Randall Ellis (oboist) in a program of works by Bach and Mozart. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.

"Bach to Bach"—See 2/3.

Sunday, February 5

Golub, Hoffman, and the Orion String Quartet—Chamber Music Society artists David Golub and Gary Hoffman collaborate with the quartet in tonight's performance of works by Mozart, Shostakovich, and Schubert. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 5; $18 and $28.

New York Chamber Symphony—See 2/4. Today's performance is at 3.

Monday, February 6

Shanghai String Quartet—The ensemble performs works by Haydn, Zhou Long, Turina, and Mozart in the Walter Reade Theater. Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.

Juilliard Orchestra—Kurt Masur conducts works by Bruch, Kodaly, and Gershwin. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $5 and $10.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts this performance featuring pianist Evgeny Kissin and mezzo-soprano Marjana Lipovsek. Ullmann/Wulff, Bach/Stokowski, Wagner/Henze, and Schumann are on the program. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$75.

Tuesday, February 7

New York Philharmonic—See 2/2; tonight's performance is at 7:30.

Keyboard Conversations: Jeffrey Siegel—"Franz Liszt: A Soul in Conflict," featuring the B-minor Sonata, *Grand Galop Chromatique*, and *Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen*. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.

Golub, Hoffman, and the Orion String Quartet—See 2/5. Tonight's performance is at 7:30.

Wednesday, February 8

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing the Beethoven String Quartets. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$30.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—1/31, 2/4, and 2/8 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot*. 2/2 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. 2/3 at 8: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* (last performance). 2/4 at 1:30 and 2/7 at 8: Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*. 2/6 at 8: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

Dance

Llory Wilson—"Lush Mechanique," featuring the pieces *This Cordate Carcass* and *Rumors of the Big Wave*, Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077), 2/1-5; $12.

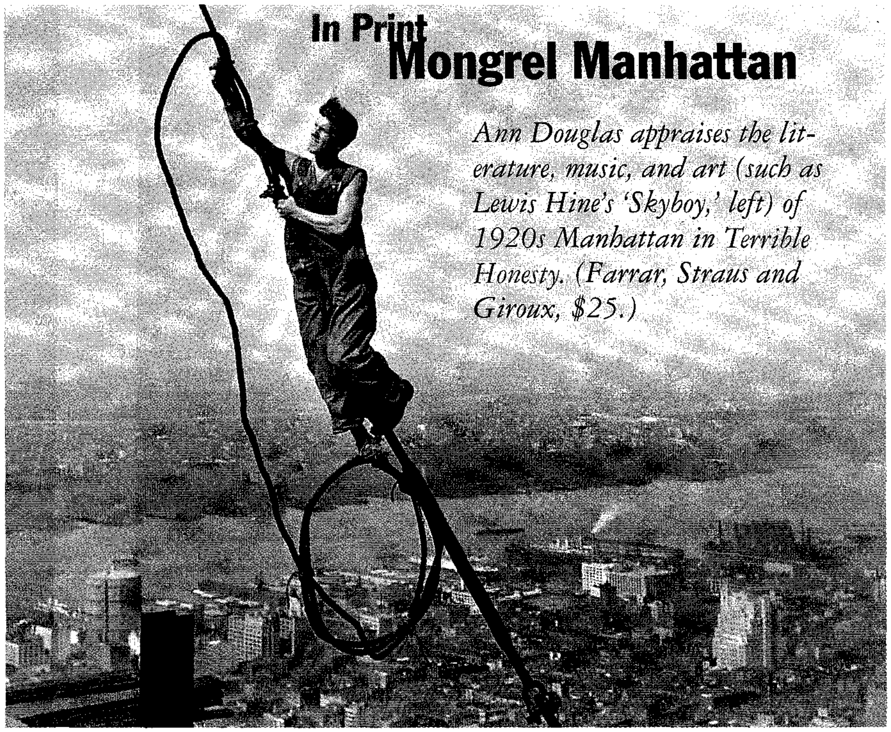
New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues through 2/26. Performances are every day except Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.

Stephen Petronio Company—Celebrating its tenth-anniversary season, the company shows off the results of its collaboration with composer David Linton and photographer Cindy Sherman. Revivals of its best works and *Lareigne*, a world premiere, are featured. Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800), 1/31 through 2/5; $25.

Photograph by Michael Lavine

the mix

A Radio Giant Retires...Pinball Return



In Print

Mongrel Manhattan

Ann Douglas appraises the literature, music, and art (such as Lewis Hine's 'Skyboy,' left) of 1920s Manhattan in Terrible Honesty. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $25.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

Although **The Watcher** (Tuesdays; 9 to 10 p.m.; UPN/Channel 9) can go anywhere it wants to in Las Vegas, because, after all, it's an "anthology" show and we'll never have to see these people again, from what the rapper Sir Mix-a-Lot has seen so far on his bank of prurient video monitors, the wonder is that he hasn't left the hotel and wandered into the Nevada desert looking for an A-bomb test.

The Marshal (sneak preview Tuesday, 1/31; 10 to 11 p.m.; Saturdays thereafter, starting 2/4; 10 to 11 p.m.; ABC) is a Don Johnson production, featuring Jeff Fahey as a maverick-cop-with-an-attitude who always gets his man. Or—as in the preview cassette I saw last summer and have since misplaced—his woman, who in this particular case was a misunderstood radical who had been hiding underground since the misunderstood sixties. I liked its shadowy style.

In **'We Are the World': A Tenth Anniversary Tribute** (Wednesday, 2/1; 9 to 10 P.M.; Disney), we not only get the behind-the-scenes story of the 1984 pop-star Famine Anthem from rehearsal to megabucks, but Harry Belafonte, having gone to the horn of Africa, returns to tell us that the proceeds from the song are indeed being well spent, on food and medicine as well as job training and improved methods of farming and fishing. I promise to believe him if he doesn't have to listen to it again.

According to John Stossel in **Boys and Girls Are Different: Men, Women and the Sex Difference** (Wednesday, 2/1; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC), boys have more upper-body strength, are better at math and spatial reasoning, and love trucks, whereas girls excel at nurturing, plus perhaps verbal skills, no matter what Gloria Steinem and Bella Abzug say, nor how many lawyers insist on suing however many fire departments for discriminatory hiring, although this doesn't mean the women's movement was a bad thing, just that there's something genetic we've all got to work around. His favorite source of sound-bite here is Kate O'Beirne of the Heritage Foundation.

Daisy-Head Mayzie (Sunday, 2/5, and other dates; 7 to 7:30 p.m.; TNT) is an animated and semi-musical TV adaptation of a twenty-year-old and hitherto unknown Dr. Seuss manuscript in which a flower pops out of a little girl's head, causing jealousy and an agent, after which Mayzie McGrew decides that "love means more than fame and glory!" Despite the best voice-over efforts of Jonathan Winters, George Hearn, Lewis Arquette, and Henry Gibson (as the Cat in the Hat), there was obviously a reason why Dr. Seuss suppressed this limp whimsy.

House of Buggin' (Sundays; 8:30 to 9 p.m.; Fox) isn't big enough, so far, to be a home for the extravagant talents of John Leguizamo, whose stand-up cable specials make this weekly revue look tame. Still, a send-up of *West Side Story* in which the dancers fail to impress a 'hood that's strapped is hilarious. And the idea of "outing" closeted Latinos is subversive.

The Making of *My Fair Lady:* More Loverly Than Ever (Sunday 2/5; 9 to 10 p.m.; Disney) is worth reserving time for, if only to hear how Audrey Hepburn herself sounded, singing two songs on a soundtrack discovered in the course of the painstaking restoration of the Warner Bros. film print by the folks who also spruced up *Lawrence of Arabia*. You won't mind in the least that Hepburn wasn't Marni Nixon. You will wish that Andrew Lloyd Webber and Rex Reed, both of whom are interviewed, were Marni Nixon instead. You'll also learn that Jack Warner originally wanted Cary Grant for Henry Higgins. Grant said that he'd never make another movie for Warner unless it gave the part to Rex Harrison. For that alone, he's a Hero of Culture.

British journalist Diarmuid Jeffreys would have us believe, from **Inside the F.B.I.** (Monday and Wednesday, 2/6 and 2/8; 9 to 11 p.m.; Channel 13), that the Bureau has cleaned up its act since the bad old days of ignoring the Mafia in order to go after, with the wrath of Hoover, such serious enemies of American well-being as civil-rights and antiwar protestors, not to mention Jean Seberg. Of particular contemporary interest in these four fascinating hours is an account of undercover provocateurs in underworlds like the Klan. Sort of makes you wonder about Qubilah Shabazz.

Radio Highlights

"Praise His Name"—The first installment of a four-part series in honor of Black History Month, this program explores aspects of African-American gospel music. Spirituals, the gospel quartet style, preachers, soloists, and choirs will be covered by producers Bill Canaday and the Secret Museum of the Air. 2/2 at 2; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—Featuring performances of works by Liszt (Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 in f and *Les Preludes*) and Copland (Concerto for Clarinet, Strings, Harp, and Piano). 2/5 at 1; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Reporting From the Front: A Conversation With Peter Arnett"—On the 2/5 episode of "On the Media," host Alex Jones talks to the veteran war correspondent about his years of reporting and his book *Live From the Battlefield: From Vietnam to Baghdad, 35 Years in the World's War Zones.* At noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—2/5 at 8: Bizet's *Carmen.* With Maria Callas, Nicolai Gedda, Andrea Guiot, Robert Massard, the Rene Duclos Chorus and the Orchestre du Theatre National de L'Opera de Paris. Conducted by Georges Pretre. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week at 10 p.m. on 2/4 on WNYC, 820 AM. Dylan Thomas is spotlighted, and he reads such poems as "Under Milk Wood" and "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night." The program is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—1/31: Schubert's *Rosamunde* and Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. 2/1: Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 5 in D and Herbert's Cello Concerto No. 1 in D. 2/2: Paganini's Violin Concerto and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D. 2/3: Mendelssohn's *The Hebrides Overture* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* 2/6: Schubert's Overture in B-flat and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat. 2/7: Boyce's Symphony in B-flat and Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C. 2/8: Williams's *The Cowboys: Overture*, excerpts from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *1941: March*; Copland's *The Red Pony Suite.* Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—Leonard Lopate's show is broadcast live from the Astor Place Barnes & Noble on 2/6. Guests include Roger Straus (founder and publisher of Farrar, Straus and Giroux), P. D. James (on her new mystery *Original Sin*), and Ron Leibman (on his current role in *The Merchant of Venice*). Among the other guests this week: 2/7: Sally Goodgold, chair of the City Club; David Falkner, Jackie Robinson's biographer; T. J. English, author of *Born to Kill*. 2/8: grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper; former Israeli foreign minister and defense minister Moshe Arens; *Perfect Husbands* author Regina Barreca. Every day at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

"The Golden Age of Radio"—The Manhattan Radio Club's Gotham Players return with a new production of *Mary and the Fairy* by Norman Corwin (it was originally produced for *26 By Corwin*, which was broadcast on CBS on 8/31/41). 2/4 at 8:30; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—2/4 at 1:30: Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci;* WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"A Prairie Home Companion"—2/4 at 6: Garrison Keillor and guest John Hammond broadcast live from the stage of the Fitzgerald Theater in St. Paul. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Recorded Music

Erich Korngold *Symphony in F# Minor* (Chandos)—Well before he established himself as the leading film composer of the century, Erich Korngold was off to a pretty good start. At age 5, he was recognized as the greatest prodigy since Mozart and at 11 premiered a ballet that blew audience members Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss, and Giacomo Puccini away. Then, in 1934, Nazism displaced him from Vienna to Hollywood, where he set about remaking film music in his own image: lush, colorful, and hopelessly Romantic. This symphony was actually written after he finished working in film, in 1946, but it has all the flamboyant, romantic, gorgeously dripping style of his film scores—as does, in fact, the other piece on this disc, *Songs of Farewell,* which was written *prior* to his Hollywood debut. Korngold was simply writing operas with no singing, and as his growing cult of admirers already knows, he had perfected the formula long before Hollywood entered the picture.

Alison Krauss *Now That I've Found You: A Collection* (Rounder) Though she isn't amazingly well-known in these parts, bluegrass singer/fiddler Alison Krauss, six albums under her belt at the tender age of 23, is already something of a Nashville legend. When she was inducted into the Grand Ole Opry in 1993, she was the first bluegrass artist to be so honored in 29 years, and though she has opened for Garth Brooks on tour and has cultivated a rabid following, she refuses to sign with a major label and nab her fair share of the country-music cash cow. *Now That I've Found You*, a compilation of greatest hits with a few new recordings, is a wonderful introduction to Krauss and her ever-inventive way with other people's songs. On the title track she takes the Foundations' screechy sixties pop hit "Baby, Now That I've Found You" and turns it into one of the saddest, prettiest love songs ever written.

The Written Word

Barnes & Noble—Wakako Yamauchi reads from *Songs My Mother Taught Me: Stories, Plays, and Memoir,* her story of two generations of Japanese-Americans. 2/5 at 7:30, Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1227); free.

"The Poet Tree"—2/5 at 3: Poets Harvey Shapiro, Bob Hershon, and Donna Brook read from their new collections; it's also open-mike day. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St. (475-jane). $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Symphony Space—The "Selected Shorts" season continues; the theme on 2/1 is *What Would You Do?* Listen to readings of the work of Gary Krist, Melissa Bank, and David Black. 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400), at 6:30; $14.

Civic Center Synagogue Series—2/5 at 3: Gabrielle Glancy, Diane Lefer, Mark Wunderlich, and Cheryl Baldi read from their work. The synagogue is located at 49 White St., bet. Church St. and Broadway (three blocks below Canal St.); $7.

Books & Co.—1/31 at 7:30: Pearson Marx reads from her first novel, *On the Way to the Venus de Milo.* The bookshop is located at 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

[illegible] *On the Way to the Venus de Milo*, just out, is an arch examination of rich people and their own special brand of neurosis. Pearson Marx reads from her first novel on January 31 at 7:30, at Books & Co.

"The Poetry Project"—2/1 at 8: Harryette Mullen and Murat Nemet-Nejat read their poetry. 2/6 at 8: Open Reading Night; sign up at 7:30. 2/8 at 8: Richard Hell and Susie Timmons read their work. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Tours

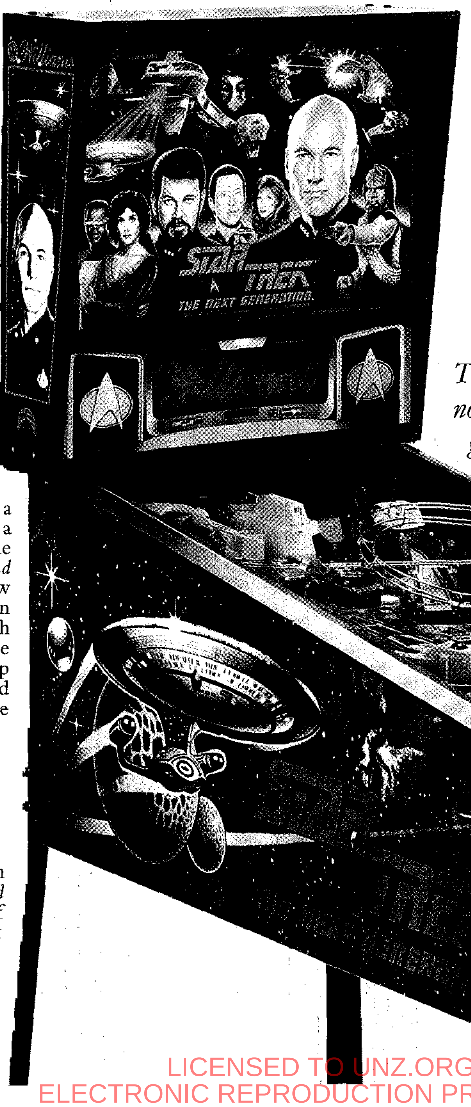
"Indoor New York: Inside Downtown"—Explore the financial district without venturing outside. Architectural historian John Kriskiewicz leads this 2/2 tour through the underground passageways, public spaces, and lobbies of Lower Manhattan. Meet inside the front entrance of the Woolworth Building, 233 Broadway, across from City Hall Park. The tour starts at 12:30; call 439-1049 for more information; $10.

"42nd Street: The Places In-Between"—Architectural historian Matt Postal leads this 2/1 tour, which focuses on the more spectacular buildings and public spaces of the area. You'll learn about the civic improvements, corporate competition, and international politics that have shaped the thoroughfare. Meet at 12:30 at the southeast corner of 42nd St. and Sixth Ave. (call 439-1049 for further information); $10.

"From Emerald Isle to Ellis Island"—This 2/4 Big Onion tour takes you through Castle Clinton and the Ellis Island museum and emphasizes the Irish immigrant experience. The tour starts at noon and costs $15 (price includes boat ticket, movie, and tour); call 439-1090 for meeting place and a rundown on other Big Onion tours.

"Adventure on a Shoestring"—Delve into the history of Hell's Hundred Acres (most of us today call it SoHo). The area was settled during the Colonial period, but for a long while it was simply farmland. By the mid-nineteenth century it was seen as a gracious residential neighborhood, and a few large hotels, theaters, and fine stores lined lower Broadway. As the twentieth century approached, SoHo of course went industrial. See the architectural evidence of these changes and pick up the rest of the story on 2/4 at 1. Call 265-2663 for reservations and meeting place; $5.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, in Auden's mind, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably sweet. People smoked too much, slept on fire escapes, and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kerchwey or Philip Rahv or Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. Even Dylan Thomas's collapsing and dying a few feet from the White Horse Tavern



Happenings

Full Tilt

Thirty-two-bit virtuality and Mortal Kombat notwithstanding, the comparatively low-tech game of pinball is cool again. The PAPA 5 World Pinball Championships, February 3-5 at the Park Central, are open to players of all skill levels; call 800-FLIPOFF.

Photograph: top, Marion Ettlinger.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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has been incorporated into the sweet memoirs. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. Sidewalks of New York takes you on a literary walk through the Village on 2/4 at 2. You'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park, at the bottom of Fifth Ave. Call 662-5300 for information on Sidewalks of New York's other tours getting underway this week, including the ghosts-after-sunset tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, Beverly Hills East, and Ye Olde Tavern tour. All tours are $10. Reservations *are* required during the winter. Please call 517-0201 and leave your name, your phone number, and the number of people in your party. Reservations are accepted no later than two hours before the scheduled tour time.

"The Jewish East Side"—Take in more than half a century of Jewish immigrant history on this 2/5 Big Onion walking tour. Stops include the Eldridge Street Synagogue, the *Daily Forward*, Shteebel Row, and the Henry Street Settlement House. The tour starts at 1 and costs $9. Call 439-1090 for meeting site.

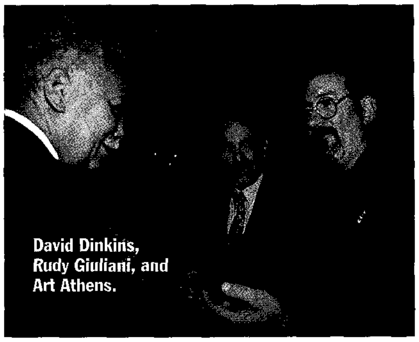
Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on Wednesdays at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Tribute

The Glory That Was Athens

When he was a boy, Art Athens spent hours reading the newspaper aloud while standing next to his mother's vacuum cleaner. The vacuum, he pretended, was a microphone. The microphone, he fantasized, belonged to CBS—the place made famous by Murrow ("*This* is London . . .") and tragic with George Polk (assassinated for his foreign reporting), and the place most loved by his mother. When he was a young man, he noticed an advertisement that read "Announcer wanted: Experience secondary to desire and potential." Athens ended up an investigative reporter, making his name at CBS Newsradio 88.

Now Athens is retiring, and last week his peers, bosses, competitors, and friends gathered at Gracie Mansion to honor him. They applauded his pioneering series "Ask the Mayor" and "Ask the Governor" and his groundbreaking reports on sick buildings and Lyme disease. Mostly, though, they offered wild praise for qualities seemingly incompatible with the 21 magnetic hooks on his office wall from which awards were recently removed. Art was lazy; Art was erratic. Art's major hobbies were smoking and going to lunch. But except for Mayor Giuliani, David Dinkins, and a few others, everyone on hand was a reporter, and knew the remarks were in code. Delinquency was synonymous with a disregard for stale propriety, and, as his colleague Rich Lamb put it, an understanding that "larceny is always just around the corner from a cathedral, if we're lucky enough not to find it in the pews."



David Dinkins, Rudy Giuliani, and Art Athens.

Some of the remarks, of course, needed no decoding. Athens often played tapes of newly completed stories for his co-workers and got choked up. That night he was declared the last quirky reporter, in spite of Andy Rooney's refusing to talk of dying breeds: "Old school or new, he's one we all should go to." ***The Athens archives will be part of the Museum of Television & Radio's permanent collection.***

LINDA HALL

Exhibitions

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been recreated by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5; Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunday, 1 to 5; $5 suggested donation.

Sports

Basketball

The Bucks, hapless since the days of Don Nelson (if not Kareem), come to Madison Square Garden on 2/7 at 7:30; expect them to make the Knicks' bench look deep. Milwaukee team leaders Glenn Robinson and Todd Day typically spend more than 40 minutes each on the floor, making the Knicks' traditional fourth-quarter rally more effective than it deserves to be—not that they'll need it, with the lovable John Starks and the rest of the Knicks streaking as they have been in the last few games.

Hockey

One hundred and three days late but claiming to be off on the right skate and unhampered by months of inactivity, the New York Rangers host ex-teammate and goalie John Vanbiesbrouck and the expansion Tampa Bay Lightning on 2/2 at 7:30.

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

Kids

Seven Seals Sunning

Children's Events

"Winter Creature Cruise"—Harbor and gray seals are becoming more plentiful in Long Island Sound, taking refuge from cold winters in Maine and Canada. Set off on a family cruise, most Sundays, from **The Maritime Center at Norwalk,** Connecticut, in search of seals sunning themselves in what they think is warm weather. Bring binoculars and wear warm clothes. Cruises sell out weeks in advance, and times vary according to tides: 2/26 cruise is at 2 p.m. Special weekday cruises during the school break are 2/27 at 3 , 2/28 at 4, and 3/1 at 4. 10 N. Water St., Norwalk, Conn. (203-852-0700, ext. 206). $15. Reserve.

"Puff (the Magic Dragon)"—Peter Yarrow performs at the school both he and his children attended, in a pair of family concerts to benefit the school on its hundredth birthday. 45 E. 81st St. Tickets are available at the school on weekdays, and at Barnes & Noble Jr., 120 E. 86th St. A concert for children in preschool through the third grade is at 2:30; tickets are $7.50. Tickets to the evening concert, which starts at 7:30, are $15 (988-1029). ◉

Yellow Canary—Sesame Street Live presents "Where's the Birdie," a muppet mystery in which Big Bird thinks his friends have forgotten his birthday. 2/4 at 10:30 a.m., 2, and 5:30; 2/5 at 1 and 4:30; and subsequent shows through 2/26. **The Paramount,** Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741). $11.50–$15.50.

Weinerville—Marc Weiner's show on Nickelodeon is the reason my children are usually late to school. *Weinerville* is peopled with puppets that share Mr. Weiner's voice and face, and "Weinerized" audience volunteers. The program airs weekdays at 8 a.m. and Saturdays at 3. Meet the man, see the show, and perform in it for video cameras—all without being late to school—at the **Children's Museum of the Arts.** (Sets and puppets are on display at the museum through March.) For ages 6 and up. 2/5 at 1. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). $5 admission. ●

"Disco-Loco-Motion"—Dance to the Party Dolls, decorate cookies, and get your face painted at an extravagant bash for 1- to 12-year-old children at **Temple Israel of the City of New York** to benefit Lenox Hill Hospital's Pediatric Department and the Neonatal Critical Care Unit. 2/5, from 12:30 to 3:30. 112 E. 75th St. $85 per person; $400 for a family package; $600 for a sponsor package. ◉

"Los Pleneros de la 21"—Hear Puerto Rican music performed on handmade instruments by this accomplished group of artisans, musicians, and dancers. 2/4 at 1. **Jamaica Arts Center,** 161-04 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, Queens (718-658-7400). ◉●

Ice Royalty—Tickets are on sale for the 1995 Tour of **World Figure Skating Champions.** Skaters to perform include Nancy Kerrigan, Brian Boitano, and Oksana Baiul—a group that have garnered 40 Olympic medals among them. Performances are 4/29 and 30 at 7:30. Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale (516-794-9303). $30 and $40.

"Satchmo's Gang"—The Fearless Theater Company, a group of high-school students working with professional writers and producers, present a mixed-media work where live actors, live music, and archival film clips combine to tell a story. In four parts; weekends at 2 through the end of February. For ages 7 and up. Part 1 is 2/4 and 5, at the Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., Plaza Level (875-5600). $2.

Baby Doc—Dr. Berry Brazelton, pediatrician—and hand-holder to a generation of parents—will talk and take questions. Families who want to make a day of it can bring children for other activities, including a "pop-up paper structures workshop" and a Texas Line Dance Hoedown. 2/4 from 10 a.m. to 3:15. Dr. Brazelton's talk is from 10:15 to 11:30. **YWCA,** 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9722). The entire day's activities, including lunch, cost $50 for one parent and child; the lecture is $15; an individual activity is $8.●

Chinese New Year—Make Chinese lanterns, or learn Chinese ribbon dancing; both workshops are at 12:30. At 3, *The Menacing Tiger and Other Musical Tales From China* is performed with a string-and-percussion ensemble. 2/4. **ArtsConnection,** 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433). Workshops are $2; the performance is $4. ◉

Beastly—Disney's *Beauty and the Beast,* performed on ice. Performances through 2/5 at **Nassau Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale, N.Y. (516-794-9300); tickets $12.50 to $32.50. 2/17 through 2/26 at **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave. (632-4000); tickets $17.50 to $35.●

"Art in Stitches"—Tour SoHo galleries with ARTime educators Dorothea Basile and Amanda Lauricella and a bunch of junior critics. Saturdays through 2/18, the tour looks at sculptures that are sewn, knotted, or woven with surprising materials. For children ages 5 to 10. Tours are at 11 a.m. (201-224-8002). $20 includes sketching materials for an adult and child. Each additional child is $5.

Hands-On—Free children's workshops at **Citicorp Center's** Atrium are organized by the Children's Museum of Manhattan through the end of March. On Saturdays in February, children make quilts according to different traditions, using fabric and patterned paper. On Sundays, CMOM educator Jonathan Feig leads kids in a musical improvisation using the enormous SOUNDS-FUN percussion instrument installed in the Atrium, with its metal pipes, industrial tubing, and Chilean rain sticks. Weekends from noon to 3. Corner of 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (721-1223).●

Live Entertainment—Performances for families around town this week include *How the World Got Wisdom: A Celebration of African Folklore,* a story-theater version of four African folktales incorporating songs, dances, and drumming, presented by **On Stage Productions.** Weekends at 3 through 3/12 (additional 11 a.m. performances on 2/22 and 23). The Emily Dickinson Theatre, at P.S. 75, 735 West End Ave. (666-1716). $6 for children; $8 for adults. Bruce Cannon's marionettes stride through the history of Harlem in *Harlem River Drive* at the **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center.** 2/5 at 1. 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370). Free. Marlo Thomas's anthem to individuality, *Free to Be . . . You and Me,* is performed at the **New York Youth Theater** through 2/19. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737). Tickets are $5 for children; $10 for adults. *Jump Cuts,* performed by the New Pickle Family Circus, romps through film styles from Westerns and detective stories to musicals. 2/5 at 2. **Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts,** Campus Rd. and Hillel Pl. (one block from the intersection of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves.) (718-951-4500). $8. *Rubbish! She Cried,* **The Paper Bag Players'** musical about recycling and respect for the earth, is performed weekends at 2 through 2/26. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15. *The Secret Garden,* one of **Theatreworks'** most popular shows, brings Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic to the musical stage. Performances are 2/4, 2/5, 2/18, and 2/19 at 12:30. 890 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $17 (children under 5 are not admitted).

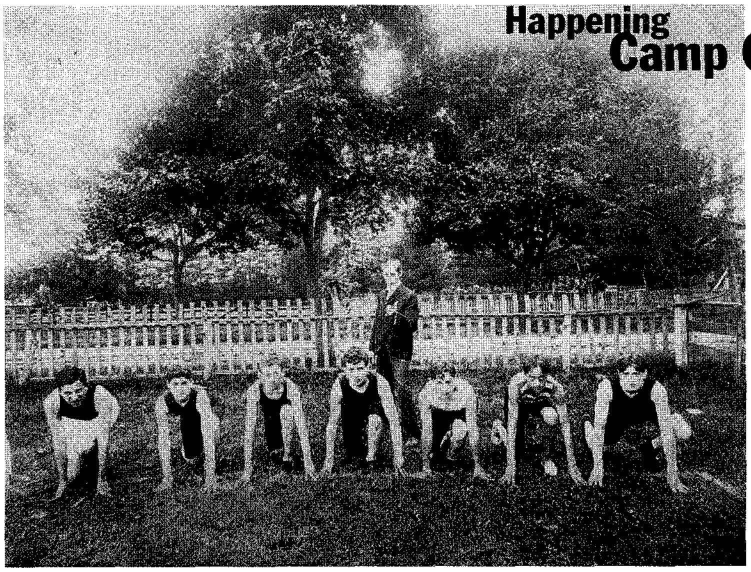
Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Happening

Camp Quandary



Summer might seem particularly distant at the moment, but there's no time like now to iron out such warm-weather details as whether it would be better to send young Lionel to sailing camp upstate come July or have him bunk down at home and take gymnastics—in French. Reps from programs throughout the Northeast will discuss options at the 92nd Street Y's Camp Fair (996-1100). And a "Special Camp Fair" for kids with disabilities is at the American Red Cross in Greater New York, 150 Amsterdam Avenue, near 66th Street (677-4650). Both fairs are February 5 from noon to four; both are free and give out complimentary directories. Or call 1-800-777-2267 to speak with a guidance specialist at the American Camping Association.

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"Dazed/Not Confused"—Bright, warm, successful, good-looking, green-eyed Manhattan professional, 42, very fit, athletic, wholesome values - seeks bright, slender, sensual, attractive, graceful woman, 28-40, who enjoys people, laughter, travel, to share life's unexpected, now/forever? Photo required. 5264 ✉

Persistently Pursuing Perfection—Handsome, athletic, highly successful Wall Street professional (37), with relentless intellectual curiosity, seeks unique lady (25-35) for wholesome fun and sincere friendship - more if relationship blossoms. I search for that rare individual who is strikingly attractive, well-educated and an engaging conversationalist; lively, lovely and literate would be my mantra. I don't want to appear superficial but it's better to dream in color rather than black and white! My interests include a vigorous exercise regimen, fine dining, the theater and a great love for outdoor frolic. Please be an upbeat, sophisticated woman who can converse intelligently about contemporary social issues, enjoy my somewhat mischievous sense of humor and delight in the magic of shared laughter. Race is not important; class is. Note/phone/photo. 5217 ✉

Tough-Enough Gentleman—With a checkered past - ex-athlete/warrior/husband/writer, currently an executive, skier, etc., 49 - seeking spirited woman, 30s-40s, for sparkling future, marriage and maybe children. Note/photo please. 4975 ✉

Pretty CT Lady—Jewish professional, 40s, body, brains, heart and soul, seeks classy gentleman for the last relationship. 5172 ✉

Kindred Spirit?—27-year-old white male, stutterer. Ruggedly handsome, razor intellect - exceptionally creative and witty, dog-loyal and strikingly genuine. Seeking cute, fleet-minded music lover with x-ray vision, for wide-eyed romance. 5171 ✉

Best Friend/Lover—Successful, green-eyed, 6'1", 185-lb male seeks beautiful, sexy woman for wining, dining and cuddling. Photo. 5216 ✉

Don't Answer This Ad—Unless you're serious about meeting a handsome, warm, creative and successful man in his mid 40s. You are 30-35, beautiful inside and out, work in the arts or media, are very bright and know what you want. Photo/letter. 5220 ✉

Pretty Woman—Smart, seeks 38-48, tall Brooks Brothers man. Photo. 5241 ✉

Charming, Caring, Kind—Gentleman - late 50s, divorced, nice-looking, educated, honorable, unpretentious and financially sound, Jewish (you don't have to be), 5'8", 160 lbs, nonsmoker. Loves to laugh but not ashamed to shed a tear. Enjoys music, theater, movies, fine dining and good conversation. Seeks pretty, fit, intelligent and affectionate lady with a gentle heart and a great sense of humor, 38-52, without school-aged children, who still considers marriage the one true commitment. Note, phone and recent photo, please. 5177 ✉

Attractive, Warm And Playful—Woman of substance looking for Mr. Right. I am 38, 5'9", strawberry blond, successful professional with a big heart, and enjoy movies, theater, music, hiking, biking and travel. If you're ready to share your life with someone special, and are intelligent, warm, secure, nonsmoker - let's talk! Note/photo. 5263 ✉

In Search Of—25-30-year-old woman, non-Jewish, willing to convert. I am 40, wealthy, good-looking, Jewish, ready to settle down. Photo please. 5247 ✉

Top Priority Missing—By gentle, handsome CEO of major corporation with high level of humor, charm, warmth - a dynamic, romantic guy, tall, 38, fun. Seeks caring, down-to-earth, stimulating, tall woman under 36 to share life, family, laughter. Reply requires photo. 5258 ✉

Sassy, Sexy, Smart And Political—30something, seeks special someone to make her smile. Photo, please. 5206 ✉

Make Me Your Valentine—Successful, handsome business executive, 35, without an MD, JD, MBA, PhD or DDS, seeks beautiful, aggressive, free-spirited gal, 22-39. Must enjoy fine dining, exotic beaches, laughing and living life to its fullest. Cute single moms okay. Photo/phone/bio for reply. 5267 ✉

Wanted: Partner In Crime—Mata Hari, late 30s, notorious for my mean couscous, flair on the Stair Master, ability to read Thomas Merton while watching Melrose Place. Looking for an assignation with a man who can slow-dance, make me laugh... Come with the right password. Photo please. 5147 ✉

Good, Bright Manhattanite—No, not gorgeous - but often fancied and sometimes loved - seeks female friend to do either or both. 42, skinny, and simultaneously English and romantic. (Yes, some of us are.) 5110 ✉

Very Pretty, Fit And Fun—Upper West Side woman seeks creative, fit man (33-42) for friendship and romance. I love the usual - music, movies, books, exercise, NYC, dining out, cooking at home...and the unusual. Basketball fans a plus! Photo greatly appreciated. 5141 ✉

Outdoorsman—38-year-old, dynamic businessman seeks lovely and engaging kindred spirit to share active outdoor interests and city life. I am witty, down-to-earth, sensitive and adventurous. You are supportive, slender, have diverse interests and love to laugh. Note/phone/photo, please. 5129 ✉

White Male, 28—Professional and PhD student, looking for down-to-earth, single white female with a sense of humor, to share good times with. Note/photo/phone. Cooper Station, POB 54, NYC 10276

Sincere, Witty, Attractive Jewish Man—Professional, 44, looking for companionship with woman, 34-43, who is pretty, slim, intelligent, outgoing, with a sense of humor. Not religious, but Jewish values important. Note/photo/phone. 5187✉

Firecracker—Single white female - gorgeous redhead, looking for a romantic explosion. Ivy League thoroughbred with a sizzling bod - loves to work out, dine out and stay in (on occasion). Not quite mid 30s, sophisticated, witty, media-savvy. Let's light up the night. (Photo an absolute must, no smokers.) 5165 ✉

Be My Valentine—Attractive, successful, single Jewish man, 36, often witty, sometimes silly, warm, sentimental, kind and very bright, with diverse interests both cultural and literary, seeks a Valentine for this year and all the years to come. Would love to meet a sweet, attractive, intellectual woman to share culture and kisses, books and sighs. Photo appreciated. 5180 ✉ ☎

City/Country Woman—Loving, kind, vivacious, happy, adventurous, very athletic. Enjoys successful music career, wilderness adventure, world travel and, in between, a cozy home. Are you the man (under 50) to share laughter, integrity, old-fashioned values, a supportive environment for personal growth in both love and friendship? I'm pretty, petite and nonreligious. No photo, just sincere note please. 5215 ✉

One Unique Lady Sought!—Attractive, athletic, creative guy, 5'10", 35, seeks to share laughter, adventure, NYC culture and a super life without kids. Note/photo. POB 751, NYC 10023.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

You Are Colombiana—30-40. I am a professional, love nature, cooking, country, crafts, close bonding. 5162 ✉ ☎

Soft Exterior; Warm Interior—Single Jewish female, 27, 5'7", bikini slim figure, bright, caring, sensitive and very pretty, seeking single Jewish male, 28-35. You're handsome, secure emotionally and financially, 5'10" plus, family oriented and looking for the real thing. Photo a must - will exchange. 5199 ✉

Blond With Perfect Pitch—Pretty, slim, savvy lady seeks harmony with smart, cultured man, 45-59, for Bach and beyond. Note/photo. 5250 ✉

All This, And Brains Too—Attractive Jewish female, 33. Enjoys working out, the arts, sports, etc. Seeks a similar male, 29-39. Note/photo. 5159 ✉ ☎

Attractive Jewish Female Attorney—29, enjoys movies, theater, music, sports, travel and people. Seeks sensitive, intelligent male, 28-35, to make me laugh. 5281 ✉

Pretty, Petite Professional Woman—50ish, elegant, exciting, sensual; enjoys the arts, travel, tennis, sophisticated city living balanced with warmth, romance and comfort of the country. Seeks 50-plus, Jewish, financially secure man - in touch with his feelings and with a passion for living and loving. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 5235 ✉

Successful, Marriage-Minded—Executive, 6'3", brains, personality, single white man, seeks lifetime partner, similar-type female who I can charm, romance, grow with, talk to, celebrate with, encourage and be encouraged by. Photo/phone/note. 5301 ✉ ☎

A Lovely Surprise Awaits You—This vibrant, petite, blue-eyed blond, adventurous professional with class, seeks a refined, ambitious, genuinely nice, Jewish, 40-something male professional. 5291 ✉

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Attorney—Jewish, 30, 5'3", attractive, fit, unbelievably kind, seeks attractive, fit woman who has a good heart and pleasant temperament. Photo. 5193 ✉ ☎

Progressive, Spirited, Bright—Loving woman, pretty, slim, petite, 50s, seeks warm, wise man of integrity. 5218 ✉ ☎

Very Special Lady—With beauty, brains and body, seeks exceptional man of intellect, integrity and humor, 36-46. Like me (40, Jewish), please be warm, giving, happy, successful, fun, fit and youthful, with varied interests. Mine include arts, nature, travel, learning and sharing life with my best friend (you?!). 5223 ✉

Warmhearted, Classy—Lady scientist/musician, 41, 5'2", loves opera, dining out, the beach and boating, seeks professional Christian male who enjoys the same, for friendship/relationship. Note and phone number please. 5261 ✉

Extremely Cute, Perky Brunette—Seeks good-looking, successful Jewish male, 30-35, over 5'8", who likes animals, skiing and fun. Note/photo, please. 5181 ✉

My New Year's Resolution:—Meet you! Adventurous single man, young 48, MBA, 6', likes jazz, travel. Seeks romantic, trim Christian lady, nonsmoker, for mate and family. Note/photo. 5224 ✉

Good-Looking Black Advertising Exec—32, who likes to ski the blacks and putt the greens, seeks attractive female with heart of gold and Victoria's Secret body. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 5207 ✉

Timing Is Everything!—This high-quality man is available now. Handsome Jewish professional, 48, suburban lifestyle, loves kids and cats. Seeks a loving, attractive Jewish woman, 33-43, with life on track, for commitment, family, future. 5253 ✉ ☎

Very Cute Hunk—Successful, athletic Jewish male, 29, 5'9", seeks beautiful, slim, happy lady to pamper. Photo. 5209 ✉

Beautiful, Warm Artist—Seeks inspiration from romantic, funny, secure, successful man who wants to share a natural, easy, nurturing life style. I am slim, healthy, sensual, 45, 5'7", with country home/city apartment. 5179 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Jewish Female—25, long auburn hair, seeks handsome prince for hugs, cuddles and laughter. Photo. 5280 ✉

Attractive, Intelligent, Fun—Jewish female, 34, professional, financially secure - loves tennis, golf and skiing. Looking for similar in Jewish man, to share the present and create the future. NJ/Westchester preferred. Note/photo, if possible. 5225 ✉

Little Prince—Seeks potential Princess to live happily ever after. Worldly, romantic, sensuous, attractive, passionate, humorous, adventurous, Jewish, 50ish (looks 40ish), nonsmoker, with eclectic interests in musical theater/opera, racquetball, golf, fine wine/food, flying my plane. You should possess the beauty of a rose (but no thorns, please), be petite (under 5'3"), (212) - worthy of sharing unique domain. Photo/letter. 5229 ✉ ☎

LA To NY—CA beauty, 39, athletic, creative professional with a sense of style, humor and whimsy, seeks hip, handsome, witty Jewish male, 35-45. Photo. 5198 ✉

Don't Make Me Laugh—Just send me a letter. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, 28, long strong legs, athletic, is happy playing tennis, hiking, reading Flannery O'Connor or watching Free Willy on video. Looking for discerning guy, who likes trees, big-budget movies and the Dog Show. Picture please. 5166 ✉

Extremely Handsome Model—31, likes beautiful woman, 21-29. Photo. 5176 ✉

Attention: Nice Gal Seeks Nice Guy—I am 32, brunette, attractive, slim, sensuous, intelligent, witty, affectionate, warm, happy and have a positive outlook on life. I would like to meet a nice guy to share good times, bad times, romantic times, whatever life happens to throw our way. If you are a nice guy, between 30-40, attractive, at least 5'10", financially secure, emotionally stable, health-conscious, have integrity and know how to treat a lady, please send note and photo if possible. Promise to return photo. 5195 ✉

Be My Valentine—Single Jewish male, 5'6", 33, good-looking professional, into fitness, fun and dining out. You are 21-31, pretty and fitness conscious. 5194 ✉ ☎

Handsome And Cool Gay Male—37, 6', 185 lbs, self-employed, traveled, sophisticated, very athletic, humorous and nice. You are powerful, extremely successful and have an interesting ego and life. Please be a nice person too. For friendship and possible relationship. Age unimportant. Manhattan. Note/phone/photo, please. 5222 ✉

Millionaire Real Estate Tycoon—28 years old, never married, no children, seeking a genuine nice female. Photo. 5306 ✉

Single Jewish Male—32, doctor with Lexus - in search of sexy, intelligent female co-pilot to share my heated seats. Note/photo/phone. 5137 ✉

Bermuda—White male professional, 44, nonsmoker, one-woman man, enjoys music, perfume... Seeks buxom, feminine white female, 38-50. Photo please. 5146 ✉

Gay Professional Female—40, 5'1", feminine, attractive and secure - a good find, full of love and sincerity, with morals and integrity. Seeking a woman a lot like me - ready and willing to establish a healthy relationship in which we can be vulnerable and trusting with each other. Nonsmoker. 5297 ✉ ☎

Ready For Valentine's Day—Eclectic, creative, handsome, romantic, fit MD, mid 40s, seeks adventurous, attractive, bright, trim female companion, 28-37. Photo preferred. 5294 ✉

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Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Pretty Woman Into Jazz—Seeks male, 40s, any race, with same passion for the music (Coltrane, Miles, Ella, Sarah) and cultural potpourri. This spunky, sensuous lady awaits the downbeat. Your note should be on-key and "straight ahead". 5132 ✉

Give Me An Inch—And I'll take you to the French Riviera. Handsome, single white male, Greek, 36, financially secure, seeks slim, attractive, sweet female, 28-34, Christian or nontraditional Jewish, for romance. Phone and photo. 5212 ✉

Handsome Italian—Woodworking artist, 43, 6'1", 185, longish, dark brown hair and eyes, sensual, attentive, humorous, intense, complex, seeks very successful single female for love and marriage. POB 180, 7304 5th Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11209

Naturally Pretty, Petite MBA—35 years, divorced mom, long hair, green eyes, seeks to meet family-oriented man, 35 plus, who's happy...content with himself. Note/photo/phone. 5148 ✉

I'll Surprise You!—Attractive, shapely 38-year-old CPA, with cold feet, warm heart and K-9 sidekick, seeks educated, athletic, sociable MD, JD, college professor type, to share spicy food, bookstores, NYC, great outdoors, Shakespearean literature, an occasional adventure. 5204 ✉

Birds Of A Feather—Fit, attractive, artistic, playful professional woman, 39, loves sea, country, city, jaunts with my dog. Seeks male counterpart for nesting. Note/photo. 5295 ✉

Very Attractive, Classy, Slim—50s, seeks cultured, athletic male. Photo. 5160 ✉

Classy Lady—Petite, 49, professional, seeking successful male, nonsmoker, for love, laughter and travel. 5111 ✉ ☎

In Good Company—Intelligent, thoughtful, fit, successful professional, biracial, divorced male, on the quiet side, 43, 5'8", 155 lbs, enjoys movies, music, museums and travel. Seeks the good company of a warm, slim, healthy woman, with a positive outlook and sense of humor. Note and photo. 5190 ✉ ☎

I Am—Attractive, buoyant, creative, diverting, enthusiastic, female, graceful, humorous, insightful, Jewish, kissable, languid, musical, noteworthy, out-of-the-ordinary, passionate, quixotic, resourceful, slender, talkative, understanding, vital, winsome, x-rayed, youthful and zany. And you? If your list includes a sense of humor, arts-interested, commitment-oriented, emotionally accessible, literate, over 35, thoughtful, with a passion for something, RSVP with a note and recent photo. 5119 ✉

Hard To Believe—That there still exists a handsome (with boyish charm), witty, athletic, successful lawyer (with unlawyer-like qualities) in his late 30s, who, more importantly, is intelligent, warm and completely unpretentious (this ad not withstanding). I'm looking for a pretty, J. Crew kind of girl with similar qualities, in her 20s-30s, who's unafraid of commitment and as tired of this dating stuff as I am. If meeting men has been as easy for you as meeting the right man has been difficult, maybe this time the right one is only a letter away. Phone/photo please. 5255 ✉

Witty Lawyer—44, likes music, dining out, doing nothing. Seeks female, 35-47. Photo/phone/note. 5282 ✉

New York Magazine's ♥♥♥
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Strictly Personals

Hazel-Eyed Brunette Beauty—Who is physically and emotionally fit, seeks a successful man, 38-45, with a good sense of humor, confident but not arrogant, whose feet, while they may be planted firmly on the ground, wouldn't hesitate to take him to where his heart chose to wander. Note/photo/phone. 5175 ✉☎

Blue Light Special—Pretty, athletic brunette, 34, 5'8", 125 lbs, Jewish, favors sports, New York Times, California. Seeking life partner. Please proceed to aisle three. Phone/photo/note. 5140 ✉☎

Life Is Best When Shared—Beautiful, caring and affectionate Jewish female, 5'4", slim, 31, educated, financially secure and enjoys various activities. Seeks educated, professional Jewish male, 29-39. I'd love to hear from you if you are attractive, sincere, kind, 5'8"-6', a nonsmoker, and NJ accessible. Note and photo please - will reciprocate. 5156 ✉

Passion For Living—Attractive, spirited successful Jewish female, 39, 5'8", enjoys tennis, music and movies. Seeks a special man for friendship and more. 5178 ✉☎

Gay Male—44, 5'6", slim, attractive, sensitive, unconventional. Like reading, art, fitness. Seek physically appealing man, who is competent, honest, sincere. Photo. POB 6271, Somerset, NJ 08875-6271

Gorgeous Catholic Professional—Seeks her Valentine, 32-40. Photo. 5170 ✉

Cutting To The Chase—Female (38) seeks mate. Me: multilingual banker, at ease on Amazon and in boardroom, forthright, gracious on the outside, playful, tender and sometimes shy on the inside. Love sailing, skiing, water. A committed relationship my first priority, family a close second. Seek a man comfortable taking risks, sharing, and who believes communication the key to any partnership. You are likely to be successful in your field, open-minded, have longstanding friendships, and, perhaps, a zany sense of humor. 5252 ✉

Handsome, Green-Eyed Woman—Slim, 5'5", seeks professional, intelligent man, 45-55, for talk and fun. 5152 ✉☎

Looking For An Irish-Born—Divorced or single, white male professional - nice guy in his late 30s-40s, with or without children. I'm an attractive, slim, blond, white professional female, mid 40s, with eclectic interests including art, culture, sports and politics, with a zest for life. Are you interested in a life of caring and sharing? Letter/photo. 5183 ✉

Quality Man—35, playful, educated, 5'10", slim, seeks warm, interesting woman for romance, friendship. 5276 ✉

I'll Know—When my love comes along. He'll be tall, handsome and established, with strong arms, a clear head, a good heart and a great sense of humor. I'm a down-to-earth, tall, blond, Christian professional, 25, with traditional values. Note/photo appreciated. 5286 ✉

Attractive Professional Female—Slim, Asian, 5'8", enjoys travel. Seeks professional male, 35-45. Send note/phone/photo. 5125 ✉

Pretty Academic—33, 5'2", 108 lbs. Seeks slim male nonsmoker. 5127 ✉

Very Successful—Young 38, NYC businessman, lots of free time and even more energy and zest for life. I'm looking for great legs with great body - to ski, blade, run, hike, dance or just stroll with. I like travel, scuba and the fast pace, yet enjoy reading or just hanging around curled up with the right person. Must be very pretty, sexy, feminine, attractive, passionate and adventurous. You should be equally comfortable in sexy lingerie and high heels as sweats and sneakers. Find romance and your best friend! 25-45, nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 5251 ✉

Cultured Woman—(Classical music/opera), 45, great body/great mind, with passion for NFL, seeks best friend/lover. Note/photo/phone. 5210 ✉

Throw Another Log On The Fire—Recovered from loving but unsuccessful relationship, geographically impossible. Widow, newly retired, professional. Thought I could change the world. I didn't. An intriguing woman, who is a book that merits reading again and again. Good-looking, responsively feminine, centered, emotionally/intellectually engaging, unconventional traveler, outdoors soul mate. Be 63 plus and appropriate. 5112 ✉

Are You Ready?—Professional, 47, Jewish mom, fun, loving, giving, passionate, committed to social issues. Seeks mensch - accomplished, exciting, committed and caring soul mate! 5271 ✉☎

Successful Businessman—Jewish, 5'8", athletic, enjoys skiing, tennis, scuba diving. Seeking marriage-minded woman, 25-35. Note/photo a must. 5173 ✉

Dynamic/Attractive—Wall Streeter seeks classy professional man, 38-50, financially/emotionally secure, in great physical shape, who enjoys NYC - theater, movies, museums, romantic dinners but also loves beaches, traveling, spontaneity, deep and spirited conversations. Note/photo. 5157 ✉

Beautiful Brunette, Knicks Fan—36, seeks "the open man" for all seasons (33-45). Kindness, sense of responsibility score big points with this sophisticated, fun-loving executive. 5196 ✉

Tickle, Tickle—Well, at least I got your attention!! Romantic, divorced, professional white male, 40, dark hair, blue eyes, trim build, small ego, big heart. Enjoys simple pleasures, like movies, dining out, golf, videos, long weekends with someone special and ice cream. In search of single white female, 35 plus, who is romantic, fun-loving and playful, compassionate, sincere (trustworthy and ticklish). If you would enjoy spending time with caring and truly nice person, please respond with note/phone/photo optional. Please, no form letters! 5219 ✉

Start The New Year Off—With beauty, brains, style...warmhearted, emotionally anchored, vivacious, very pretty blond baby boomer with zest for life. Seeking successful, fun-loving, dynamic, quality guy to share a lifetime. Photo. 5197 ✉

Fine 50s Woman—Attractive, bright, slim, seeks loving, divorced man. 5273 ✉

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim, together inside and out, loves autumn, slow dancing, laughter. Looking to fall in love, forever. Photo please. 5163 ✉☎

Pretty Designer/Singer—Seeks attractive, successful, marriage-minded man, 37-47, who, like myself, is creative, athletic (ski, tennis), (com)passionate, Jewish, cultured and loves laughing/cuddling with someone special. 5298 ✉

Lawyer With Dimples—Attractive, slim woman, 41, Jewish, 5'5", enjoys gym, movies. Seeks handsome professional man for lasting relationship. Photo. 5142 ✉

Vivacious Resident Alien—Slim, Jewish Australian professional desires successful, active, warm Jewish professional - permanent soul mate (40-50). Photo. 5131 ✉

You Choose—Your favorite gourmet restaurant on our first date. Good-looking, highly successful, 54, 5'9", slim, worldly, interesting, sharing, sensitive, intelligent, romantic, separated (still smoking), looking for pretty, sensual South American, Caribbean, European lady, 35-45. Photo helpful. 4893 ✉

365 Meals A Year In Restaurants—6 years after divorce, is enough. It's time for a permanent relationship. I'm 50, 6', fit, handsome, wealthy business owner who has no "baggage" but likes to travel. Please send note and picture if you're between 38-50. 5305 ✉

I Want It All—Love, marriage, kids. Attractive editor, 42, with a jones for books, music, Letterman, seeks like-minded man. Tell me it's not too late. Letter/photo, please. 5208 ✉

Passionate About—Golf, travel, music, fine wine, good conversation and great friendship. 46-year-old female - attractive, trim attorney - seeks equally passionate, fit, classy man, late 40s-early 50s. Photo preferred. 5293 ✉

Incurably Romantic—That's my sister. She's a spirited, intelligent, attractive, trim, socially aware professional, looking for someone to share dance lessons, Indian dinners, films, walks and lively conversation. You are 34-50, genuine, gentle, adventurous male. This is her Christmas gift - why not share it? 5269 ✉

Attractive Lady, 48—Independent, mother of three, likes family, friends, dining in or out - vivacious, has generous nature, looking for the same. 5234 ✉

"Life Without Love—Is like a tree without blossom and fruit." Beautiful, slender, intelligent Jewish mom, early 30s, seeks kind, Jewish professional man for children of our own and forever. 5292 ✉

Male Executive—50s, attractive, blue eyes, great smile, eclectic interests, seeks female counterpart. Photo please. 5161 ✉

Seeking A Special Woman—With whom to share books, travel, movies, sports, cozy times, love...and everything else. Tall, handsome professional, 39, kind, successful, unassuming, Christian. Send note/photo. 5277 ✉

Tall, Thin, Pretty, Jewish—34-year-old woman, with ambition and lots of interests, seeks friendship, love, marriage and family. Photo optional. 5285 ✉☎

Sexy, Tall, Leggy Auburn Beauty—Fun-loving Jewish female, 35, varied interests, seeks professional, financially secure, tall, handsome Jewish man, 32-47, for everlasting relationship. Photo/phone. 5239 ✉☎

Tall, Attractive Brunette—With hazel eyes - thin, athletic, intelligent and well-traveled professional female. Traditional Catholic, 37 (looks much younger), never married and no children. Seeks tall, attractive professional gentleman with youthful good looks, mid 30s-40s. Should be intelligent and athletic, fun-loving but good-hearted, with strong character and traditional values. Must be interested in a committed relationship leading to marriage and children. Note, recent photo and phone. 5214 ✉

Gay White Female With Class—Very attractive, feminine, sophisticated professional - warm, sensitive, good sense of humor, early 40s - enjoys fine dining, the theater, beaches, designer clothes/jeans, 40s plus. Please reply with note/photo. 5200 ✉

Creative, Curious, Concerned—Confident, active, able, athletic, attractive man seeks same in female, 25-45. 5174 ✉

Ready To Love—The man of substance who is exciting, appreciates the good life, and is serious and sincere. He is over 5'10" and 48-55. I am a warm, attractive, vivacious woman of substance. 5122 ✉

Former Model Turned Corporate—New to Manhattan, seeks distinguished Jewish man, 45-58, 5'9" plus, who is ready for a committed relationship. 5186 ✉☎

Male Seeks Male Friend—For conversation at dinner, enjoyment at theater/opera, travel, etc. If you're 35 plus, masculine, professional, live in (212) or nearby, please respond to: POB 191, NYC 10163. Thanks.

New Office, New Home, New Lady—Man on the move seeking professional with good looks, fit and self-aware (35-45). If we have it initially, communication and trust will sustain the attraction. Photo and letter essential. 5203 ✉

Beautiful, Successful, Loving—Manhattan Jewish woman seeks enlightened man - spiritually and psychologically aware, humorous, cultured, physically fit, accomplished, attractive, 45-55, nonsmoker, for committed relationship. Note/phone/photo. 5149 ✉☎

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

I Enjoyed The Fall—City walks and country horseback rides, but it would have been even better with your company. I am a female lawyer, 36, 5'11", model thin. Please join me for winter skiing, a book by the fire, good food and wine, spring in the park and summer on the beach, if you are a tall (6'1" plus) man, mid 30s-mid 40s, fit, very intelligent, who shares my love of travel and time spent with friends and family. 5114 ✉ ☎

Stylishly Effervescent—5'5", 110 lbs, 50s, enjoy exercise, Lincoln Center, small cafes, well-traveled. Looking to share with interesting, special, sincere Jewish gentleman, 60s-70s. Photo. 5236 ✉

Superman, 33—Unassuming (attractive) exterior, 6'1", very smart, secretly vulnerable, seeks '90s Lois Lane with depth, good looks and a lust for fun. Photo/phone. 5118 ✉ ☎

Jewish Male—35, 6'1", truly handsome, athletic, successful, seeks beautiful female counterpart, 25-30. Photo. 5303 ✉

Handsome Psychologist—Intelligent, sensitive, Jewish, 31, 5'11", 190, lover of music, art, conversation and Knicks. Seeks intelligent, slim, attractive, interesting professional woman, 26-32. Photo. 5284 ✉ ☎

Angel Face—Kind but willful genius, 26, blond, blue-eyed female, 5'4", fit 140 lbs, successful writer/musician. Seeks nonhirsute, employed man, 26-50, for walks, sushi, '60s rock, Beethoven, H.C. Andersen, NYC, B. Keaton, E. Cook, London, relevant passions. Note/photo. 5128 ✉

You And Me—Me: blond, petite, attractive, 30s, spontaneous, active and a good friend. You: ambitious, sincere, romantic, fit and loves fun...So? Photo/note. 5274 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Marriage-minded male, 33, athletic build, many interests, Catholic - nonreligious. Seeks intelligent, very attractive, slim female, 25-35, to share family, home and friendship. Note/photo. 5289 ✉

Creative, Stylish And Spirited—Successful CT female, 28, seeks refined, intelligent, adventuresome man of many levels, with a great sense of humor. NYC okay. 5287 ✉ ☎

Ring In The New—Pretty, peppy, petite professional, slim, educated Jewish lady, looking for one great guy in his late 50s-early 60s, hair not essential. 5185 ✉ ☎

Fit, Funny And Always Flying—This athletically built, 5'11", blue-eyed, 30-year-old, family-oriented professional male enjoys cycling, skiing, movies, traveling, spending time with good friends and laughing until it hurts. Seeking an intelligent female with both inner and outer beauty and a great sense of humor, who shares similar interests and is ready to share good times with a guy who will treat her well and is not afraid of commitment. Nonsmoker a big plus. Photo/phone/note. 5240 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Young 50—Kind, caring Indian MD, of NJ, seeks educated, open, honest, caring, pretty, affectionate, intelligent lady. Note/photo. 5211 ✉

Slender, Pretty Blond MBA—Investment banker - single white female, 5'9", 125 lbs, 37 years old - seeks male counterpart. 5005 ✉

Very Attractive, Warm, Intelligent—Marriage-minded professional woman, 43, interested in meeting attractive, bright professional man, 39-53, for committed relationship. Photo optional. 5191 ✉

Emotionally Secure, Beautiful—40-year-old, LI Jewish mom, physically fit, spiritually aware, successful career, loves the arts, sports and beaches. Seeks accomplished, handsome man, to 50, with equal qualities, who knows he deserves the best. Note and photo. 5270 ✉

Gramercy Park Lady—Stunning, warm and witty professional woman, 47, seeks male counterpart. 5299 ✉ ☎

Professional Italian-American Woman—(With Jewish sensibilities), early 50s, artistic in nature, Rubenesque in stature. Seeks stable professional man, 55-65, who enjoys theater, film, opera, good food and laughter. Nonsmokers. 5275 ✉

Art Director—49, described by friends (when asked) as smart, honest, eclectic, with offbeat sense of humor, seeks a little direction from woman, 35-45, described by friends (without being asked) as a witty, attractive professional - perceptive and independent, with an easy laugh. Note and photo. 5121 ✉

Gay Guy—42, seeks same/tall/masculine/preppy/smart/creative/sensitive/caring/24-46. Photo. POB 843, NY 10163.

Beautiful Brunette—Young-looking 39, Jewish Manhattanite - cultured, sophisticated, down-to-earth, shapely. Seeks good-looking, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 30s-40s, for serious romance. Kids okay. Note/photo/phone. 5120 ✉

Lively, Attractive Widow—I'm one blond, 60-plus, Jewish Manhattan gal, former professional singer. You are caring, secure, nonsmoking, and enjoy friends and family. Object: a meaningful, warm relationship. Recent photo. 5182 ✉

Man, 46, Seeks Woman, Any Age:—Self-sufficient but accepts generosity; no makeup but indifferent about it; religious values but no religion; sexually open yet conservative; able to travel. Photo. 5169 ✉

Very Attractive Redhead—45, Jewish, loves little children, animals, exercise, theater, arts. Seeks Jewish lawyer/doctor - nurturing homebody/family man, for serious relationship leading to marriage. Nonsmoker. Photo/height. 5243 ✉

Spiritual Businessman—With sense of humor, 6', good-looking, in great shape, affectionate, intelligent, positive-thinking, meditator, into personal and spiritual growth, fitness, magic and the great outdoors. Seeks an attractive, health-conscious, nonsmoking, in-shape female, 40s, with similar interests, who will be my lover and best friend. If you think you're my dream come true, please send handwritten letter and recent photo. 5246 ✉

Straightforward, Tender-Hearted—Blue-eyed blond, 38, attractive, fun, professional, divorced, seeks good, strong, attractive male professional with charm and wit, 37-48, for like/love/? My bad habit is smoking - what's yours? 5272 ✉ ☎

I'm In The Mood For Love—Beautiful, sexy, successful writer/publisher, 34, seeks accomplished, intelligent, upbeat man to warm her heart. 5134 ✉

Green-Eyed Brunette—30s, 5'6", svelte entrepreneur who enjoys skiing, gourmet cooking, traveling and the arts, seeks successful male, 37-45, possessing wit, integrity and sincerity, for committed relationship. Photo/note for reply. 5302 ✉

Pretty, Bright, Funny—Affectionate, honest, dependable, great cook, slim, athletic, fun-loving, trilingual (French and Spanish), Jewish (nonreligious) professional woman, 42, seeks male, 35-50, any race or religion, with similar qualities. Object: marriage and family. Letter with photo, please. 5202 ✉

Hi There!—I'm tall, thin, bald, bearded, 47. I buy and restore brownstones; live in Park Slope. I'm somewhat amusing, into aesthetics, definitely nice. Jewish. Seeking bright, formerly married woman, 38-45. 5153 ✉ ☎

Cream Of The Crop—Wanted to invest in a savvy, sophisticated, educated, cultured and highly attractive, 42-year-old Jewish woman. Seeking to meet man of integrity, sophistication, elegance and passion. You must possess diverse interests (theater, classical music, travel, tennis), wittiness, intellect, honesty and a zest for life. Financial security and sense of adventure are deemed to be highly appropriate. Exceptional replies. Photo required. 5231 ✉ ☎

5'8", Will Riker Type—39, passing through Milky Way galaxy, seeks Beverly Crusher type for a stardate to last through the next generation. 5242 ✉ ☎

Globetrotting Investment Banker—Seeks the adventure in life - from the corporate boardroom to the ski slopes of Cortina to flyfishing the Wyoming Snake to foxhunts in Ireland. I am a single woman, tall, attractive, red-haired, successful, 40, and looking for a partner who is the best he can be - and a great match for me! 5139 ✉

Short And Sweet - Like This Ad—Pretty, petite redhead female, early 40s, looking for male, 39-50, for best friend/lover relationship. 5130 ✉ ☎

Athletic—35, 5'11", Jewish male, finance professional, good-looking and a romantic, loves skiing, laughing, dancing, music from classical to rock. Looking for a sweet, attractive, soft woman to first be a friend and then hopefully more. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 5256 ✉

Rare Gem—Pretty Park Avenue professional, blond, slim, classy, seeks accomplished man, late 50s-60ish. 5254 ✉

She's Got Moxie And A Lot to Give!—Wants a 35-48 man to enjoy life's treasures with. I am an accomplished, creative entrepreneur, 35, happy, great figure and face, with style and grace. Be over 5'8", self-assured, highest of quality, successful, handsome and interesting. Include photo and details. 5184 ✉

Morals, Manners, Muscles—Attorney/investor, fit, fun, athletic, cerebral, Jewish, 34, 5'10", 190 lbs, seeks fit, slim, cute, educated Jewish female, 25-32, for relationship. Note/photo. 5304 ✉ ☎

Long Blond Hair, Blue Eyes—Smart, attractive, slim professional female in early 30s, seeks professional male, 30-42, who is sweet, romantic, intelligent and Catholic. I love a good sense of humor and stimulating conversation. MBA, JD or MD a plus. Photo/note please. 5238 ✉

Gay White Male—Young Wall Street exec, 33, Italian/Jewish, seeks male, 30-40, professional, outgoing, masculine, looking for a buddy, maybe more. 5226 ✉

Fun-Loving, Handsome Man—Well-educated business owner, who loves travel, tennis, music and companionship, seeks very attractive, athletic, entrepreneurial, 39ish woman who loves to laugh. Note/photo. 5213 ✉

A Ray Of Sunshine In Your Life—Optimistic, vibrant, sophisticated, inspiring Jewish female executive, 40, loves entertaining, weight training, Judaism, travel, dancing cheek-to-cheek and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If you're a fascinating high achiever who loves fun, write. 5288 ✉

I Am An Extremely Wealthy Tycoon—With a powerful appearance and muscular physique. I have a net worth of 500 million dollars (verifiable). I am Jewish and regarded by some as eccentric. I am not looking for marriage (right now) - but what I am seeking, to fulfill my wild and fun interests, is a voluptuous, nonconformist woman who appreciates generosity in a person. I have no problem dating someone who has children. 5089 ✉

Handsome And Alone—White male, Jewish, 54, scientist by trade, classicist by avocation, passionate about classical music, museums, antiques and rough country treks. Seeks one feminine, beautiful white lady of similar tastes, 37-48, per hodie et domani que vera... 5158 ✉ ☎

Best Friend Wanted—Jewish female, cute, funny, sexy and successful - adores theater, concerts, dining, fine wine and football. Seeks nonsmoking professional male, 45-55. Note/photo please. 5133✉

Warm Smile, Heart Of Gold—39, 5'11", 215, Jewish, live Upper East Side, never married. I enjoy jogging, biking in the Park, travel, dancing, sports, beaches, shopping, Broadway and big dogs. I'm honest, fun, affectionate, sincere, athletic and young at heart. My blue eyes are looking for a Jewish woman, 29-34, who smiles, is honest, kind, athletic, romantic, physically fit, beautiful inside and out. Solid family values, commitment, marriage, children... I'm ready. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5257 ✉ ☎

Female, Hispanic—36, honest, with a heart of gold. Note/photo please. 5205 ✉

Pretty Jewish Professional—Seeks mature, compassionate, 37-45, Jewish professional man, for love and family. Dads welcome. Photo. 5155 ✉

Strikingly Beautiful Commercial Artist—50, is looking for Hungarian-speaking partner or spouse. Send letter written in Hungarian, including photo and telephone number. 5115 ✉

Oh My, I've Fallen!—That's what you'll say after meeting me, if you're interested in a beautiful brunette, slim and energetic (you may have seen me rolllerblading, cycling, skiing, or even at the gym), with a heart of gold too. If you're a handsome, professional Jewish man, 31-39, 5'9" plus, with a zest for life and not afraid of falling ...please drop a note/photo. 5123 ✉ ☎

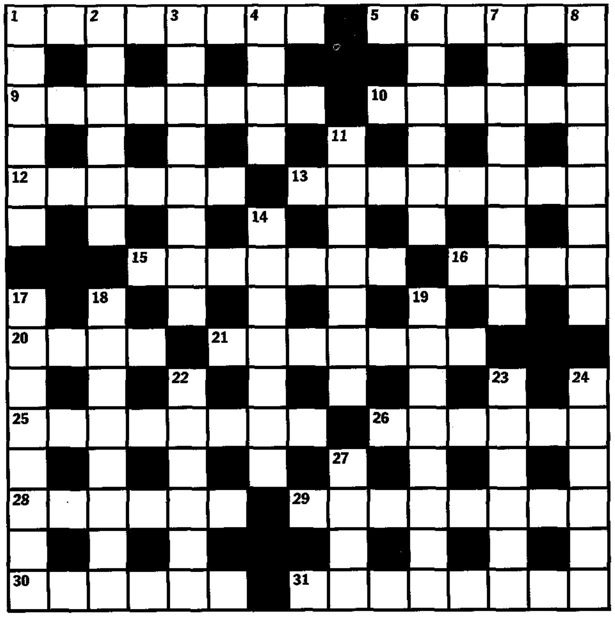
Very Handsome (I Promise)—Kind, sincere, 31, 5'11", Ivy professional male seeks attractive, fit, honest, intelligent, mature, happy, slightly spiritual, caring woman, 25-31. Interests in the arts, ideas, Marianne Williamson, wine, the outdoors, exercise, dining out, bad movies and lazy weekends a plus. Photo/letter. 5192 ✉

Continued on page 111

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Time for a few words? (8)
5 Pooled resources to get a dog. (6)
9 Jolted and set in motion about fifty. (8)
10 Miniature record. (6)
12 Players' retirement called for. (6)
13 Needlework done a certain way causes irritation. (8)
15 Pass a scholar and note the case being carried. (7)
16 People occupied by a medium. (4)
20 Cut back—though it's not all or nothing. (4)
21 Ordered to take in supplies for a body of fighting men. (7)
25 Flag and sail hung incorrectly. (8)
26 Report about delayed arrival. (6)
28 Not to be touched—clear? (6)
29 Think to change date and time. (8)
30 Girl in sporty car gets the bird. (6)
31 Moved speedily when not suited. (8)



DOWN

1 A patient assistant, relatively speaking. (6)
2 A leading journalist approached. (6)
3 European schoolboy receiving direction. (8)
4 Those having craft under control appeared exultant. (4)
6 After work one dined with soporific effect. (6)
7 The German will accept anything, that's the issue. (8)
8 True bargain price for service. (8)
11 Foreign holy man requiring cattle-grazing. (7)
14 Dexterity is needed getting a plug to line up. (7)
17 Produce notes about the discourse following. (8)
18 Involving con-man in something spicy. (8)
19 A small deposit secures! (8)
22 Fruity Shakespearian role. (6)
23 Many a cover is made of such material. (6)
24 Champion fed-up over the result. (6)
27 Grass, being so inclined. (4)

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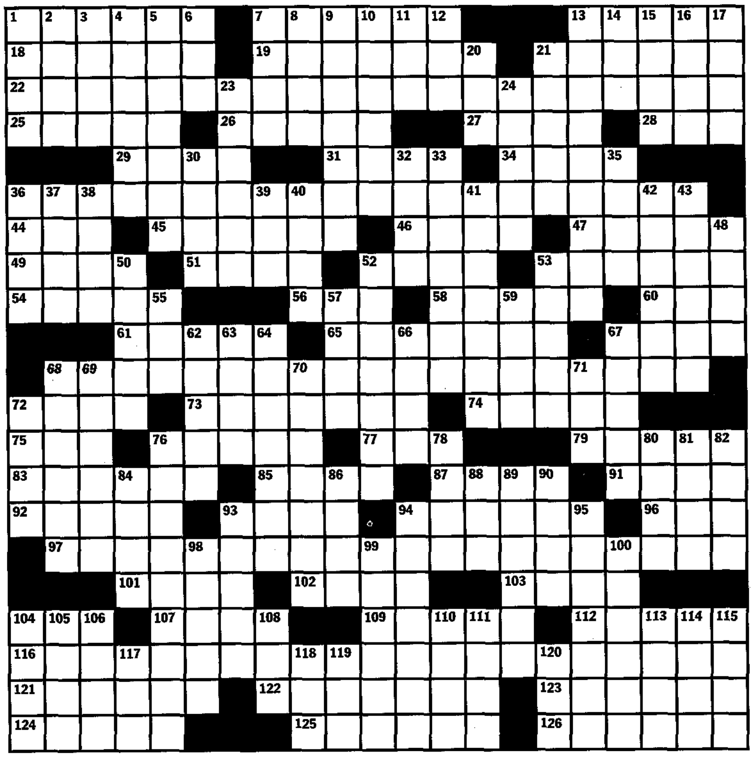
'Kindergarten Patriotism': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Texas border city
7 Was the chairman
13 Kind of bear
18 Indifferent to ethics
19 Namesakes of six popes
21 Mardi Gras event
22 "I'm Erica! I'm Erica! ——"
25 Cordage fiber
26 Author Joyce Carol
27 Ingrid's "Casablanca" role
28 Ump's colleague
29 Wedding-cake feature
31 In the altogether
34 Allot, with "out"
36 "The ——"
44 "—— little teapot . . ."
45 Picturesque
46 Alphabet sequence
47 Metric quart
49 Shah's name
51 Kett of the comics
52 Toiletries kit
53 Make indirect reference
54 Apply muscular effort
56 Jack Lemmon film, 1967
58 "—— Kick Out of You"
60 George's Veep
61 Where Valletta is capital
65 The nobility
67 Religious offshoot
68 "Then conga we must, ——"
72 Hurried
73 Chants
74 Famed Ferrara family
75 "Tobacco Road" wife
76 Escargot
77 Surface soil
79 Pulsate
83 Spartan serfs
85 Coin receiver
87 Splitsville, U.S.A.
91 "Othello" villain
92 Ad —— (to the stars: Lat.)
93 Put out to sea
94 Copland and Burr
96 Foxy
97 "O'er ——"
101 M-G-M's mascot
102 Brain scans, for short
103 Obi accessory
104 Astern
107 Half of N.B.
109 Buenos ——
112 With an —— (considering)
116 "Trampoline at the vintage where the ——"
121 Bigoted one
122 Swit or Lynn
123 Playwright's start
124 Molecule components
125 Actress Jacqueline
126 Furniture with drawers

DOWN

1 Falls behind
2 Mine, to Miss Piggy
3 Reels' go-withs
4 Artificial
5 Showy flowers
6 Hurray, to José
7 "Mary —— little lamb"
8 Copyread
9 Companion of old lace, in a play
10 Unearths
11 Sense of pitch
12 Repository of genetic info
13 Long thin cigar
14 Doggy-bag item
15 One of Garland's "Oz" buddies
16 "Zip- —— -Doo-Dah"
17 Ship's hazard
20 —— -fi
21 Baffling question
23 County of England
24 Saint —— fire (ocean phenomenon)
30 Suffix for confer or exist
32 Type of store: abbr.
33 Formal Mr., after a man's name
35 Satan's agenda
36 Akron product
37 Stock-market acronym
38 Demolish
39 Ted Turner network
40 Coin of Iran
41 18th-Century warship
42 Practice pieces
43 Same as 8-Down
48 Tenant's obligation
50 Carrying a weapon
52 Edmund Hillary's conquest
53 Nuke tryout
55 Result of sunning
57 Second fairy-tale word
59 Sponsorship: var.
62 Cuts of pork
63 Popular salad fish
64 Craftsman
66 Exxon, formerly
67 Kin of sashimi
68 Least narrow
69 Physical well-being
70 Meet in direct impact
71 Plane engine
72 It's a laugh
76 Theatrical behavior
78 Be magnetic
80 Measles symptom
81 Girl-watch
82 Hopalong Cassidy portrayer
84 City between Kiev and Moscow
86 Flask for Plato
88 Before, in sonnets
89 Not in any way
90 —— even keel
93 —— Domingo
94 Hoopsters' credits
95 Aerobics warmup
98 Perch
99 Semiprecious stones
100 Prairie wolf
104 Tourist mecca of India
105 Male-student org.
106 Filled tortilla
108 C.I.O.'s partner
110 Have status
111 Middle of Q.E.D.
113 Greek Cupid
114 Camp sight
115 Pindar's poems
117 Pep
118 Burglarize
119 Onassis's nickname
120 Anatomical pouch



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 98.

Continued from page 109

We've Paid Our Dues—And dealt with most of our baggage. Now we're ready to find each other and reap the rewards. Cultured Fairfield County woman of substance, tired of the disappointments of dating, is seeking the real thing. I am 5'5", late 40s, entrepreneurial and financially secure. I ski, sail, bike, ride, hike, garden. Love to travel, entertain, expand horizons. If you are a sane, active, cultured gentleman who still believes in fairy tales - tall, 45-60, a lover of the outdoors, the arts, travel and sharing, I'd enjoy meeting you. 5260 ✉ ☎

Marriage-Minded DDS—Seeks single, Jewish professional gal, 29-34, for love, marriage, family. Phone/photo. Queens, LI. 5145 ✉

Sassy, Saucy, Smart—Beautiful too. Petite, slim and trim, Jewish. Love champagne, fine dining, picnics on the beach or in bed. I've biked around Manhattan, been white-water rafting and traveled the world first class. Looking for that sensuous, sensitive guy, 45-55, as financially successful and emotionally spirited as me, for now or forever. P.S. I'm an incurable optimist. Note/phone/photo please. 5278 ✉

My Grandmother Always Said—"Marry for money". I said I'd rather be with someone with potential. If you're a Jewish male, 27-33, who is outgoing and gregarious, likes working out, skiing, theater, wine, the Knicks and the Hamptons, send this vivacious, driven, outgoing Jewish beauty a note and photo. 5188 ✉

What's Important In Life—Is a loving, supportive relationship, good friends, a successful career and a sense of humor. If you are a self-aware professional male, 30s-40s, with same goals, ready to meet a pretty, petite, spirited professional, 40, who loves the arts, the ocean and travel, respond with note/photo. 5135 ✉ ☎

Successful Developer—41, tall, Jewish, (914), into water sports, keeping fit, dogs, travel, fireplaces, a good laugh...and you would make it all worthwhile - a wholesome female interested in making a family. Please send photo for reply. 5259 ✉

Successful Attorney—And semi-reformed philosopher and amateur musician, 43, attractive, youthful (truly!), athletic, loving, compassionate, talented, funny - enjoys books, movies, conversation, music, fun, travel. Desires similar female, 21-35, for marriage, children. Photo/phone, please. 5237 ✉

Elegant, Effervescent, Pretty Lady—Seeks literate male, 48-60, with joie de vivre. Photo appreciated. 5189 ✉ ☎

Curvaceous, Beautiful Blond—Recently divorced Manhattanite, with a head for business, a zest for life, a heart of gold... If you're an equally real, very special someone, 45-60, successful, with a sense of humor and a sexy mind, please take the time to say hello. Phone/photo. 5227 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Accomplished—Energetic, fun-loving woman seeks male, 62 plus, to share pleasures of tennis, outdoors, music, arts, romance. 5154 ✉ ☎

Physician—Divorced, 40, seeks financially independent, professional female, late 20s-mid 30s. 5244 ✉

Downtown Menschette Sought—Handsome mensch, professional and artist, 47, seeks Manhattan Jewish woman, 30-45, bright, very pretty, fit, successful professional (and/or writer), financially independent, who is fun and outgoing, reads, likes jazz, blues, movies, and is culturally and anthropologically insightful. Seeker is quite selective, sensitive, intense and passionate. Desires permanent relationship. Only a photo with note will receive a response. 5233 ✉

I Want To Hold Your Hand—And play tennis, travel, ski, go to movies, and share romantic dinners. This attractive European brunette - accomplished, smart, classy, elegant, trim and fit with great legs, warmhearted and playful, 40s, nonsmoker - seeks good-looking, successful, refined, athletic, outgoing, tall male, 40-55. You: desire excitement and adventure, contentment and stability, have cultural curiosity, are modern and old-fashioned, youthful but mature, eager to keep up with me and life. Note/photo, please. 5221 ✉

Touch Me With Your Dreams—And values - and love will come. Beautiful, tall, slim, feminine, accomplished, Modern Orthodox, divorced mom seeks Jewish male, 38-45, with heart of gold and strong family values. 5245 ✉ ☎

Someone To Watch Over Me—Sensual and passionate, intelligent and successful, beautiful and fit, political and involved, 40-year-old woman who finally realizes that independence and intimacy are not mutually exclusive - seeking magic with a man of wisdom, self-knowledge, strength and compassion, 40-48, who can handle me. Note/photo. 5266 ✉

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NY TRAVEL & SPORTS CLUB Meet new partners - all sports. Ski Vail - $999, 4/1-4/8; Wimbledon, July. **718-852-4181**

SINGLES PARTY
February 5 at 5PM. Restaurant "Russe,"
555 W. 57th St., Manhattan. **212-679-3101**

ARA: Prof'ls—Meet educated, attractive Asian & Russian ladies. **212-819-9722**

Brotherhood Synagogue Singles, 39-55,
Presents Leil Lowndes on **"How To Make Anyone Fall In Love With You".**
Wed., 2/8 at 7pm, at the Synagogue,
28 Gramercy Park South on 20th St.,
betw 3rd Ave & Irving Pl. Refreshments.
Contrib, $15. Info - Rosalyn: **212-686-5530**

Marion Smith Singles—Sat, 2/11, 8:30pm. $20. The Warwick, 65 W 54 St. **247-2700**

MANDY'S MATCHING SERVICE
Don't Be Alone! Meet Intelligent Singles.
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QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY
Sat., Feb. 4: MANHATTAN CLUB, 9PM,
201 W. 52nd St. (7th/Bway). **212-213-0508**

Single Booklovers - A nat'l group getting unattached people together since 1970. Box 117, Gradyville, PA. **215-358-5049**

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy: **212-877-5167**

Life Exists After 40—Warm Your Heart, Fri, 2/10, **Marsala**, 833 1st Ave. Flowers, music by Dr. George Kayatta. Dinner buffet. Cash bar. $30. RSVP: **779-0642**

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE
Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

New York Magazine's
Strictly Personals
VALENTINE'S
CELEBRATION

Thursday Feb. 16, 5:30pm-12am

It's not too late to seal it with a kiss!

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AMARETTO ORIGINALE

AT THE FABULOUS **COPACABANA**
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Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines). Complimentary Di Saronno Amaretto cocktails from 6:30-8:30, 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 10th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

REMEMBER, VALENTINE'S DAY IS A STATE-OF-MIND
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN A NEW LOCATION?
I know a place where we can share a coversation over a glass of wine. Meet me at Macy's Herald Square in Books on 8, Thursday, Feb. 2 at 6p.m. Nancy Fedder, Personals Editor of NY Magazine & couples who've found love in the Personals, will share advice on how to write the perfect ad.
RSVP 212-494-3827

LINCOLN CENTER

Enjoy a California Wine Tasting on Tues., Feb. 7 at 6:30pm, followed by a concert of Mozart, Shostakovich and Schubert. Tickets $33. Call The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center: **212-875-5788**

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Into Fitness?—Help our database grow. Call to apply for free ad. **516-887-6624**

Ten Fortysomething Women—(NY/NJ), looking to meet honest and sincere men, 35-49. We're fun-loving, career-minded, and ready for new relationships. Why not join us for an evening of good conversation and good food? Photo. 5290 ✉ ☎

Here's How to Send a Written Response:
New York Magazine Box # ----,
P.O. Box 4600,
NY, NY 10163-4600

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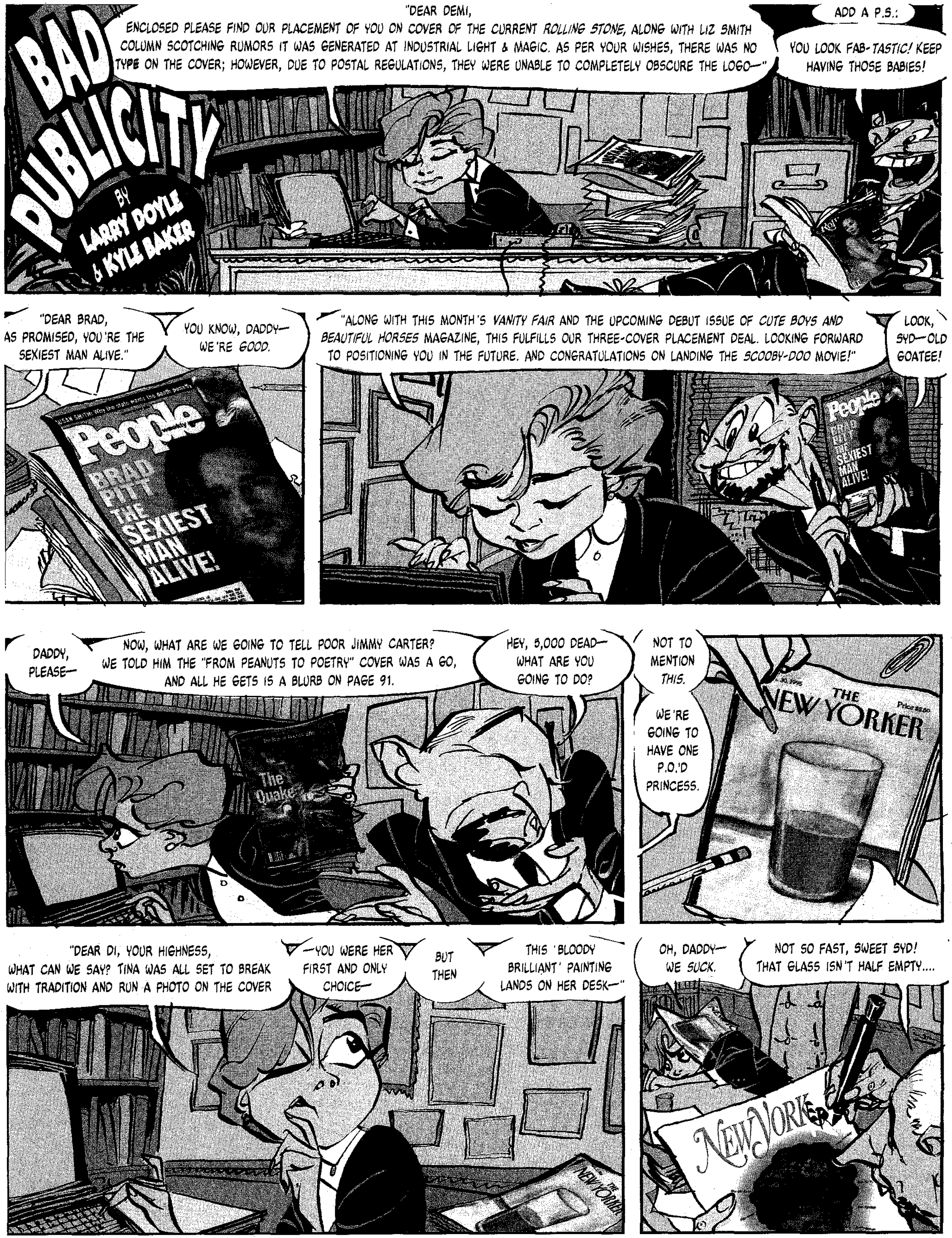
A+ RATING! American men, meet beautiful Russian ladies living in NY. All ages, all w/photos. **Int'l Singles: 212-206-6831**

This Week's Model

For Sandy and Sydney Flacco, master publicists, getting clients on the cover is a sublime art.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
"DEAR DEMI, ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND OUR PLACEMENT OF YOU ON COVER OF THE CURRENT *ROLLING STONE*, ALONG WITH LIZ SMITH COLUMN SCOTCHING RUMORS IT WAS GENERATED AT INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC. AS PER YOUR WISHES, THERE WAS NO TYPE ON THE COVER; HOWEVER, DUE TO POSTAL REGULATIONS, THEY WERE UNABLE TO COMPLETELY OBSCURE THE LOGO—"
ADD A P.S.:
YOU LOOK FAB-*TASTIC!* KEEP HAVING THOSE BABIES!
"DEAR BRAD, AS PROMISED, YOU'RE THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE."
YOU KNOW, DADDY— WE'RE *GOOD.*
People
BRAD PITT THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE!
"ALONG WITH THIS MONTH'S *VANITY FAIR* AND THE UPCOMING DEBUT ISSUE OF *CUTE BOYS AND BEAUTIFUL HORSES* MAGAZINE, THIS FULFILLS OUR THREE-COVER PLACEMENT DEAL. LOOKING FORWARD TO POSITIONING YOU IN THE FUTURE. AND CONGRATULATIONS ON LANDING THE *SCOOBY-DOO* MOVIE!"
LOOK, SYD—OLD GOATEE!
People
BRAD PITT THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE!
DADDY, PLEASE—
NOW, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO TELL POOR JIMMY CARTER? WE TOLD HIM THE "FROM PEANUTS TO POETRY" COVER WAS A GO, AND ALL HE GETS IS A BLURB ON PAGE 91.
HEY, 5,000 DEAD— WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
The Quake
NOT TO MENTION *THIS.*
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ONE P.O.'D PRINCESS.
THE NEW YORKER
"DEAR DI, YOUR HIGHNESS, WHAT CAN WE SAY? TINA WAS ALL SET TO BREAK WITH TRADITION AND RUN A PHOTO ON THE COVER
—YOU WERE HER FIRST AND ONLY CHOICE—
BUT THEN
THIS 'BLOODY BRILLIANT' PAINTING LANDS ON HER DESK—"
THE NEW YORKER
OH, DADDY— WE *SUCK.*
NOT SO FAST, SWEET SYD! THAT GLASS ISN'T HALF EMPTY....
NEW YORKER

d By Me. Hound Dog. Kansas City. Love Potion #9. I'm A Woman. Jailhouse Rock. Yakety Yak. Searchin'.
On Broadway.

They're playing your songs at

Smokey Joe's cafe
THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER

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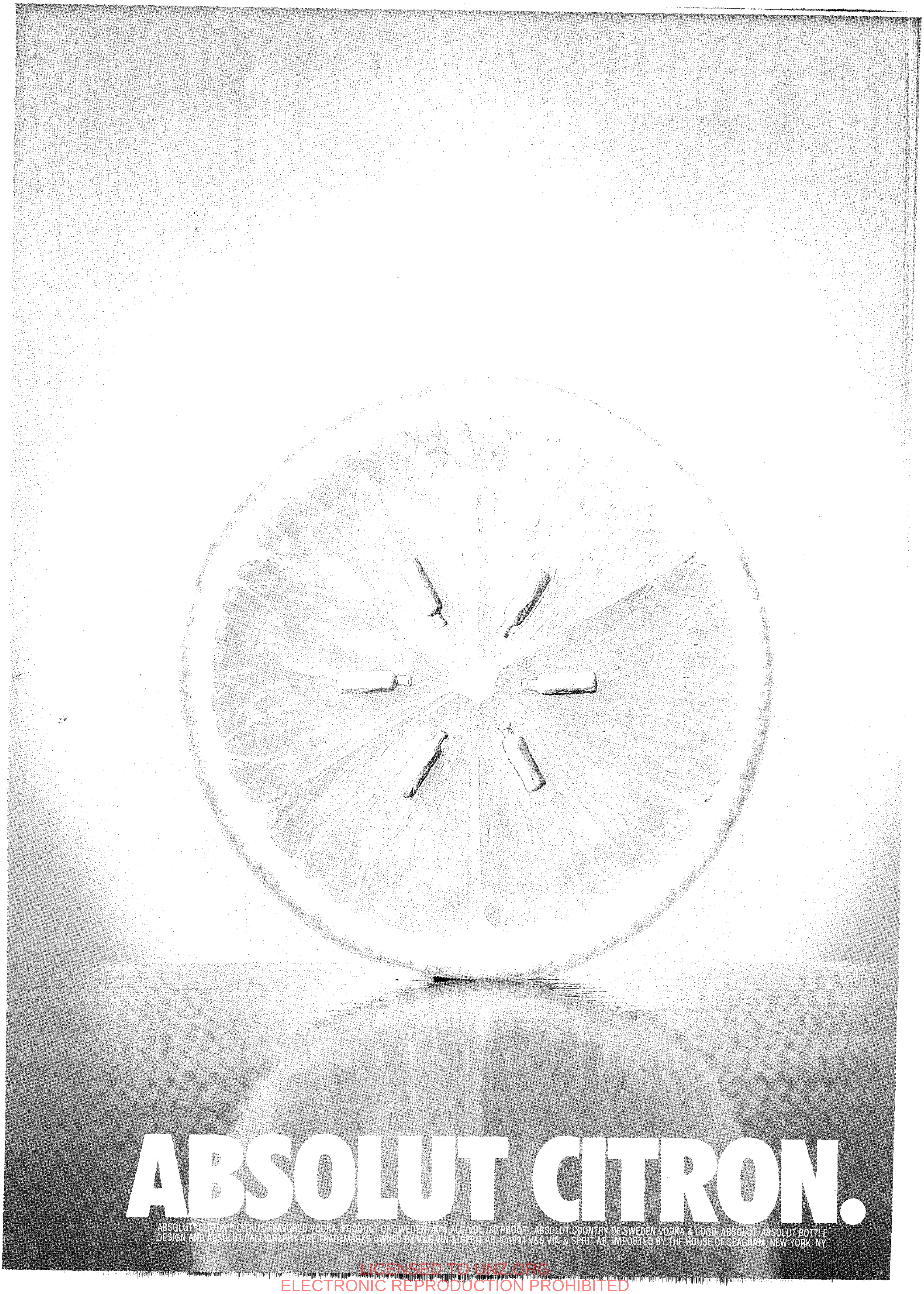

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